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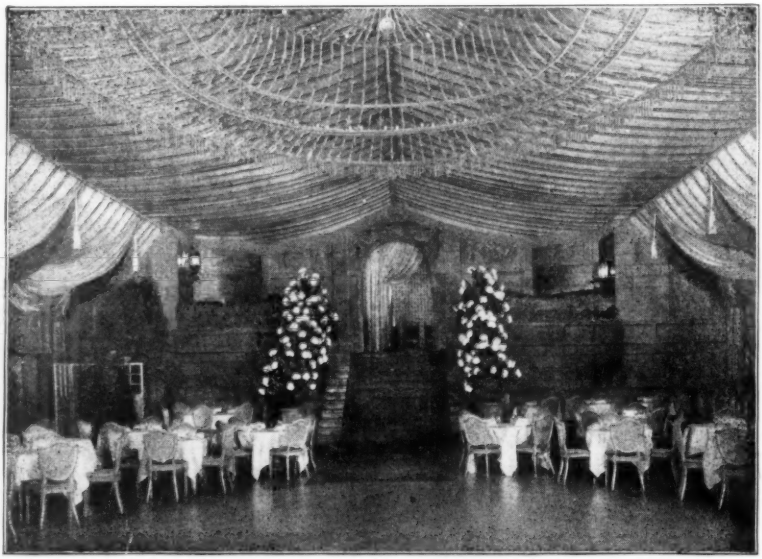

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Vol. LIV. JANUARY, 1918 No. 1

# The SMART SET

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*AND*

BURLESQUES, EPIGRAMS, POEMS, SHORT SATIRES, ETC.

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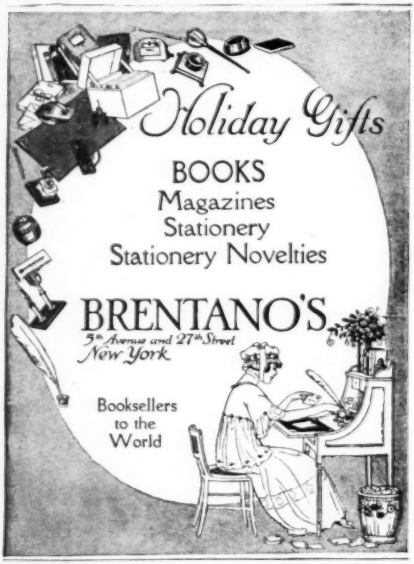


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Vol. LIV JANUARY, 1918 No. 1

The SMART SET

*Allegro con brio.*

# THE DREAMS

By John McClure

LIKE mystic jewels that the light
Might tarnish, or the outer air,
Lie dreams of you within my heart,
Most wondrous, yet familiar.

No man may know them nor divine
What mystic faery dreams they are;
I hold them in this heart of mine
Close locked to every marveller.

And yet—this heart is all-too-frail
To house them in, for it shall die
And my dreams spill upon the wind,
Scattered to nothingness, as I.

They should live longer than my breath,
They should live longer than this rhyme,
These dreams should not go down in death,
But live, out-standing time.

I shall conceal them in a place
Unknown to any man but me
And wall them in with chrysoprase
And onyx and chalcedony.

# MR. CHESBROOK

By G. Vere Tyler

AFTER his style he was a handsome man. In addition he had fine manners. He had wealth, also, and spent his money with ease. He talked well in a charmingly modulated voice and had acquired a half merry, half cynical laugh. He could be cordial or disdainful quite naturally. He understood music and played the piano with a certain pleasing indifference. He knew how to entertain, how to order things exactly suited to the hour, time, or place. He was particular about wines, but could be perfectly at ease when ordering beer. His living quarters were in the best of taste. His library was well selected and he was honestly fond of reading. He rode horseback splendidly togged. He often dismissed his chauffeur and drove his own car. He was the admiration and delight of many. But to the woman of his choice he was an object of pathos. He was the finest imitation of a gentleman she had ever met, and she could think of nothing else while in his presence.

# MELODY IN G MINOR

By Ivan Bolton

I LOVED a lassie.
I had father meet the lassie.
I love my step-mother.

A MAN will often love a woman for herself. A woman will often love a man because of another woman.

UNTIL a man can get along without a woman he cannot get along with one.

# THE SIX SENSES

By J. Frederic Thorne

***Being excerpts from the court stenographer's notes taken during the trial of John Malony for the murder of Isaac Kahn***

## I

*Patrolman Robinson Is Being Cross-Examined by Attorney Morton, Counsel for the Defense.*

Q. YOU have testified, Officer, that you passed the store of the deceased on the seventeenth of last month, at, or about 10:45 P. M. and noticed nothing unusual about the premises at that time, that you passed again at or about 11:15 P. M. and, when some hundred feet or so distant, you saw the defendant coming out of the door of the deceased's pawnbroking establishment. Do I repeat correctly?

A. Yes, Sir.

Q. Did the examining surgeon find anything wrong with your eyesight when you were appointed to the police force?

A. No.

Q. Have you had any eye trouble since?

A. No.

Q. You depend upon it—you believe that whatever you see is true?

A. Sure.

Q. Have you ever stood upon a railroad and looked along a straight track?

A. Certainly.

Q. The rails come together in the distance, always, don't they?

A. They look like they do, but they don't.

Q. Exactly. Then your eyesight is not always dependable. Things sometimes "look like" what they are not?

A. Sometimes.

Q. Then you would not swear that something you thought you saw necessarily was the truth?

A. Not always.

Q. You might think you saw something and still be mistaken?

A. I might.

Q. You swore to your identification of the defendant, John Malony, as the man you saw coming out of the shop of Isaac Kahn the night of the seventeenth of last month?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. On second thoughts, since you have had time to reflect, are you positive in that identification?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How is that street lighted, the block in which this shop is located?

A. Same as the rest—electric lights.

Q. Arc lights?

A. Yes.

Q. How near to the shop of Isaac Kahn is the nearest of these lights?

A. At the corners, about a hundred and fifty feet each way.

Q. The records of the Weather Bureau show that on the night and hour in question it was raining hard, was what we would call a stormy night, so presumably the moon and stars were not visible. Is that as you remember it?

A. Yes.

Q. Then, without moon or starlight, with the only illumination that from the electric arc at the corners one hundred and fifty feet distant in either direction and you yourself a hundred feet away

—under these conditions you saw the man you say left the deceased's shop so distinctly as to be able to identify him as the defendant when you arrested him?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. By what particular feature of face or form do you establish this positive identification?

A. He looked like him.

Q. "He looked like him." Is that all?

A. Ain't that enough?

Q. You are the witness who is testifying, not I, please remember, Officer. Was that all?

A. Well—he—he looked like him.

Q. So you said. Is this another case of the railroad tracks? Is "looked like" your only basis for a sworn identification in a serious case such as this, a man on trial for his life?

A. What more—Oh, it was him all right.

Q. That, happily, is for the jury to decide. This man you say you saw coming out of Kahn's shop—could you see his features, the color of his eyes and hair, shape of his nose, ears, chin, whether he wore a mustache or beard, or was clean shaven?

A. I tell you I—

Q. Never mind telling *me* anything. Tell the jury. Answer my question. Could you see any of his features? Remember! You are under oath.

A. Well, not exactly, but—

Q. Answer "yes" or "no." Could you?

A. Er—I suppose not—No. But—

Q. No "buts," please. You have said you could not, as of course no one could under the circumstances stated. Since you could not see the features of the man's face it must have been correspondingly impossible for you to have detected any of the details of his clothing, cut, color, material, whether old or new, worn or shabby, wrinkled or pressed, spotted or clean. Isn't that so? Can you testify to any of these important details?

A. No, sir.

Q. Then, if you could not see the man's face or his clothes with sufficient distinctness to describe a single item your identification of the defendant as that man you say you saw has no basis in any fact of your actual knowledge? Has it?

A. I suppose—

Q. Can you name any such fact, of your actual knowledge?

A. No.

Q. When you said "he looked like him" you meant simply that the man you say you saw leaving Isaac Kahn's shop and the defendant looked like each other because they both are, or looked like, men. Can you adduce any other supporting fact to warrant your identifying John Malony as that man?

A. N—no.

Q. Then you wish to amend and correct your testimony, given at the precinct station, at the coroner's inquest, and during this trial, to retract your identification, and to now say that the man you say you saw and the defendant may be two entirely different persons? You want to make that correction, do you?

A. I suppose so.

Q. Never mind "supposing." Tell the jury whether you make the retraction or not. Yes or no?

A. Yes.

Q. We now will pass to another phase of your testimony. Remembering the difficulty or impossibility of seeing anything distinctly on account of the lack of sufficient light and your own distance from the pawnbroking establishment: You testified that you saw this man—whoever he may have been—leave Kahn's shop. Now, isn't it a fact that immediately next to the shop door is another door leading to the several living apartments on the floors above in that building?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And this man you say you saw, he might have come out of one door as well as the other for all you know or could swear to positively, might not have come out of the shop at all, but out of the apartment entrance?

A. He might have. I couldn't swear which one he came out of.

Q. But you did swear he came out of the shop of Isaac Kahn. Do you now wish to amend that also?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Then some man or person unknown came out of some doorway unknown, and went away into the unknown, according to the revised testimony you now give to the jury? That is right, is it not, that is all you really can swear to?

A. Yes, that's all.

Q. When, later, you arrested the defendant, John Malony, you did so —according to your testimony on direct examination—because, I quote your words from a transcript of the court stenographer's notes, he was "acting suspicious and looked like the fellow I'd seen." We have disposed of the fancied resemblance. In what way was the defendant "acting suspicious"?

A. He was running away from the scene of the crime, his coat collar was turned up and he looked scared.

Q. So. By "running away from the scene of the crime," you mean in the opposite direction from that in which Kahn's store lay from the point at which you made the arrest?

A. Yes.

Q. But it is perfectly possible, is it not, that the defendant was not "running away from" any particular place or thing? He might simply be running, or running toward some thing or place and not away from one, might he not?

A. I suppose so.

Q. Please do not say again that you "suppose," Officer. Answer "yes" or "no." It will hasten matters considerably. Now, the defendant was not, as far as you knew or know, "running away from" anything, was he?

A. No.

Q. There is nothing in the statutes of this municipality, county, state or nation that makes it unlawful for a man to turn up his coat collar, especially on a stormy night, that you know of, is there?

A. No.

Q. Did you see the defendant's face before or after you arrested him, that is, before or after you caught hold of him to stop him?

A. Afterwards.

Q. And he "looked scared"?

A. Yes.

Q. You have arrested a good many men in your long and efficient career as a policeman, haven't you?

A. A lot of 'em.

Q. Exactly. "A lot of them." And most of them "looked scared," didn't they?

A. I sup—Yes. Generally.

Q. It usually is enough to make any man "look scared" to be suddenly caught hold of on a dark street on a dark night and to find that he is being arrested by a policeman for something, he knows not what, isn't it?

A. They usually do.

Q. Usually look scared, you mean?

A. Yes.

Q. Then there was nothing strange in the defendant's exhibiting the same appearance of momentary surprise and fright at being startled in that unexpected way? Nothing at all unusual or suspicious about that, quite the natural thing you would expect of anyone, was it not?

A. Yes.

Q. So we have it, now, that the defendant very possibly was not running away at all, that he had a perfect right and good reason for having his coat collar turned up, and that it was quite natural for him, however innocent he might be, to "look scared." My statement is perfectly true, is it not?

A. Yes, it's true, the way you put it.

Q. The way *I* "put it." Don't *you* "put it" the same way? Can you "put it" any other way according to the facts? It is true, is it not, whoever "puts it?"

A. Yes, it's true.

Q. Thank you, Officer. There is another feature of your statement of what you saw that I wish to go into briefly. You testified that on your third round of your beat, close to midnight, you

found the door of Isaac Kahn's pawnshop open, saw the customary dim gaslight burning in the rear of the store, that you entered to see if everything inside was as it should be, in laudable performance of your duty as a guardian of public peace and property, and, pursuing your investigations, you saw Isaac Kahn, the proprietor, who was well known to you, lying on his back behind the counter and in front of his safe, apparently dead. That is correct, is it not?

A. Yes, that's the way I found the body.

Q. Not quite so fast, Officer. Suppose we stop after your "yes." The question of your finding a "body" or not is just what I purpose to elicit by the questions I shall put to you. So please answer one at a time. You testified that you "looked down and saw old Kahn laying there dead." How did you know he was dead?

A. I've seen a lot of stiffs. I know 'em when I see 'em.

Q. Remarkable sight you have, Officer! Are you a physician as well as a policeman?

A. No.

Q. And yet you know that a man is dead the instant you glance at him lying in the shadows of a dimly lighted shop, behind a counter and on the floor? Remarkable! You know, do you not, that experienced medical men frequently have to make a careful examination of a person's body before they can say life is extinct, and even then sometimes make an error of judgment? You know that, don't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Allow me to repeat my previous question: How did you arrive at your conclusion that Isaac Kahn was dead when you first saw him the night in question?

A. By looking at him.

Q. Was his head crushed, did you see any shot or stab wound or wounds, was there any blood on or around the body that you could see, any visual evidence of how or in what manner or by what means he had met his death.

A. No. There wasn't any of them things. He was just lying there.

Q. "Just lying there." For your sake I trust that you were not doing the same, unconsciously. Did you make any examination of the "body," turn it over, disturb it, touch it with your hands at all?

A. Not me. I know better.

Q. I wish you did. Did you ever see a man lying asleep?

A. Me? Why, of course.

Q. Did you ever see a man lying drunk?

A. Hundreds of 'em.

Q. Did you ever see a man lying unconscious, not dead, simply unconscious for the time being?

A. Yes. Sure.

Q. Will you kindly tell the jury, then, Officer, in what essential way, in what particular manner, in what detail the appearance of Isaac Kahn, as you saw him lying behind his counter on the night of the seventeenth of last month, differed from these other men who at numerous times you have seen in a similar attitude lying asleep, drunk, or temporarily unconscious, men who were not dead? What was the difference?

A. I--I don't know.

Q. You don't know? Then there was no difference.

A. N—no, not especially.

Q. Was there *any* difference that you can swear to?

A. Not that I can remember.

Q. Then Isaac Kahn, when you saw him that time, might have been asleep or drunk, or merely unconscious—and not dead as you testified?

A. He might. But the coroner—

Q. Never mind the coroner, he is competent to give his own testimony. It is what you saw, or did not see, that the jury is anxious to learn. You are not positive that Kahn was dead *when you saw him* about midnight of the seventeenth of last month, are you?

A. No.

Q. Then, to sum up your corrected testimony, you saw some unknown person leave some doorway somewhere

near the shop of Isaac Kahn, who may very possibly only have been sleeping when you saw him an hour later, and still later you arrested the defendant, John Malony, who was doing what any ordinary normal man normally and lawfully may do, accusing him of the murder of a man who may not have been murdered at all, but only asleep, *as far as you knew*. That is right, is it not?

A. Yes.

Q. Then nothing you saw could in any way be sworn to by you as connecting the death of Isaac Kahn with the defendant, John Malony? On your oath!

A. No.

Q. That is all, Officer. Thank you for your clear exposition of what you did *not* see.

II

*Cross-examination of Mrs. Peter Jenkins, witness for the prosecution, a lodger in one of the apartments above the pawnshop of the late Isaac Kahn, deceased, by Attorney Morton.*

Q. According to your statement, Mrs. Jenkins, on the night of the seventeenth of last month, shortly before 11 P. M., you heard the defendant, John Malony, leave his apartment, which is next to yours, descend the stairs, enter the shop of Isaac Kahn, engage in an altercation or heated argument—I believe you called it "scrap"—with the deceased, followed by a "yell from the old sheeny like somebody stuck a knife in his gizzard or was robbin' his till," then "the noise of a body floppin' down," the sound of some one rummaging among the things in the shop, running footfalls, and finally the slam of the shop door "fit to break the glass." You stated that you heard all these sounds, knew exactly what they signified and that they were caused by the defendant engaged in the crime of murdering Isaac Kahn. You further said that, previous to the seventeenth of last month, you had heard the defendant threaten the life of the deceased, using the words "I'll get that damned Jew," and that you heard Isaac Kahn express his fear that John Malony would "be the death of him." Briefly stated, that is the gist of your testimony, isn't it, Mrs. Jenkins?

A. Yes, that's what I said and what I heard.

Q. Allow me to take the several statements in the order they are supposed to have happened according to your sense of hearing, but first let me ask: Is your sense of hearing always as acute as it was in this instance?

A. It's good enough for me. No one needs to shout nothin' at me.

Q. Is it always as keen as your testimony would indicate?

A. 'Snothin' the matter with my ears.

Q. I do not mean to suggest that you are subject to any physical infirmity, Mrs. Jenkins, I simply am seeking to determine the extent of your powers of hearing. How far are you able to hear ordinary conversation—for instance the tone of voice in which I now am speaking?

A. I don't have to be called twice to my—

Q. I will walk backward, still speaking as I am now. Tell me when you no longer hear me distinctly. There is a street-car line running east and west on the avenue crossing your street at the corner, isn't there?

A. Yes.

Q. You ride on it frequently?

A. Yes.

Q. In going toward the corner from your home you often hear a car approaching on the avenue before you are able to see it?

A. Sure.

Q. Can you always tell from what direction it is coming—whether it is bound east or west?

A. What's that?

Q. Didn't you hear the question?

A. Not exactly, what'd y' say?

Q. I will return to my former position. I asked if you always could tell in which direction a car is traveling when you hear it, but still are unable to see it?

A. No. Lots of times I miss it. Or I run when there ain't no use.

Q. Then you cannot always depend upon the accuracy of your hearing as to direction, can you?

A. If you mean which way the car is acomin', no.

Q. When one of the babies in some of the other apartments—I assume that there are babies in more than one apartment—when one baby cries, can you always tell which baby it is, in which apartment it is?

A. How could I, when they are squawking all the time?

Q. Please answer and not ask questions, Mrs. Jenkins. Asking them is my privilege just now and answering them your duty. *Can* you tell which apartment any particular baby is crying in?

A. Not always.

Q. You make mistakes in locating them sometimes?

A. Yes—only the other day me and Mrs. Smith had a scrap—

Q. We will omit the details of your difference of opinion with the estimable Mrs. Smith, just now. But you do make mistakes in determining where sound emanates from?

A. If I get you—yes.

Q. The jury will bear that liability to error in mind, Mrs. Jenkins. A few moments ago, when I had to repeat my question, you said you could not understand exactly what I said. Was it because you did not understand the meaning of the words or because you did not hear distinctly?

A. I guess I can understand talk as well as you! It was because you did not talk loud enough.

Q. How far is it from your apartment to the shop of Isaac Kahn?

A. I don't know, not very far.

Q. Is it as far as from where you are to the rear of this court room?

A. Yes.

Q. Further?

A. Yes.

Q. How much further?

A. Two or three times.

Q. Yet, when you could not hear me I was not more than half way to the rear of this room, less than a quarter of the distance you say it is from where you were when you overheard the conversation between the defendant and the deceased to the shop of Isaac Kahn. Can you explain why you could hear them—through closed doors and other obstructions—and could not in this room?

A. No. I just know I did.

Q. Were you able to hear every word that passed between the defendant and Isaac Kahn?

A. No, just a kinda mumble.

Q. So I imagined, Mrs. Jenkins. We will now return to some of the other exhibitions of this remarkably acute sense of yours. At the time you say you heard the defendant threaten, if it was a threat, to "get that damned Jew," where were you?

A. In my kitchen.

Q. Was the defendant also in your kitchen?

A. No.

Q. In any of the other rooms of your apartment?

A. No.

Q. Where was he?

A. In his own place.

Q. How do you know he was in his own rooms? Did you see him there?

A. No. I didn't see him, I heard him, I told you.

Q. You are sure it was the defendant you heard?

A. Sure.

Q. What makes you so sure?

A. I heard him.

Q. Yes, but how do you know it was "him"—John Malony?

A. I heard his voice.

Q. The jury is willing to believe that you heard "a" voice, but these twelve men want to know why you think it was the voice of the defendant?

A. I heard it, plain.

Q. Was there anything peculiar about this voice you heard, anything especially different from other men's voices?

A. Nothin' particular, no.

Q. Are you intimately familiar with the voice of John Malony?

A. I ain't never been intimate with no man but my poor dead husband, an' if he was alive and here this minute you wouldn't dare say different, Mr. Lawyer. I ain't that kind and I want you to know it or I'll get down there and show you. And I ain't got no murderers for gentlemen friends neither! I ain't never spoke more'n twice and then only to pass the time o' day to that bloody-handed convict there and I—

Q. Softly—softly, Mrs. Jenkins. You are making several serious errors. I meant no insinuation against your virtue, I assure you, but only was asking if you had heard John Malony's voice sufficiently often to be able to recognize it absolutely as his—and that you have answered by saying that you never had any conversation with him beyond the "passing the time o' day" on not more than two occasions. The jury understands that—now. And I must warn you against calling anyone a "murderer" or "bloody-handed convict" until they have been proved to be so, and it is better to be careful about careless accusation even then. But to return: Since you were not familiar with the voice of John Malony, how is it you are so confident it was he whom you heard say "I'll get that damned Jew"? As a matter of fact might it not have been some other person's voice? Isn't it perfectly possible that someone else may have been the one who spoke the words you say you heard?

A. Oh, it's perfectly possible, but—

Q. Never mind the "but," Mrs. Jenkins, remembering what you have just testified to about the street cars and the crying babies—this possible some one else may not have been in John Malony's apartment at all, may have been in another one, the one on the other side of yours, say, or in the hallway? I am not suggesting that he was, merely that he might have been?

A. Yes, he might have been.

Q. What did you understand by the phrase in question: "I'll get that damned Jew," used by whoever it was that used the words?

A. Why, just what they mean, he was agoin' to get him.

Q. Who was going to get whom?

A. The fella speakin' was goin' to croak old Kahn.

Q. What do you mean by "get" and "croak," Mrs. Jenkins.

A. Why, bump him off, give him his, do him up, put him out, bean him—

Q. Your vocabulary of synonyms is almost as remarkable as your sense of hearing, Mrs. Jenkins, but possibly some of these twelve men are not so erudite. Will you kindly translate into ordinary English?

A. You must be a dummy! Why—kill him, of course.

Q. Thank you both for the compliment and the explanation. Since we now know that "get" sometimes is used to mean "kill," may I ask how you knew it was used in that sense this time that you heard the word? It is quite possible that the word "get" might have been used, by whoever you heard, to mean "bring," "secure," "gain," "obtain," or to indicate some purpose or intention other than the one you supposed—that is quite possible, isn't it? Whoever said: "I'll get that damned Jew," may simply have meant no more than that the speaker would induce Isaac Kahn—if the opprobrious epithet was intended for him—to come to some certain place or do some certain thing that the person speaking wished or promised? When you say: "I'll get an egg for breakfast" or "I'll get the baby for you,"—you do not mean that you intend to kill the egg or the baby, do you?

A. Don't you dare stand up there and say I killed no babies, you—

Q. I'm not, I'm not accusing you of anything, Mrs. Jenkins, not even of hearing a threat of killing. I simply want to have you tell the jury if "get" may not mean something besides "kill."

A. Of course it does. Any fool would know—

Q. Then the remark you overheard may have had a very innocent meaning,

may have had nothing to do with killing at all?

A. Of course it might. Even a lawyer oughta know—

Q. What was the occasion on which you heard Isaac Kahn say he was afraid that John Malony would be "the death of him"? Was it during a quarrel between the defendant and the deceased?

A. No, it wasn't no quarrel, that is, I don't think so, 'cause the old sheeny wasn't mad, he was laughin'.

Q. Laughing? And yet expressing fear of death? Please explain.

A. Well, they was standin' in his door—

Q. Who were "they" and whose door were they standing in?

A. Ain't I just been talkin' about old Kahn and his mur—that Malony fella? Kahn and Malony was standin' in the hock shop door and Malony was frowning like and the old Jew was laughin' like he'd bust and holdin' his sides and cryin'. That's when.

Q. Yes—go on. Repeat what you heard Isaac Kahn and John Malony say to each other.

A. Well, this Malony fella was frownin' and said—I didn't hear the first of what he said, but he says, says he: "Vy donche" like he was making believe Jew talk, and then Kahn he bust out laughin' and he says: "Stop, stop, Mr. Malony, you'll be the deat' of me if you keep on." That's what he said.

Q. And that was all?

A. Yes. They seen me then and shut up like they was sayin somethin' they didn't want no lady to hear.

Q. So you went on about your own business?

A. I wasn't busy. I hung round for a while, but they went inside the hock shop so I couldn't hear no more.

Q. You heard no other expression by Isaac Kahn to indicate that he felt any fear of John Malony?

A. No.

Q. I'll pass over the question of whether all the sounds you say you heard—the steps descending the stairs, the entrance into the shop, the altercation, the yell, the falling, the rummaging, the slamming of the shop door—I'll pass over the question of all these sounds having been caused by the incidents you ascribe to them, though I feel confident that I could have you show that they equally well might have been due to totally different causes, and admit for the sake of the present argument that they were as you say—reserving the right, Your Honor, of withdrawing this perfunctory admission if occasion arises. But I will ask you, Mrs. Jenkins, whatever these sounds may or may not have been caused by, how do you know they were made by the defendant?

A. I thought—

Q. Not what you thought, please. How did you know?

A. I didn't know for sure—

Q. That's enough! Then all that you *know* to connect John Malony with this case is having heard certain sounds that may have been made by some person other than the defendant doing things that you say were being done? That *is* all, isn't it?

A. That is all I know about it.

Q. That is all.

## III

*Cross-examination by Attorney Morton of Dr. Gustava, coroner's physician.*

Q. According to your testimony, Doctor Gustava, you examined the body of Isaac Kahn the night of his death and at that time stated that death was due to strychnia poisoning, possibly aided by contusion of the brain. I am not speaking now of any findings or conclusions you possibly made from your official autopsy later, but only to the events of the night of the seventeenth or early morning of the eighteenth of last month, so please be good enough to answer only as to that date or dates. You stated further that you arrived at the strychnia diagnosis from the finding of certain white crystals or

powder on the beard and around the mouth of the deceased and a small bottle of the same or a similar powder on the floor close to the body, which you identified as strychnia. Am I correct?

A. Yes, that was my diagnosis at the time.

Q. Under all the circumstances attending that examination were you able to make any analysis of that powder at that time?

A. No.

Q. How then did you arrive at your conclusion that it was strychnia?

A. By my sense of taste.

Q. Please repeat that.

A. By my sense of taste.

Q. Are you in the habit of making analyses by your sense of taste, analyses of deadly poisons?

A. Sometimes.

Q. Quite a remarkable case of self-devotion to science and your public position, Doctor Gustava. Do you find this a reliable method?

A. Fairly so.

Q. Only "fairly"?

A. Well, I know strychnia when I taste it.

Q. We will return to the establishment of that fact, if it is a fact, a little later, with your permission. Meanwhile: You occasionally eat onions, do you not?

A. I do.

Q. You know the peculiar taste of onions as well as their odor?

A. Certainly.

Q. Which is it, taste or smell?

A. Which is what?

Q. Which is the determining sense-factor by which you recognize onions as onions, without seeing them?

A. Which? Both.

Q. Both taste and smell?

A. Both.

Q. Are you sure? As a scientist are you positive that you both taste and smell them?

A. Absolutely sure.

Q. As a physician you are familiar with the symptoms and inhibitions incident to what commonly is called a "bad cold in the head" by the laity, grippe, influenza—and its various forms under different names?

A. Yes.

Q. Have you ever suffered from this malady yourself?

A. Yes.

Q. Many times?

A. Many times.

Q. During one or more of these many times that you have had a "bad cold in the head" have you ever experienced any difficulty with the perceptive powers of your sense of smell?

A. Yes, certainly, often.

Q. And during these many times have you ever eaten onions?

A. Yes.

Q. Could you smell them at such times?

A. Why—as far as I can remember—I suppose not—no.

Q. We will accept the "no" as your answer, with your permission. Now, at these same said times of suffering from a "cold" and coincidentally eating onions, could you taste them?

A. I see what you are driving at. No—I could not taste them, in the ordinary way of tasting, or smell them either. The inflammation of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat acts as an anesthetic to the sensory nerves and prevents their functioning normally.

Q. Thank you; that explanation would be very clear to anyone. To go a little further and skipping intermediary facts, it is a recognized truth of science, is it not, that the senses of smell and taste are so closely allied in their reaction upon the cognizing brain that a person very frequently imagines that he is tasting what really he is smelling and vice-versa—that the brain has difficulty in differentiating between the two sensory nerve impulses?

A. That is true.

Q. Then even you, a physician but still a human being like the rest of us, are subject to this same limitation and might be mistaken in a determination arrived at from this sense of taste?

A. Yes, I might be mistaken.

Q. Then your sense of taste is not infallible?

A. Certainly not.

Q. You might make a mistake in a diagnosis arrived at by your sense of taste alone?

A. Yes.

Q. We now will return to the question of your statement that the powder found by you on the beard and mouth of the deceased and the small amount remaining in the small bottle lying close to the body were one and the same and were strychnia. How do you know that the powder on the beard of the deceased and that in the bottle were the same?

A. By natural presumption.

Q. Nothing more—you did not make any comparative tests?

A. No.

Q. You just supposed they were the same and were content with that?

A. Yes. I was satisfied they were the same.

Q. In other words—you were satisfied with guessing that they were?

A. It amounts to that—yes.

Q. You stated that you knew strychnia when you tasted it—but do you know when you taste a certain powder that it is strychnia and nothing else?

A. Yes.

Q. Are you sure about that?

A. Yes.

Q. What is the peculiar quality about the taste of strychnia that makes it so easily and surely recognizable—to you?

A. It's bitterness, I suppose you would say.

Q. Please do not suppose anything you think I would say or say anything you think I would suppose. I am not a learned physician, merely a lawyer. I do not use poisons in my profession. What is the especially characteristic taste you say strychnia possesses?

A. I didn't say it had any. I say what I mean and mean what I say. I don't split hairs in my profession or poison minds with words.

Q. Only fees and patients I suppose? But you have not answered my question as to the taste of strychnia?

A. It's bitter.

Q. Is that all?

A. All you would understand.

Q. Possibly the jury are more perspicacious. Never mind about the limits of *my* understanding. Tell them if you refuse to enlighten or confide in me, so they will be able to recognize the taste of strychnia.

A. I cannot explain the taste in words, more than to say it is bitter, one becomes accustomed to recognizing it by experience.

Q. "One becomes accustomed to recognizing it by experience," does one? Have you tasted it frequently?

A. Often.

Q. Indeed! Then how do you happen to be here?

A. What do you mean how do I happen to be here?

Q. What is considered to be the lethal dose of strychnia?

A. That depends.

Q. Depends upon what?

A. The person taking it and the general condition they are in.

Q. Are you sure?

A. Why, yes.

Q. Is it not a fact generally accepted by the medical profession that half a grain of strychnia will cause death?

A. That's what they say.

Q. Do you believe it?

A. It might and it might not.

Q. Under what conditions would a half grain of strychnia fail to cause death?

A. I—it just might not.

Q. Cannot you give the jury a more scientific reason than that?

A. No.

Q. How much of this powder that you say was strychnia did you place in your mouth when you tasted it?

A. I don't know, I didn't measure it, I just took some out of the bottle on the point of my pocket knife.

Q. And put it in your mouth?

A. Yes. How else could I have tasted it?

Q. How else indeed! And you knew at once that it was strychnia?

A. Yes.

Q. What did you do immediately after that?

A. Continued my examination of the body.

Q. Without experiencing any discomfort?

A. Yes.

Q. You had no difficulty in breathing, no trouble with the action of your heart, no muscular constriction anywhere?

A. No. Why should I?

Q. I am not supposed to answer your question, Doctor, but for the benefit of the jury I will say—and prove by competent testimony if my learned opponent the District Attorney objects to my making the statement—that the poison known as strychnia kills by cyanosis, by a constriction of the whole muscular system of the body that literally squeezes the breath out and causes death by strangulation. Did you know that, Doctor?

A. Of course I knew it.

Q. Did you also know that the amount of that powder on the point of a penknife would amount to half a grain or more of strychnia?

A. Yes.

Q. And that half a grain of strychnia placed on the tongue, even without swallowing it, might cause death—would be very apt, to say the least, to make you very ill?

A. Yes.

Q. And yet you tasted it as you say?

A. Yes.

Q. Then do not attempt to employ me as your counsel when or if you are examined by a commission in insanity. Suppose that powder had happened to be cyanide of potassium—would you still have tasted it?

A. No.

Q. How did you know it was not?

A. Because it was strychnia.

Q. You knew it was strychnia before you tasted it?

A. I was pretty sure it was.

Q. Why were you pretty sure?

A. By the label on the bottle.

Q. Oh—there was a label on the bottle? And the label was marked strychnia?

A. Yes.

Q. Then why did you taste it?

A. To be sure.

Q. And you were sure?

A. Yes.

Q. Overlooking the fact that bottle labels and contents do not always agree and depending on your sense of taste—there are other powdered crystals that have a bitter taste, are there not?

A. Many.

Q. Some of them medicines?

A. Yes.

Q. Some medicines that are not poisons?

A. Yes.

Q. Quinine, for instance?

A. Yes, quinine.

Q. Could you, even with all your learning and experience, with all your wonderful habit of frequently tasting strychnia, could you distinguish readily between the characteristic taste of strychnia and the characteristic taste of quinine?

A. Maybe—

Q. Could you?

A. That's a dif—

Q. If you are not sure I can have samples of both strychnia and quinine procured and allow you to make the test by tasting them here in this court. Could you distinguish between them?

A. No—I might make a mistake.

Q. Then—those powdered crystals you found on the beard and mouth of the deceased and those you found in the bottle that you tasted and on the evidence of your sense of taste pronounced to be strychnia, that led you to ascribe the death of Isaac Kahn to strychnia poisoning — those crystals might have been quinine and not strychnia?

A. Possibly, but—

Q. They might have been quinine?

A. They might.

Q. Then the deceased may have taken quinine sometime shortly before his death and some of it may have ad-

hered to his beard, and his death may have been due to some cause other than strychnia poisoning—as far as you knew after your first examination of the body?

A. Y—yes.

Q. You also testified that a certain powder said to have been found by the police in the room of the defendant also was strychnia. Did you at any time make any analysis of that powder?

A. No.

Q. How did you conclude, then, that it also was strychnia?

A. It was marked—

Q. Another analysis by label?

A. Yes, but I want to explain that—

Q. Some other time, Doctor, post mortem explanations are not necessary here, however much they may be in your general practice. That powder said to have been found by the police in John Malony's room—that also might have been quinine?

A. It might. But the box—

Q. A court of law is not the place to hide mistakes in a box, Doctor, habit is getting the better of you, I fear. Then—as the jury now is to understand your testimony, both the powder found on and near the body of the deceased and that said to be found in the defendant's room may very possibly have been crystals of the comparatively harmless drug known as quinine, as far as you know, and *not strychnia?*

A. Yes.

Q. And even if—"if" I say—even if John Malony had given quinine to Isaac Kahn there would be no reasonable probability or possibility that he could have caused the death of the deceased by so doing, not even if he had given him the entire contents of that small bottle, and those contents may have been quinine, as you have testified?

A. No.

Q. Your testimony, then, based on the evidence of your sense of taste, may have been in error?

A. Yes.

Q. One more question, Doctor Gustava, for the sake of the justly high reputation of your profession: How old are you?

A. Twenty-three.

Q. And you graduated when?

A. Last year.

Q. It is true, is it not, that you owe your official position to the fact that you are the nephew of ————. I am willing to withdraw the question, since it is objected to by the District Attorney, with a resignation that I feel the public will appreciate.

## IV.

*Cross-examination by Attorney Morton of Felix Duval, a blind man, also a lodger above the pawnshop of Isaac Kahn.*

Q. You have said, Mr. Duval, that for a number of weeks previous and up to the seventeenth of last month, you occupied a room in the same apartment as the defendant, John Malony, that you were on terms of close if not intimate acquaintance with him, and that on the night mentioned you entered the shop of the deceased, Isaac Kahn, about eleven o'clock or a few minutes after the hour, and that, entering, you brushed past someone in the shop doorway, your arm touching his, someone who was leaving hurriedly as you were going in. You further stated that, by virtue of your peculiarly keen sense of touch, you "recognized" this someone as the defendant, greeting him with the remark: "Hello, Malony, what are you doing here at this hour?" and that the man whom you so addressed made no reply. Am I correct so far?

A. Yes. That was my testimony.

Q. Furthermore you stated that, continuing your way into the shop you called: "Hello, Kahn, where are you?" Receiving no reply, you "felt that something was wrong" and started to search for Isaac Kahn. Being familiar with the arrangements of the shop and its contents and fixtures, you went behind the counter, still calling at intervals for the proprietor; that, guiding yourself

slightly by running your finger tips along the counter, you touched something that you recognized as a "policeman's night stick" which you knew Isaac Kahn was in the habit of keeping near him as a weapon of protection against possible burglars or other outlaws, and that upon this nightstick you "felt something sticky like blood." While you still were holding this club in your hand your foot touched something on the floor which you "instantly knew was a human body." Stooping, you felt about and over the body until you touched the face, thus confirming your "feeling sure all the time it was old Kahn, dead." Immediately thereafter you went to the door of the shop calling for the police and raising an alarm, and not succeeding, as far as you knew, in attracting anyone's attention, you started along the street in search of a policeman, still calling, until you were stopped and questioned by Sergeant Koppe, with whom you returned to the pawnshop where you found Patrolman Robinson in charge.

That is a true condensation of your testimony at this trial, is it not, covering the principal features of your connection with the case?

A. Yes, that's about the size of it.

Q. Assuming that you have stated all the incidents correctly just as they were impressed upon you by your sense of touch, and assuming that you believe them to be facts as you have testified—though I am far from willing to admit their impeccability—there is one point of prime importance in arriving at the identity of the person whom the State claims was responsible for the death of Isaac Kahn—though again I refuse to admit the contention that any person was so responsible as claimed. That point is your statement that the person you "brushed past," your "arm touching his arm" in the doorway of the shop, was none other than the defendant, John Malony.

I wish to interpolate here that if John Malony is guilty as charged of the murder of Isaac Kahn I will do nothing in any way to interfere with the uncovering of that fact nor stand between him and the punishment provided by law for the crime of murder. As a sworn officer of the law I am here only to see that justice is done and justice only.

Now, Mr. Duval, what made you think that the person you brushed against in the shop doorway was the defendant?

A. I felt it was him.

Q. Do you mean by "felt" that you touched the person with your hands and so discovered some distinguishing feature?

A. No. I only touched him with my coatsleeve. By "felt" I mean that I just knew it was Malony.

Q. Isn't that rather a slight basis of recognition for so positive a conclusion?

A. Not for me.

Q. Why not for you as well as for other people?

A. Because I am blind.

Q. Will you explain to the jury how your unfortunate affliction accentuates your sense of touch to such an acute degree?

A. I don't know that I can.

Q. Try.

A. It is so intangible—so beyond my power to express in words—the same as when I "feel" that a building is large or small when I am within ten feet or so of it, that I am approaching an obstruction before I get to it, that a room is cheerful or depressing, that a person is smiling or frowning, that a day is sunny or cloudy—none of which things I can see or touch. I just know they are. That is the way I knew the man who brushed past me was Malony.

Q. Isn't "knew" putting it rather strong? Even people with good sight often make a mistake in the identity of one they pass quickly. Is there no chance, in your mind, that you may have been mistaken?

A. A chance? Certainly.

Q. When this person failed to reply to your salutation and question—didn't that arouse some doubt in your mind as to its being the defendant?

A. Yes and no.

Q. What do you mean by "yes and no"?

A. Yes, it did make me wonder if I had made a mistake. No, I still believed it was Malony.

Q. If this person had been John Malony, would you have expected him to make some reply?

A. Yes. That's what puzzled me—until I stumbled over Kahn's body.

Q. What puzzled you?

A. That Malony did not answer if it was Malony.

Q. Then you did doubt its being Malony, after you spoke and received no reply?

A. Yes.

Q. What was there about your stumbling over the body that dissipated this doubt and made you return to your first opinion?

A. If he had killed Kahn he would not have spoken for fear of my recognizing him.

Q. Suppose he had not killed Isaac Kahn, what then?

A. Then there was no reason why he should not answer me.

Q. Do you state that as a fact or as an opinion, Mr. Duval?

A. Why, as—as an opinion.

Q. An opinion does not make fact—may be a wrong one?

A. Of course.

Q. Isn't there another equally good and plausible reason for this person's not replying when you called him by Malony's name and asked what he was doing there?

A. Possibly. I don't know one.

Q. Suppose this person was not John Malony, suppose he—whoever he was—had killed Isaac Kahn, supposing he was running away and seeking to avoid recognition—whoever he was, but not John Malony—suppose this person knew you were blind but knew that you had an unusually good memory of voices, as I presume you have in common with nearly all blind people, suppose he knew that if he spoke you would recognize him as surely as another person would by seeing his face. Would not this be an excellent reason for his not replying, even though he were not the defendant?

A. Yes, that might have been the reason.

Q. Furthermore, is it not conceivable that this unknown person, hearing you call him by another man's name, might have been anxious to profit by that very mistake of yours? That he might see a double profit to himself in keeping silent—the one being the avoidance of your recognition of his true identity, the other the establishment in your mind of the very belief in question as indicated to him by your calling him "Malony"? Is not all this conceivable, plausible, an equally good basis for believing that he was *not* the defendant as your theory that he was?

A. I had not thought of that. Since you explain it that way—Yes, it is equally as possible.

Q. Then that leaves the positiveness of your identification resting solely on the touch of your coatsleeve against his and your intangible "feeling" that this person was John Malony?

A. Yes.

Q. To what extent, in forming your opinion, was the actual touch responsible and to what extent the non-sensory "feeling"?

A. I don't think I could say exactly, but probably the actual touching played very little part and the feeling most of all.

Q. Then, by the actual touch alone, you would not attempt to say who that unknown person was?

A. No, I wouldn't.

Q. That leaves us with only this peculiar susceptibility of yours, this atmospheric identification, if one may call it that. Is this intuition of yours, Mr. Duval, always right, never wrong? Do you depend upon it absolutely?

A. No.

Q. At times it has led you to make mistakes, to form erroneous opinions, as you discovered by other means?

A. Yes.

Q. How many times has it been wrong?

A. I don't know.
Q. Many times?
A. Yes.
Q. A great many times?
A. Yes.
Q. Let us suppose, Mr. Duval, that you had a deadly enemy who had threatened to kill you on sight and that you had determined to exercise your right to protect yourself against his threatened attack, providing yourself with a revolver as a weapon of defense. Let us further pretend that, in entering a doorway you brushed against someone whom you "felt" was none other than this supposititious enemy, "felt" as certain it was this enemy as you "felt" this other unknown was the defendant. Supposing the conditions to be as I have just drawn them—would you draw your revolver and shoot this person because you "felt" it was your enemy from whom you must protect your life at all hazards? Would you shoot, Mr. Duval?
A. No. I wouldn't.
Q. Thank you. That is sufficient.

V.

*Cross-examination by Attorney Morton of Miss Violet Jones, a lodger in the house above the pawnshop of Isaac Kahn and employed as head of the perfumery department of a large department store.*

Q. You have stated under oath, Miss Jones, that on the night in question, at or about eleven o'clock, you were standing in the hallway outside your room, which is on the same floor as the room occupied by the defendant, John Malony. That, as you were standing there, the defendant came up the stairway very rapidly, ran past you to the door of his room, entered, reappeared a few minutes later, again ran past you without speaking or appearing to see you and down the stairs to the street below. That immediately after his disappearance down the stairway you happened to glance at that part of the floor under the hallway light and there saw a leather wallet which you picked up and recognized as belonging to Isaac Kahn, that you are positive this wallet was not in the place you found it before the passage of the defendant through the hall a few moments before, and that it is your belief that it was dropped there by John Malony as he came or went on his hurried trip to and from his room. You have given your reasons for believing all these statements to be facts with the exception of your reason for ascribing the ownership of the wallet to Isaac Kahn. Will you kindly tell the jury, Miss Jones, how you knew, or thought you knew, that Isaac Kahn was the owner of that wallet?
A. By its smell.
Q. Indeed! Had this wallet such a distinctive odor as all that?
A. I don't know what you mean by "all that," but it did have a distinctive odor.
Q. Sufficient to identify it to you as the property of Isaac Kahn?
A. Yes.
Q. What was that odor?
A. It has no name.
Q. No name? Is it so unusual as all that?
A. I said before that I don't know what you mean by "all that"—but it is an unusual perfume.
Q. Perfume? Is it a perfume or an odor?
A. It is a perfume with an odor.
Q. I stand corrected. Then this unusual and distinctive perfume *with* an odor but *without* a name possessed by this wallet—in what way did it prove to you the ownership of the deceased?
A. By smelling it.
Q. One usually recognizes a perfume by smelling it, doesn't one?
A. One usually does.
Q. Will you tell the jury, in your way, just how you were able to identify the wallet as belonging to Isaac Kahn by smelling it?
A. Mr. Kahn was very fond of perfumes of all kinds, liked them to be strong and liked them especially if they were unusual, the more individual the

better. He always was very kind to me, had done me many favors, and in return I gave him samples, little bottles, of all the strong and strange perfumes I got hold of. It was his birthday the day before he was killed and as a surprise I gave him a bottle of perfume that I had mixed myself. I spent quite a little time and made a number of experiments to get just the combination that I thought would please him—as it did. That is why I said it had no name and why I recognized it so quickly and surely. I am an expert perfumer and have a very keen sense of smell, must have to hold my position. When I picked up the wallet in the hallway I recognized the odor at once, knew it was the perfume that I had mixed and knew that no one else had any of it except Mr. Kahn. That is the way I knew the wallet must belong to him.

Q. Thank you, Miss Jones, for your clear, concise and conclusive answer to my question. Did you give all of this perfume that you made to Isaac Kahn?

A. No.

Q. Ah! To whom else did you give some?

A. To no one.

Q. What became of it?

A. Nothing.

Q. Nothing? Surely you must have made some disposal of what remained after you gave his to Isaac Kahn?

A. I kept it myself.

Q. You still have it?

A. Yes.

Q. All of it?

A. All of it.

Q. Where is this unused portion?

A. In a bottle at home in the drawer of my dresser.

Q. Could anyone have had access to this perfume except yourself and Isaac Kahn, without your knowledge?

A. How do I know when I don't know? I suppose it is perfectly possible. My dresser is not locked, burglars could enter the room, or Mr. Kahn may have given his away or lost it, I suppose. I simply don't know.

Q. Then you are not sure that the wallet belonged to Isaac Kahn?

A. Yes, I am sure it did.

Q. What makes you so positive?

A. Because.

Q. Because of what?

A. Because I smelled it.

Q. Yes, so you have testified. But you also have said, a moment ago, that you did not know that someone else might not have had access to this perfume. How do you explain the apparent contradiction?

A. I don't.

Q. Don't what?

A. Don't explain it.

Q. Don't or won't?

A. Can't.

Q. I am trying to the best of my poor ability, Miss Jones, to make my questions as simple and direct as possible, seeking only to elicit the truth. Would you mind helping me to get at the facts?

A. Not at all. I am answering all your questions the best I know how, ain't I?

Q. I hope so, Miss Jones. Suppose we try again. Being an expert perfumer, are you able to detect the difference between natural and synthetic scents, between, for instance, attar of roses made from rose leaves and the "attar of roses" that is the laboratory product of chemistry?

A. Probably not, if the artificial attar was well made by experts—they smell practically alike.

Q. I now hand you five phials of liquid, numbered. Will you kindly smell of the contents of each and tell the jury what the odors of each are?

A. Number one is violet, number two is hyacinth—number three is opopanax—the fourth— Why! You must have been in my room or got this from Mr. Kahn!

Q. The fourth is—?

A. It is some of that I made for Mr. Kahn!

Q. You are sure of that?

A. Positive—it couldn't be anything else.

Q. You swear that the contents of

that phial number four is the same unusual perfume as that you mixed specially for Isaac Kahn, the same as that on the wallet you found in the hallway of your apartment, the same that is in the dresser of your room at home?

A. Exactly the same.

Q. Then if you smelled some of the contents of phial number four on any article you would be positive that that article, no matter what it was or where it was found, had belonged to Isaac Kahn, provided, of course, that it was not your own?

A. Yes. It would have to be—unless Mr. Kahn had lost or given away some of the bottle I gave him.

Q. Now, Miss Jones, I am prepared to and shall show at the proper time, if necessary, that I had all of those phials, including the one marked number four, which you have sworn is the same as the perfume in question, filled to my order by one of the chemists of this city. It is true that I submitted to him a sample of the bottle you gave Isaac Kahn, but far from its being the unusual and entirely original combination or mixture you state and undoubtedly believed it to be, it is well known to the drug and perfumery trades under various proprietary names, being a recognized basis for the stronger commercial scents. This, as I said, I am able to prove by several reliable witnesses. You probably happened to make the same mixture just because you are so expert in your profession—a natural following of the same lines of thought as other experts before you. Now, if what I have just stated is true, would that alter your belief that the wallet you found *must* belong to Isaac Kahn?

A. Certainly, if what you say is true.

Q. Its truth still being unproven except by my own unsupported statement, is it not still possible, from your knowledge as an expert, that someone else besides yourself may have happened to hit upon the same combination or compound of scents that constitutes the perfume in question?

A. Possible? Certainly.

Q. Then if it is possible would that not alone upset, or at least weaken, your belief that the wallet necessarily belonged to Isaac Kahn?

A. A little.

Q. Only a little? Allow me to ask you a hypothetical question: If the body of a dead person was found with the clothes smelling strongly of this perfume, and the condition of the body showed conclusively that the person had been murdered, would you believe that the dead person had been murdered by Isaac Kahn, simply because of the perfume—knowing yourself to be innocent of the crime?

A. No. Of course not! Mr. Kahn never would have murdered anybody.

Q. Still—when we are dealing with facts and not fancy, a real body and not a supposititious one, an actual and not an imaginary charge of murder—still you base your belief in the guilt of the accused on that same evidence and no more?

A. I—I hadn't thought about it in that way.

Q. Now that it has been presented to you in that light do you desire to retract your statements that you believe the wallet to have been dropped by the defendant and that you believe it to have belonged to Isaac Kahn?

A. Yes—I would like to take back what I said.

Q. Thank you, Miss Jones. That is all.

## VI

### *Attorney Morton Speaks*

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: You have heard the testimony given by these five witnesses under direct examination by the State, their statements based upon their impressions received through the medium of what are known as the five senses—seeing, hearing, tasting, touching, and smelling. You also have heard each and every one of these five witnesses, the principal witnesses in this case, retract the evidence they previously gave or so alter it as to destroy

its value as competent testimony. I feel sure that you now believe that my client, John Malony, is innocent of the crime of which he has been accused, of the murder of Isaac Kahn. But, that you may have no cause for doubt as to the facts, the true facts, I am going to ask my client to waive the immunity from testifying which he is privileged to exercise and place himself on the stand to testify under oath to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God!

* * *

John Malony, you have heard the testimony of the five witnesses against you in this case, each of whom gave evidence according to one of what are known as the five senses. Do you know of or recognize any other sense that you desire to have taken into consideration in this case?

A. Yes.

Q. What is this other sense which you recognize as of primal importance in arriving at the truth?

A. The sense of justice.

Q. John Malony, I now solemnly call upon you to tell this jury of your peers sitting in judgment upon you what you know of the death of Isaac Kahn, so help you God!

A. I killed Isaac Kahn.

# A PHANTASY OF HEAVEN

By Harry Kemp

PERHAPS he plays with cherubs now,
Those little, golden boys of God,
Bending, with them, some silver bough,
The while a seraph, head a-nod,

Slumbers on guard; how they will run
And shout, if he should wake too soon,—
As fruit more golden than the sun
And riper than the full-grown moon,

Conglobed in clusters, weighs them down,
Like Atlas heaped with starry signs;
And, if they're tripped, heel over crown,
By hidden coils of mighty vines,—

Perhaps the seraph, swift to pounce,
Will hale them, vexed, to God—and He
Will only laugh, remembering, once
*He* was a boy, in Galilee!

ANGUISH: Your emotion when you see someone kiss the pretty girl you thought would scream.

# THE ULTIMATE OUTRAGE

By L. Bricconcella

I

WHEN the news got about among his friends that Harlan had cut off Dick, cut him off absolutely, there was a great stir of surprise. It was surprise, too, of a dual nature; astonishment that he *had* cut him off at last and a revival of the old, chronic astonishment that he hadn't done the thing years before.

Harlan certainly had endured Dick's vagaries with an extraordinary fortitude. His patience might have been more understandable had Dick been his own son. But inasmuch as no blood tie existed between the two, it wasn't at all clear why Harlan endured so quietly.

Dick, when Harlan had discovered him, was in rags, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm and an aggressive trick of poking them beneath the pedestrian's nose. Harlan was quite a young man then, had no ties, lived alone . . . he must have been rather lonesome. He said there was something he liked in Dick's eyes. At any rate, he took the boy home with him and constituted himself a parent.

Harlan made a somewhat young father. He wasn't more than fifteen or twenty years older than the boy. They were soon quite chummy and Dick took to luxury like a bird to the air. Also he quickly demonstrated that the following of any path of narrow confines was not in his temperament.

Harlan sent him off first to a military school for boys—he had already recognized Dick's propensities and thought the discipline would be good for him. But he didn't realize that ordinary workaday discipline could never hold Dick. Dick must have cut loose the first day. They disciplined him for a month and then sent him home to Harlan with courteous but very explicit explanations that under no circumstances could this boy be re-admitted.

Harlan lectured him and that was all. Those who imagined that this would be the end of the experiment, that Dick would go back to the streets, really had no gauge on Harlan's liking for the boy. Dick, in a very short time, had stirred Harlan's heart profoundly. It was one of those cases of an endearing personality—almost intangible qualities of attraction—that counterbalance open and obvious deficiencies.

"I don't want to go to any of these crazy schools," the boy said to him.

"Very well," Harlan had acquiesced, "we'll have a few private tutors down here for you."

This was the plan they followed and continued for several years. None of the tutors stayed very long but they were easy to replace and Dick learned something at least. During the whole period he was seldom free from minor scrapes, but all of them were forgiven him.

Dick was seventeen when he threw off the lesser vices of a boy and cloaked himself in a mannish lack of virtue that promised consequences more serious than any of prior encounter.

At this time he was a handsome boy, rather like a lithe animal in his movements, the way he looked out of his grey, dark-lashed eyes, the pagan strength of his white hands. Harlan was enormously proud of him. He laughed when Dick smashed up his run-

about, endeavoring to climb over a stone wall, and bought the boy another. With very obvious satisfaction he related to his acquaintances that although the car was reduced to a heap of scrap-metal, young Dick had come out unscathed.

"I discovered him," said Harlan, "standing over the mess of twisted steel and splinters, with a cigarette between his teeth and a very disgusted frown on his forehead. 'Just look at that fool thing,' was what he said to me."

And Harlan laughed at the recollection.

"And the boy wasn't scratched! Not even a rip in his clothes—although in that particular he isn't invariably as fortunate. He always gets through himself, but sometimes he can't quite squeeze his clothes along, whole, with him. But wasn't that just like the crazy kid? You can't hurt that boy! Not a scratch!"

This was Dick at seventeen, when his escapades became, suddenly, less spectacular and more subtle and shot through with potential disaster.

Harlan, as you may already know, lived most of the time at his country place. He didn't do a great deal of entertaining and most of his acquaintances were neighbors of a similar social station. Consequently his force of servants was not large—scarcely more than four or five, including the gardener.

Now, at this period Harlan's kitchen was occupied by an Irishwoman and her daughter, a young, rather coarsely attractive girl, to whose activities Harlan was so indifferent that he scarcely knew her name.

These people had been in Harlan's employ for something like a month when Dick developed curious symptoms. A languor and melancholy seemed to have stricken him. The condition was so unusual that Harlan was quickly attentive. He said nothing to Dick, but watched him.

It was almost a metempsychosis. Dick's old delights failed of their diversion. He spent an amazing amount of his time indoors. In the evening he would disappear somewhere on the grounds, in the morning he breakfasted with a frown.

Harlan, cognizant of externals, had no conception of the inner causes. So when Dick confessed he was . . . flabbergasted!

Dick unburdened himself late one afternoon. He came into Harlan's study and threw himself disconsolately into a chair. Then he sighed, like a melancholy wind at midnight.

"What on earth's the matter with you, boy?" Harlan asked him suddenly.

Dick stared at the floor.

"Can't you guess?" he asked.

"No, but I can see there's something. Why don't you tell me about it?"

Dick still stared at the floor.

"Well," he said at last, not looking up, "I . . . I'm in love. . . ."

There was a silence like the still that follows a thunderclap.

"You're . . ." began Harlan finally.

"Yes! I've wanted to say something to you about it before this. We're . . . we're dreadfully fond of each other. We want to get married."

Harlan, in spite of his astonishment, preserved his aplomb. He looked at Dick, who sat staring at the carpet like a prisoner in the dock.

"You want to get married? Who is it, Dick?"

"Ellen," said the boy, after a noticeable pause.

"Ellen?" Harlan was puzzled.

"You know . . ."

"No, I don't. Who is she?"

"She works here," Dick mumbled, a little sullenly.

Harlan saw the light.

"For the love of God!" he exclaimed.

The next day he discharged the cook and her daughter and sent Dick to spend a month or two in New York.

It was not until he received notice that Dick had been arrested for speeding that he knew things had come back to the normal and could draw in a free breath again. . . .

## II

Dick returned, his hypochondry vanished, and very much his old self . . . apparently. But it became manifest that he had permanently assumed a new world of activity.

However, there were for a time no more serious love affairs. Dick's immediate adventures were not grave. Harlan sighed a little but said nothing to him.

And then Dick's fortunes flared up luridly and disaster was imminent.

One of Harlan's friends in the country was a fellow named Hines, a pleasant, sensible sort of chap, but cursed with an absurd wife. From time to time Hines' friends discussed with some wonder the reasons that had led him into matrimony with this woman. But sense and matrimony are incommensurable and it is folly to attempt the statement of one in terms of the other.

Marie Hines was a little plump blonde creature from whom Hines derived a perpetual embarrassment. She was susceptible to the most obvious flattery and the most casual attentions. Hines had brought her down to the country to save his self-respect; her meetings during their city residence with motion-picture actors, college youths, et cetera, had become almost notorious.

And it was with this woman that Dick now had an affair.

Harlan knew nothing until Hines came over one evening and talked about the business.

"Do you keep any watch on that kid of yours?" he asked Harlan.

"What is it now, old man? What have you discovered?"

Hines walked up and down the room a moment, before saying anything further.

"It comes rather close to home," he ventured, finally.

Harlan was at attention.

"I mean just this," said Hines. "I find that the boy comes over to see my wife. Privately, Harlan, the woman is a fool. She's undoubtedly flattered by the infant. So far as I can make out, there's nothing serious to the affair—but I want to get the lid on before there is."

"The devil!" exclaimed Harlan.

"Yes, the devil, certainly. I thought I'd talk to you about it. You can say something to the boy or get him out of the way for a time. All this is very distressing. I suppose I'm quite as much a fool as the woman or I'd divorce her. However, see what you can do, will you?"

For the first time Harlan felt genuinely angry. The picaresque humor that had previously surrounded Dick's escapades was passing into something far less diverting. The present instance was disgusting. Following these courses, Dick would go on the rocks with an almighty smash and carry more than his own person with him.

Harlan closeted Dick the following day and lectured him. Dick took his words somewhat sullenly, but at the same time gave his half consent that he would bring matters connected with Marie to a conclusion. He did, but not in the fashion proposed.

The deluge was loosed a week later.

Hines was announced and came in upon Harlan in a very obvious fluster. To Harlan he gave no greetings but threw a sheet of folded paper down upon the opened book he held in his hands.

"Read that thing!" he exclaimed.

It was from Marie; Hines had found it in his bedroom.

"You cannot separate us," it said. "The dear boy and I have gone together forever."

All Dick's outrages flared in Harlan's mind with one cumulative sting. He dropped Marie's note, stood up, and raising his arm hurled a handsome copy of Burton's "Melancholy" against a piece of crockery. The vase splintered, the book thumped to the floor.

"We'll go after them," said Harlan.

"After them? How do you know where they are? And they've two or three hours' start. From what I've

learned, the young ass came over to the house this afternoon in his car. Evidently they left in that. The boy drives like the devil. I've seen him tearing up these roads."

"We'll get them," persisted Harlan. "I know Dick. He'd drive to New York—and try to make it all tonight. But he's a fool. After he gets seventy or eighty miles from here, he'll stop to philander with that woman of yours. I can see them drawn up somewhere now, sitting in the car and making love to each other. . . . Are you ready to go with me?"

Hines was, of course, ready for anything. In five minutes the two men were pulling out in Harlan's touring car. They chose the best roads—the roads that Dick would probably travel. They had nothing to say. Harlan watched the road and kept his foot persistently on the accelerator button.

Behind them dark waves of dust rolled up, like the smoke of a long artillery battle. A policeman in a small town signalled them to stop; they ignored him. The lights of the little villages they passed grew fewer and near midnight the houses left behind in the smoke of the dust were dark and silent.

Both men were beginning to tire. Harlan's ears throbbed from the deep, vibrant noise of the motor. Perhaps after all they had followed a course of absurd precipitancy. It was father a needle-in-the-haystack hunt. The boy might have gone over any number of other routes, or not come in this direction at all.

Perhaps, had they been required to hang on another hour, they would have abandoned the pursuit and turned in at the first hotel. But fortune at last assisted them. They saw the lights of a car ahead, they slowed—and found it was Dick's machine, stopped by the road, and Dick and Marie perched above on a rail fence and looking at the moon!

The two men flung themselves out of the car; Marie dropped from her perch, frightened, and Dick slipped down beside her.

Hines was clambering up the bank.

"Marie!" he bawled. "Get down here! You need a nurse. You've led me a fine chase! The right thing, the thing I should have done, was to have left you with that young ass."

Dick drew himself up to an heroic pose.

"They shall not separate us, dear," he said. "Let them go back where they came from."

But Hines was now in front of them, glaring at his wife, and Marie had not the stiffness to resist. She ran to him and put her head on his shoulder.

"Take me home," she sobbed.

Harlan drove them back and Dick appeared in his own car, rather white and looking ill, the following day.

## III

But this escapade made no permanent estrangement between Dick and Harlan. Harlan came finally to look at the affair rather humorously; Dick was a boy, Hines' wife was a silly woman.

During the next year nothing serious came about in Dick's fortunes. And then, after twelve months had passed over, Dick took to the astounding notion of studying music.

Harlan was astonished, but could hardly regard this fresh phase as an exhibition of viciousness, so Dick went to the city and studied there for several months.

He returned, and to Harlan's surprise with no diminution of his enthusiasm. But now he was not content with America. Nothing was to be learned in the States, he declared. One must go abroad.

Initially, Harlan was not at all favorable to the idea. But Dick was persistent. Harlan was won over by small increments. Dick finally did take passage for Europe.

That left Harlan alone; I have often wondered whether his loneliness were not the chief factor in his own astonishing adventure . . . perhaps! Certainly Harlan, now a man in his early

forties, a fellow of gentlemanly habit and reflective temperament, assumed a grotesque role. In fact, he took the stage that Dick had vacated.

Harlan had gone to New York, probably for the sake of a readier companionship to be discovered there. He was living very quietly in a pleasant apartment, when he met Mae Burton.

Mae Burton! He came to know her by a barest chance; his friend Holiday had dragged him very unwillingly to a rather hilarious dinner and Mae Burton was one of the professional "talent."

She was a small, saucy, impudent, common little thing with a pair of pretty legs and feet upon which she danced very well indeed. Harlan was sitting at the table, quite sober, considerably bored, and convinced that this sort of orgy didn't at all intrigue him, when Mae appeared in a brief costume and danced.

She was a hard-headed girl and had very little respect for the men to whom she was giving entertainment. She saw Harlan, he must have seemed to her by far the most sensible male in the place. She smiled at him.

Her smile startled Harlan. He was a man curiously aloof from sex entanglements. That had come about, of course, through his retiring disposition and perhaps from some sentimental disappointments of his early youth.

But no man has immunity, and the virus of amorous insanity can afflict even such an one as Harlan.

When the opportunity came, Harlan spoke to the girl; he offered to take her home. She consented without hesitation.

They came out together and Harlan helped her into his car.

"You didn't seem to be enjoying yourself," she said to him.

"No, I wasn't, particularly," Harlan replied.

Her voice was a little shrill, but the girl was pretty. And also, as Harlan looked at it, she had sense. While as a professional dancer her occupation carried her into the environment in which he had discovered her, she evidently was out of sympathy with it. And . . . she *was* pretty. . . .

He liked this driving her home through the night. It was a distinct pleasure. Perhaps he had been a fool to bury himself so long in the woods. . . .

She lived in a tiny apartment shared with several other girls. When Harlan said good night to her he went away with permission to see her again the same week.

He saw her again, and again. . . . No one can say just what qualities in Mae Burton could have attracted him. I prefer to think that in so far as he found her attractive he was moved by her abstract femininity and not by the make-up of her personality. Certainly, in finding there allure, he had to close his eyes to a great deal. The girl was unquestionably of common stuff. She was shrill, obvious . . . and scheming.

One afternoon Harlan, in a leased motor yacht, did the impossible thing. . . .

They went up the Hudson in the morning and came down the river in the night. There was no moon, but the evening was clear and the stars shone on them warmly and romantically.

They sat beside each other in steamer chairs, and Harlan reached out and laid his hand on her arm.

"Mae," he said, "I want you to marry me."

The girl straightened in her chair and turned her face to him.

"You *mean* that?"

The question hurt Harlan.

"Naturally; I'm not trying to joke with you, Mae. I want you to marry me."

A moment more and then she threw her arms about his neck vociferously.

"Of course I will," she said.

"And do you love me, Mae?"

The girl laughed.

"Sure! I think you're a dear kid."

Harlan, bemused as he was, felt a vague disappointment. Somehow the moment was not as solemn, as fragile, as precious as it might have been.

But he kissed Mae and gave himself up to the delight he found in her. He also thought of Dick and felt that he must write about this.

They were married and Harlan took her down to his country home.

## IV

No one, of course, could complain of the illusion which a man like Harlan could find in a woman like Mae Burton, if to that illusion there were only some permanency. The mere dissatisfaction with which Harlan's friends viewed her, even their too poorly concealed astonishment, would go for nothing if her spell could still keep Harlan and satisfy him. But unfortunately his normality began to assert itself quite soon.

The first dissonance in the harmony came with Harlan's discovery that his wife was intensely given to small bickerings. And petty quarreling was a thing outside Harlan's genius.

Her first and milder attacks he parried successfully.

"Never mind, dear," he would say. "I'll fix that. There's no use making ourselves uncomfortable over such a little thing."

But the time came when this was no longer possible. To such an attempt to set aside some insignificant issue Mae would retort:

"You always say that! But I'm tired of it. . . ."

And on. . . . Harlan, at such times, listened to her in silence. His very refusal to give any rebuttal enraged her. Mae's face would redden violently and on her temples thin blue veins would stand out. Harlan suddenly realized that at such a moment she was not even faintly pretty; she was unspeakably coarse.

Nor did Mae remain satisfied for long with Harlan's home or the way he lived there. But that was to be expected. Harlan was naturally a man of quiet habits, his wife an opposite temperament. She began to talk of living in the city.

In a way she was subtle about this. She realized, no doubt, that Harlan would be difficult to move on the point. She played first upon any inconveniences of their present life that came up from time to time. However, this gave her very slight material. There really were no inconveniences.

Then again she used wheedling, cajolery.

And, finally, rows. . . .

It must have all had a cumulative effect upon Harlan. Just as he had flared on the evening when Dick ran off with silly Mrs. Hines, he flared again now, on the occasion of one of Mae's more violent outbursts of dissatisfaction.

"I am not going to take a house anywhere," he said violently. "You'll either stay here, or you can go, whichever you wish."

"Go!" she shrilled. "I'd go in a second. Just let me go! Do you think I want to rust away here with an old man like you?"

"You needn't," said Harlan.

She glared at him.

"Don't think you can get rid of me with a snap of your fingers," she said. "I'll be tickled to death to get away from you . . . if there's a satisfactory settlement. As far as I'm concerned, I don't want to stay in this place another minute."

## V

That was the end of Harlan's romance. But before the pair actually separated, Dick appeared suddenly, unheralded.

Harlan was so taken up with his matrimonial difficulties that he couldn't find the joy in having old Dick back again that in ordinary circumstances would have been his. But Dick only stayed a few days anyhow, and then went over to New York, to "plug along at his career," he said. Of Mrs. Harlan he had but a single comment.

"Some chicken," he remarked to Harlan.

A few days later the separation came. After consultations between

lawyers an arrangement satisfactory to Mae was agreed upon, Mae was permitted to sue for divorce and Harlan was at last free. . . .

Alone again, it seemed all like a very vivid nightmare, but scarcely more real. It had been hardly six months since he had met the girl! In Harlan's life so much dd not happen in that time.

One of his first acts now was to write a long letter to Dick. He wanted Dick to come down and spend a month at least with him. Somehow, during the six months of that bad dream, Dick had been almost forgotten. Not literally so, of course, . . . Dick's wires for money kept him persistently in mind. But in a sense the boy had been greatly neglected.

Harlan found himself tremendously desirous of being with Dick again. Poor Dick! A wild youth, but not such a sinner. He had at least had sense enough to keep himself free of any matrimonial entanglement. Harlan shuddered. . . .

Dick sent a note in a few days, saying nothing of the proposed return, but asking for funds.

"Had a little trouble here," Dick said.

Harlan laughed and sent the money. What difference did it make? Dick wasn't incorrigible; he would outgrow his foolishness.

Then a week passed—and another letter.

It proved to be more than a simple announcement of Dick's intention to return.

Dick had contrived to get married!

"We are coming home," he wrote. "I'm settled down now. She's ready to settle down with me."

Harlan, astounded, hurt, waited.

And then, one morning, Dick and the girl he had married arrived. Ready to greet them, Harlan stood before them pale, speechless. Dick! The incorrigible picaroon! There was no hope for Dick. Harlan was through with him . . . done. . . . It was the ultimate outrage.

Dick had married Harlan's divorced wife!

# MÉLODIE MÉLANCOLIQUE

## By Gladys Hall

I WAS made for love last night. My face was toward the South. And things were purple . . . and purple is for pain. . . . There was a salt tinge in the air . . . a warm singe in the air. . . . Stars throbbed and an aspen moon quivered. A wind stirred in a tree . . . and a winged thing called. . . . Somewhere music was playing. . . . Or was it merely my senses . . . singing . . . singing . . . minor notes . . . Russian . . . unbearable. . . . I lit a cigarette and my hands trembled over the flame . . . and my nails shone scarlet like blood-drops. . . . My face was toward the South last night. . . . I was made for love. . . .

And then, the hour of 7:30 having arrived, I resumed my duties as night dish-washer at the cafeteria.

THERE would be fewer divorces if a man would only allow his wife to manage his love affairs.

# MUSIC

By W. F. Jenkins

THE wild, barbaric music that begins at nightfall stirs my pulses. It is strange, sensuous music, throbbing with the heavy beats of a great drum. The melody is carried by high, falsetto voices singing monotonously, following the melody without consciousness of the strange effect.

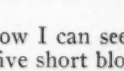
Closing my eyes, I can picture the scene as it must have been, ochre-daubed witch-doctors beating their breasts and chanting weird charms, with the flickering flame-light giving them an unbelievably devilish look. The drum beats and beats, pounding itself into rhythmic greatness, almost hypnotic in its eternal throb, throb, throb. . . . The high falsetto voices, singing the primitive melody, grip some age-old impulse in me. I could burst through the crowd and dance madly in a frenzy of exaltation, timing my leaping to the throb, throb, throbbing of the great drum. The melody rises and falls. . . .

I am always sorry when the music stops and the Salvation Army captain begins his harangue.

# IN AN AFTERNOON

By Maxwell Anderson

HERE at the window I can see the crowd
The length of five short blocks. My eyes are bad,
But I should know that little stride of hers,
And the white tuft of cloud upon her hat,
Rightly, so rightly, rakishly askew,
Though I were crazed and old and damned to heaven!



WHEN a woman kisses her husband, she has either been indiscreet, is about to be indiscreet, or wishes to be indiscreet.

WOMEN never know when to finish a letter, a lament, or a love affair.

# BLUE VERMOUTH

A METROPOLITAN PHANTASY

By Charles Hanson Towne

TO be alone with Gregory! The thought had become an obsession with her. For in the sounding city there were always crowds, crowds. The theaters were packed, the restaurants filled, the subway and elevated road jammed. And even if they took a taxi, there were the chauffeur and the people on the sidewalk flashing by like images on a kaleidoscope.

There seemed no escape. Oh, those ubiquitous bellboys in her apartment! And the too faithful telephone operator, always announcing another visitor if Gregory, by any happy chance, came cosily to her snug dwelling.

Would they never find a haunt where they could be by themselves? Sometimes she longed for a lonely island set in a sapphire sea—or just a rock, so that they might be together upon it. When would they have even one golden hour alone? As soon as they found a quiet restaurant, the news of its delicious food spread through the town, as if a courier told all the uninteresting visitors; and when they went again they were confronted by gaping multitudes, and a raucous orchestra was whining that nobody loved somebody, or that it was a long way to somewhere.

New York is cruel to its lovers. If they build a little roof garden beneath the stars for summer evenings, shameless eyes peer from taller houses, and voices from high windows jeer at their dainty swaying lanterns and candlelit tables.

"The blue publicity of heaven," as a certain poet has said, is for country lovers only. Even the stars seem to watch more closely in the metropolis, and the moon grows curious as she grows older.

But Ermyntrude determined that she and Gregory would be alone, even with the throbbing, thundering, tumultuous city all about them. They could not flee to the seashore or to some still, inland farmhouse, for Gregory was a multimillionaire's private secretary, and had to do the bidding of his gutter-snip superior. So Ermyntrude dreamed her dream, and hoped with the wild hope of all youthful lovers.

One night they were dining in a certain café. It was Saturday, and they had planned an afternoon in the country, gathering dogwood; but their hopes were shattered, since Old Moneybags had insisted that Gregory take his stupid dictation all day in the great Italian library. The young lover had been forced to telephone Ermyntrude—or, rather, to implore the first butler to telephone, for he never had a moment to himself when Moneybags was around.

Though Ermyntrude was disappointed, she was a wise little philosopher. Even a vicarious message from Gregory was better than none at all; and she tried to make herself believe that Bishop's voice was that of her lover. She spent the afternoon alone—but not alone with Gregory. Of course on that day no one broke into her solitude; and the two might as well have been sundered by the Atlantic ocean as by those few cruel iron streets.

However, the gay little dinner came off—though not until eight o'clock; and Gregory arrived, all smiles, with a mysterious parcel beneath his arm.

"What is it, my dear?" questioned Ermyntrude.

"You shall see, when we are dining," answered Gregory.

When they got to the café he handed the package to Louis, the waiter whom they both knew as the friend of lovers; for he always put them at the quietest table in the corner of the garish room, and would indeed have wrapped a Japanese screen around them if he had been the proprietor instead of a mere garçon.

Gregory saw that Ermyntrude looked tired; and he knew that the old dream was in her heart, as it was always in his. To be alone together! They never could be, until he had made enough to leave Old Moneybags and retire to a quaint chateau he knew in the south of France.

"Serve this with the fish, Louis," he said to the waiter, as he gave him the parcel.

"My dear, what is it?" Ermyntrude asked again. "Champagne?"

"Better than that," laughed Gregory. "It's blue vermouth!"

"Blue vermouth? I never heard of such a thing."

"Nor I, until last night, when Old Moneybags served it at the dinner he gave in honor of the Countess de Lazonval. It brings the starlight to your eyes; it makes the night like fairyland and the next day seem a month off! It separates you from the world. The sounds of the street will fade away; the world will narrow down to the room you are in. Then the room will vanish, and we will be here alone—just we two—in this corner. Even Louis will be invisible, and you will remember the bright arc lights of the Avenue only as great moonstones in some queen's ears. You will be happy—with me. We shall be emperor and empress, alone in our love for a few hours."

Ermyntrude, though she knew Gregory was at heart a poet, feared for his sanity.

"You must have taken a lot of this blue vermouth last night, my dear!" she laughed. Though he sounded foolish, he sounded delightful, as so many foolish people do. That is why we like poets and musicians. They are mad—but how fascinatingly mad!

"Old Moneybags has his reason for existence, Ermyntrude, as you shall see. Bishop, knowing my disappointment this afternoon, stole this rare bottle of imprisoned joy for me. I think that Old Moneybags has only a few cases left; and there is no more in the world, they say."

"Now God bless Bishop!" cried Ermyntrude, in so serious a tone that Gregory would have sworn she had already sipped the blue vermouth.

He ordered a heavenly dinner. He had been with Old Moneybags long enough to know the proper viands that should be brought to such a board. I cannot tell you all that he whispered to Louis; but there were mushrooms fit for Ariel, a soup that Hebe herself must have stirred, and a soufflé that only the gods could imagine. As for the coffee, it came in a golden pot—or so Ermyntrude and Gregory thought, after they had tasted the first draughts of the blue vermouth.

"Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven," sang Keats. But no blue of the poet could have been lovelier than the sheen of this strange liquid, poured from a silver flagon into frosted goblets.

The people at the neighboring tables began to stare when Louis poured the fragrant stuff; but the two young lovers did not see them. The faces about them seemed to fade slowly and mysteriously. It was as if a light velvet curtain descended between them and the loud room.

The band grew fainter and fainter, and even Louis, whose face they liked, disappeared. The cigar smoke of the café was a cloud on which they seemed to mount to heaven itself. The hoof-beats on flaming Fifth avenue—how remote they sounded! And how far away were the passion and noise of the endless city.

"And to think that this came from old Moneybags!" Gregory was saying. "The rich have their uses, after all, my

dear. And heaven knows they need sweet dreams!"

But Ermyntrude, ecstatically happy, did not answer. She seemed close to paradise now, and everything was blue, blue. It had always been her favorite color, and sapphires were her favorite jewels. But this blue was different. It was deeper, like the blue of a jug she had once seen in Holland on a little yellow shelf. It was deeper than the blue of cornflowers; subtler than the blue of violets and pansies; a blue that had fragrance, as well as tone; a blue that seemed to sing like a harp. It had form, and she could almost touch it. It seemed as thick and rich as velvet; yet when she held out her hand there was nothing there—just as, on a high mountain, when one touches a cloud, there is nothing tangible, after all.

She was in billows of color—yet she was with Gregory. That was the happiest part of it all! And the rest of the world was shut out. She could only think in terms of rhythm and music. She went up, up, like a skylark toward the sky; and always Gregory was with her—and no one else.

Then, like a feather, she seemed to descend—they both seemed to descend—and finally they touched on a curiously even rock that apparently rose up out of the sea of the city. And they were alone upon it—exquisitely, thrillingly alone. Was this the lonely island she had so often dreamed of?

They took another sip of the blue vermouth, looking into each other's eyes as they did so; and then they were in an enormous room—still alone!—but they were conscious of the pulsating city all about them and under them.

In this room, still on the smooth rock, the walls seemed to fold about them slowly. They were hung with rich tapestries, and lit by strange blue lamps. The lovers leaned from casement windows, their knees resting on blue velvet cushions, their arms about each other, Ermyntrude's hair falling in a cascade, Gregory's blue eyes looking down into hers.

They heard the tinkle of a far bell—very faint and dim it was, an anachronism in this wonderful, almost mystical place. Then they were conscious of fluttering lights beneath them—the lights of hansoms and taxicabs; and people were wandering almost in a circle amid the green below them. The bell! It was, of all things, a doorbell! Someone was calling upon them. Someone was trying to interrupt them in their heavenly solitude!

Gregory turned from the casement, and went furiously to a circular hole in the blue tesselated floor. A spiral staircase could be seen, softly lit by blue lanterns placed at irregular intervals. Gregory touched a silver button, and this staircase instantly folded upward, until it lay at his feet like a closed accordeon. A voice seemed to be calling his name; but he did not answer; and soon he heard footsteps moving away. Their dwelling was like a moated grange; like a castle with a drawbridge that the old feudal barons removed when unwelcome guests came in the days when the world was wise.

"No one shall disturb us," Gregory was saying to Ermyntrude.

"We are alone!" answered Ermyntrude. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"But the city is all around us still," added Gregory. "How strange it is to be so quiet up here, while there is the same monstrous movement beneath us."

"Where are we?" whispered Ermyntrude.

"We are in our own home—in the only place where we could be utterly safe from intruders—on top of the arch in Washington Square!" answered Gregory. "I have always wanted to live there—a paradise in the heart of New York. O the solitude of it! The vista up the street, the moonstones drooping from a queen's ears; the aloofness from life; the sanctity, the calm, right in the midst of the turmoil of the town!"

"Blue vermouth! That is what you have done for us!" cried Ermyntrude. "Oh, I am very grateful. For my love and I have at last been alone tonight,

and our magic casements did indeed look out 'on perilous seas forlorn'."

* * *

"Here is the check, M'sieur." It was the bland voice of Louis. "I hate to bring it—you seem so happy together!"

"We *were* happy!" said the lovers. The restaurant gradually took form again around them. A far orchestra played stridently. The faces of the people at nearby tables stared out of a strange mist that fast disappeared.

And then the two young lovers, who had miraculously had their dream—as so few of us have—smiled over the silver flagon, from which all the precious blue vermouth was gone.

## THE POET

By Oscar C. Williams

HE had been a poet before he met her, more of a poet after, and most of a poet when she met some one else. He had been emotional before he knew her, more emotional after, and most emotional when she deserted the airy glamorous jingle of his poetry for the material jingle of something that could be touched and felt, as well as heard. True, he had grown superfluous, but he had also grown superlative!



## WORDS

By Louis Untermeyer

WHY are your lips so soft and still?
They neither laugh nor weep.
Scorn cannot rouse, nor anger kill
The silence that they keep

Your quiet drowns my vehemence
Till I grow hard and seek
A harsher tone, a loud offense
To make you start and speak.

But when I see those silent lips
Trembled like startled birds,
I put away the cowardly whips
Snapped by my lashing words.

And when they cling to mine, they reach
To thoughts beyond all sense;
They put to shame my deafening speech
With love's dumb eloquence.

# THE POLICEWOMAN'S DAUGHTER

By Ben Hecht

## I

IT was not like Agatha to do this sort of thing. If you had told her mother that Agatha was waiting alone in a dismal parlor of a more or less sinister hotel for a man whom she had been forbidden to see at all, she, the mother, would have swooned. And Mrs. Orman was not a swooning woman. She was, on the contrary, one of those ladies who seem inhabited by the souls of the hippopotamus, the eagle, the blue-nosed mandril and the Peruvian humming bird. There was about her a spectacular equilibrium. Her exits and her entrances were all fraught with the circumstances of maneuvers. She gave forth an air of aesthetic gloom, and before her most people felt an unreasonable, an overwhelming, a paralyzing chill, as before some itinerant altar place.

Any further words concerning Mrs. Orman must not be viewed as digressions, but as direct and illuminating reflections upon Agatha. Widowed at thirty, Mrs. Orman had concentrated upon Agatha. She had surrounded, embraced, engulfed her daughter. If Mrs. Orman was a Frankenstein, Agatha was a marionette in her image. Together they moved through a suspicious and unholy world, Agatha enveloped in the sanctity her parent exuded, the parent with a shrewd and terrifying eye fastened upon Life. There was nothing in the phenomena of this Life which could have startled her eye. If God Himself had appeared before Mrs. Orman in a pillar of fire while she was powdering her nose in the bathroom, she would not have swooned. She would have removed her shoes with a precise and religious gesture. She would have thought first of her fire insurance, secondly of the Life to Come, and thirdly of Agatha and the possible effect of the apparition upon her.

But in this particular instance Mrs. Orman would have swooned, for, as has been intimated in a general way, she had personally superintended Agatha's most intimate conduct for twenty years. The matter had been even more important than the personal superintending of Agatha's mind. She had fitted her for life. She had purged her of sin. Her merest glance was a cathartic for devils. Since childhood she had impressed upon her that public reference to any parts of a young woman's body except her heels, her nose and the back of her head, was immoral. She had protected her from the sight and sound of men who swore, women who were about to have babies, statues which struggled to disprove the general notion that human beings ended at the ankles and recommenced at the waist, children who were persistently asking embarrassing questions, and all literature which was not rebound once a year in art craft covers and offered for sale at department stores as suitable Christmas gifts.

She had done all these things and Agatha had grown up to be a credit to her mother. Other mothers, when they looked upon and listened to Agatha, would shake Mrs. Orman solemnly by the hand and murmur, "How did you do it?" They referred to that young lady's delicately belligerent innocence, to her cloistral poise and her unsullied mind. They pointed out to Mrs. Orman that such attainments in an age

when society was disporting itself in the guise of a hoochy-koochy-verein were nothing short of miracles.

She had done all these things, and from the time Agatha had passed eighteen she had redoubled her doing, her superintending.

With a firm though benevolent hand she had guided her daughter through that period which is usually such a nightmare to sensitive mothers, the period of the second, third and fourth adolescences, when the female young begins to pose in front of mirrors, when it desires to marry a man with broad shoulders and a loud past, when it desires to be free, when it craves to hold hands, when it is full of subtle dreams.

In short, Mrs. Orman steered her child past all those intricate pitfalls which beset the unsullied at eighteen.

She had done these things efficiently, comprehensively, successfully, had Mrs. Orman, and yet, in the third month of her twentieth year Agatha waited in a back-street rendezvous for a prohibited admirer, and a singular calm was in her heart. And, such is the whimsical skein of the fates, at that particular moment Mrs. Orman was reclining in her inviolate home with a cold in her head and a sweet consciousness in her heart that Agatha was engaged in patriotic duties in a Red Cross shop.

## II

AGATHA had not yet removed her raincoat or her gloves. She was slightly out of breath. She had hurried because the sky looked as if it were going to rain and now she was fully ten minutes early. She had found the place without difficulty. Fred had given her grave and explicit directions, and three o'clock was the hour he had set.

Agatha removed her raincoat. She removed her gloves. She sat down in a fat, bumpy chair and sighed. A little shiver trickled through her heart—just one little no-account shiver. It was followed by a glow which made her feel as if a warm pink light had been turned full upon her.

Under the influence of this glow Agatha felt herself thinking in the distance. That is, she experienced the sensation of one far removed from some turbulent phenomenon who is yet a part of it. This double consciousness interested her. So also did the realization of her calm. She had looked forward to more violent emotions. She had expected to weep, to fall to her knees and pray, to think, with great wrenching thoughts, of her policewoman of a mother. Such disturbances would have been logical.

But instead of tumult, instead of those sinister lacerations which she had fearfully imagined, there was only calm. Little things about the sordid, unpleasant room focused themselves vividly for her. She noted with the temporary preoccupation of one who is emotionless the sepia print of a small lake with a boat leaning toward the horizon. It was in a decent brown frame. Then a red and green pin-cushion ball, which hung suspended by a dusty ribbon from a gilt gas jet attracted her eyes.

She looked at her watch and found it was three o'clock. She opened the back of the thing idly and looked upon a small photograph of her mother with an expression which might be called curious. The familiar features, the never-to-be-forgotten expression, conjured up for her a world upon which she looked as a stranger—a vivid, intimate and yet alien world.

Fred would arrive at any moment. She turned her eyes toward the window and saw that the sky had grown much darker and that the flurrying whisper of rain was in the air. It was as if a great bat had spread its crooked wings out over the streets. As the darkness increased, Agatha felt the depressing room settle back into a cozy intimacy. There was an eeriness in the gloom outside—as if it were the ghost of some unburied night walking the roof-tops blind and unaware.

A languor came to Agatha and with it a faint luxurious giddiness. She stretched herself out in the chair. Soon to her ears drifted the first

intermittent tatto of the rain upon the window. Agatha thought of Fred. She was in love with him. Her thoughts of him for the past month had been, as they were now, like aimless summer clouds floating enchantingly through her brain. She would end by murmuring to herself, "Aggie, Aggie, I love you, I love you." This declaration addressed to herself was like water to parched lips. It confused her brain, it released exquisite little tumults in her blood and brought delicious little whirlpools into her heart.

She sat there and thought of Fred, her thoughts presenting themselves to her without sequence or volition. She kept thinking of how her mother had disapproved of Fred from the first. He played the violin. It was true that he came from an entirely presentable family, but in addition to playing the violin, he had black hair and slim fingers and once he had referred to Mischa Elman as being too passionate a performer to be an artist, and twice he had told anecdotes about an actress who had committed suicide, and three times Mrs. Orman had surprised him gazing upon Agatha in the unmistakable manner of a young man aware of more than the back of her head. Agatha acquired a clairvoyance in regard to her mother. She thought of the past in words which might well have been her mother's words. She detached herself and looked upon Fred as her mother had and she found herself ruminating upon the fact that he was a man to be discouraged, removed.

The task was no new one for her mother. She had removed parlor ruffians of this type before. And her removal of Mr. Carr, the same being Fred, had been almost a masterpiece. By devious subtleties she had poisoned Agatha's mind against him, revealing as she did, the basic indecency of his profession. She produced other young men whose red cheeks and firm business air contrasted almost maliciously with the lackadaisical unmanliness of the violinist. And at the psychological moment she had caused Fred to disappear from the pristine pastures in which her daughter browsed, a process requiring merely an instruction or two to the maid who answered the door and telephone bells.

## III

With the rain now hammering persistently upon the windows, Agatha sat and thought of how curious it was that she should be waiting for this same Fred, curious though somehow natural. She did not seek to explain the matter to herself. She realized dimly that she had stepped out of one life into another, that she had passed through impregnable walls with the ease with which one walks out of a shadow. She pondered gently upon her own past. She marveled vaguely over the elation a man had given her by kissing her and protesting he loved her. She felt a sort of unemotional dislike for her mother, and the sense of freedom, self-will, revolt became suddenly an intoxicant which caused her to tremble.

It must have come from her father, this strength. Her father had died when she was a girl. The thought of him produced again the little no-account shiver. It was the probability of his spiritual existence which distressed her for the moment. What if he were in the room with her now?

It was fifteen minutes past three o'clock. Agatha sat up abruptly in the manner of one who sees a ghost. Where was Fred? She pattered to the window and looked out on the rain and the long darkly shining street. In the distance a figure moved, but it was going the other way. She addressed herself suddenly with, "Aggie, Aggie, I love you," and a panic keener than usual suffused her. For no reason at all she walked to the door and opened it quietly. The hall leading to the office was dark and deserted. She felt lonely. She desired to weep. She began to think that calamities had overtaken Fred, that signs had fallen upon his lovely head, automobiles hurled him out of his path, street cars mangled him. She walked up and

down and repeated aloud, as if talking to another person in the room, "I must be calm!"

Reseating herself in the chair near the window she launched her mind into a familiar reverie. She rehearsed the events of the recent past. She kept repeating that she was loved romantically; she juggled with memories. Now and then a lyric emotion seized upon her and caused her to murmur almost fiercely, "Aggie, Aggie, I love you."

Everything was vague. She reached after half-defined images, gave herself over to dim and lovely phantoms, and now and then relapsed into a tender interlude in which she pictured Fred kissing her hand with spiritual humbleness.

But gradually behind the reverie, as behind a curtain which might rise at any moment, a terrible premonition took form. It was three-thirty. She would have to leave in an hour. Her mother expected her home from the Red Cross shop at five. She peered into the rain-washed street, penetrating rain-swirled distances with her eyes. The premonition that Fred was not coming, that she was to be in some hideous way betrayed, deserted, chilled her now with its unmistakable presence. The confusion fled from her thought and left her staring bewildered, struggling desperately against another confusion which was invading her.

Things which she had looked upon as the furniture of an alien land, things of her past, began to pop into terrible focus. The figure of her mother began to materialize before her. She beheld the familiar and dreadful face gazing at her out of the rain. And the voice of her mother began to echo in her, each tremendous inflection, each awful modulation. It was as the voice of God overtaking one who has turned his face toward Hell. With a horror-breeding distinctness it said to her, "Agatha, come home."

Agatha arose and swayed. The room had become abruptly a strange, intimidating place. Things unseen lurked in its corners.

With quick, nervous hands Agatha smoothed her hair. She had no conscious thought, only an increasingly persistent urge as though hands were seeking to hurl her about, to tear her away. She put her raincoat on and seized her gloves. She looked around for something else. "Fred, Fred," she kept murmuring in a frightened way. Then, standing poised for flight, Agatha turned and rushed to the window.

## IV

She collapsed in the chair and wept and as she wept she cast a furtive tear-blurred glance at her watch. It was 3:45. Her tears continued to flow. Behind them the name "Fred" still rapped at her brain, fainter and fainter. Hate and fury spent themselves slowly in sobs.

And then, as the tears began to roll more gently from her eyes, she felt a vague purifying presence creeping into her. This presence whispered to her that she had been providentially saved. It informed her in a sweet, soothing manner that God had rescued her from the clutches of a perfidious wretch.

The process which went on in Agatha was not so simple and immediate as it would appear. There were relapses, dangerous intermissions, during which protests formed and conjectures, amiable ones, raised their shining heads. But it was a steady process, requiring in all twenty minutes and a great outlay of tears. And during this process, out of the chaos that had possessed her at 3:45, a new calm gradually was forming a calm sweet and lovely as the silence of a Sabbath morning.

Slowly Agatha surrendered herself to it. She began to feel benedictions dropping upon her. She thought of her father's spirit and she raised her face bravely to the empty room and smiled.

The process achieved a sort of acceleration. It now proceeded to bring a peace into her heart, a beneficent, triumphant peace, and with this new calm came a tender adjustment as of one very tired and sinking back into a fa-

miliar embrace. It was the embrace of virtue, of the sense of innocence. "Mother, mother," she murmured, and the peace vanished and in its place came a great burning, a flame that caused her heart to writhe and wrenched little gasps from her lips. This was shame.

She wept again, violently, tumultuously, and murmured, "Mother, mother."

At each repetition of the magic word new flames reared their tongues in her soul. She gave herself over to this part of the process with a penitential fury, whipping her agonies with the deliberate remembrance of her sins.

And finally the process was complete. She arose trembling and put on her gloves. She felt the guidance of some great light in which her soul was bathing as in some wonderful prophylactic. She contemplated Fred coldly and with a vast hardness. She perceived his vileness. These were revelations, the final apocalypse given her by the process. She sank to her knees and raising her eyes she prayed. Her voice shook less and less as in answer to her words a joy came dancing into her being, the joy of a soul liberated. More than that—the joy of a darkness, a catastrophe averted. She stood up and without a glance at her watch, without a look out of the window, walked forth from the room. Her feet flew down the stairs in the acceleration of one running from horror-laden places.

## V

SHE reached the street and the rain enveloped her in its long grey threads. "Agatha," she murmured to herself, "you are going home."

There was happiness in the thought and a thankfulness. She loved her mother. The love she had for her mother fell upon her as an armor. She walked on with the step of a crusader marching upon Holy Land.

She walked until she came to the car line and here she stopped. No car was in sight. As she stood in the downpour waiting, her thoughts traveled impatiently to her home. She longed for it with the nostalgia of one in an alien country. She had other emotions, firm, hard emotions. She understood her mother with an acute clarity of understanding. She understood why her mother fought against all the insidious manifestations of evil. Previously she had not understood the matter clearly. The force of her understanding caused her to bite her lip and gaze with a prodigious frown upon a lone tree which decorated the corner.

The dim outlines of the car appeared through the rain. Agatha watched them and wondered about something. In the midst of this new and altogether incomprehensible wondering Agatha opened her mouth and cried, "Oh!" with the tips of her fingers against her teeth. It was Tuesday!

The thought struck a blow at her brain. It actually made her reel. She stared with her mouth open at nothing in particular and then began to laugh. It was a quick, hysterical laughter. She was still laughing when the car with a great noise and spurting of water from the tracks beneath drew to a stop in front of her.

"Tuesday!" Agatha addressed the car. There was something in this word which was unbelievable. The conductor looked at her curiously when she handed him her nickel. Agatha collapsed into a seat next to a fat man. She felt a desire to tell him it was Tuesday. She felt an equally insane desire to announce the fact to the fourteen people in the car. Instead she chuckled to herself and murmured very low, "Aggie, Aggie, I love you, oh, I love you!"

The appointment had been for tomorrow.

# FEAR

By June Gibson

AT sixty he married a beautiful young woman.

* * *

Once, as he leaped from a venomous snake coiled to spring at him, he laughed.

Once, he smiled into the eyes of the brigand who threatened his life with a long, slender knife.

One time, when they thought he would die, he recounted amusing little stories to his nurse.

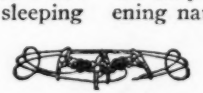
Once, when he was lost in the black forest, living upon berries and sleeping at night in trees while wild beasts prowled beneath him, he sang.

* * *

At sixty he married a beautiful woman.

One day, she smiled at a handsome youth who had black eyes and shoulders that were broad and virile and whose teeth gleamed when he laughed.

He grew pale and hollow-eyed and his body trembled violently and a sickening nausea arose in his throat. . . .

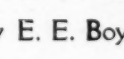


# FRIENDSHIP

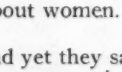
By E. E. Boylan

IT was a woman
Who first told me
Not to be a fool
About women.

And yet they say
Women are incapable
Of friendship.



THE first time a man tells the first woman that he loves her, he feels subdued and humble. The second time, to the second woman, he merely feels foolish.



LOVE is partly curiosity, partly restlessness, and partly an Act of God.

# THE WHOLE TRUTH

By Robert McBlair

I

SADLY too often has red hair been dragged upon the stage of fiction and forced down upon the heroine's brow. But in this story we have no alternative. Margaret Baxter had red hair. And she had that wonderful colorless, faintly flushed, faintly freckled white skin like—well, she had the kind of skin that should always accompany that kind of red hair, and so seldom does. And her crisp, brilliant hair—with a certain shade of blue, or with a certain shade of purple, or with apple green—made reason totter.

I have always said that any man who knew her, and had not been in love with her on account of her hair, was no man to have as a friend; he would require watching. Her supple figure was like—well, it was the kind of figure that always should go with that kind of hair and skin, and so seldom does. Her arched eyebrows were not invisible, nor were her long lashes. When she moved she was grace itself, but she seemed seldom to move. I always think of her as being beautifully static, as standing or half reclining in an ecstasy of ease. She was the very poetry of inertia.

Now, just because she had red hair and was languorous, please do not think of her as a sophisticated siren, or a "vampire," or anything so artificial and conventional and uninteresting. She had had one unhappy love affair, and she needed now to have a happy one, because she was lonely. She was to the manner born, and I suppose she was sophisticated. What intelligent person is not? But she was also a wholesome, healthy, good-looking, complex young woman with a brain, and one who had not forgotten how to blush. The brain doesn't enter much into this story, but the power to blush does.

Let us turn for a few moments from the consideration of Margaret and ask ourselves how it ever happened that she and my brother George fell in love with each other. George probably fell in love with her because she was pretty and a woman. I have seen him do that before. But why did she fall in love with him? He stands six feet two in his socks and looks as though he could fell an ox with his fist. His nature is a hearty combination of berserker and bacchante. What I mean is: once when a waiter was insolent and kept George waiting too long, he followed him out to the kitchen and catapulted him into a slumber. And for the other thing, he drinks his whiskey straight, and tells jokes. Need I say more?

Again I am in danger of being misunderstood. George is a gentleman, he has a heart as big as a barrel, and there is nothing that Margaret could ask for and not get. I think she is lucky. In making this contrast between them I am simply confessing myself unable to understand the subtle alchemy of attraction. It is an interesting subject and might well here be followed further. We might enquire if love, after all, is anything more than the result of salient physical attractions driven into the subconscious mind and welded into our natures by the invisible force of the mating instinct. We might enquire—but I doubt if we'd get any

answers. Besides we are running past our story.

Perhaps I have already said enough to indicate that George is the kind of person to whom woman is an unsolvable mystery. Of course I mean woman when he is in love with her. When he isn't, woman is simply something soft-headed and inept, and either pretty or not pretty; that is, either interesting or uninteresting. But Margaret Baxter was the veiled altar, the inscrutable fountain head of everything beautiful and bewitching and wonderful; to him she was as enigmatical as a Persian cat, as stirring as a kiss, as sparkling as a waterfall, as pure as mountain air. In a word, she was what one's sweetheart always should be, and so seldom is.

When she accepted George, he was so dumfounded he sat suddenly down upon the porch railing and fanned himself with his hat. I have heard the story a hundred times.

Margaret, indistinct and lovely like a dream figure in the moonlight, stood facing him at arm's length away, the moon seeking itself in her hair and eyes and touching as with a fairy wand the undulations of her soft white dress. A gentle breeze happened by, bearing the odors of flowers from the garden. Whenever George gets to the point of feeling mooney, he says that as long as he lives he will remember that odor of flowers, and how the breeze ruffled the soft silk of her dress.

"Is this any way to behave," she demanded, "when a girl has just accepted you?"

"I—I was so astonished!" stammered George. "I'm not good enough for you, Margie,—and you know it."

There was silence for a few moments.

"I suppose," continued George more boldly, "that what I should do next is —kiss you?"

Margaret giggled. What else was there left for a girl to do?

George rose and started toward her. But there was a rustle and a glimmer of silk, a swirl of moonlight, and before his astonished eyes Margaret's figure disappeared through the French window into the parlor. He heard her little heels crossing the hardwood floor inside and then the hall, and next she went running up the stairs.

The following day she refused to see George; also the next day, and the next, and the next. And so we come to our story.

## II.

On the evening of the fifth day, George, with a haggard, harassed look in his eyes, forced his way into my study. His striped tie was disarranged and his appearance otherwise was somewhat disheveled.

"That blanked butler of yours," he snorted, "refused to let me in."

"So I perceive," I responded rather coldly, having given positive instructions that I was not to be disturbed. "Won't you sit down?"

George slipped on a rug, turning the mahogany ash tray over against my trousers, and then moved largely about, staring moodily at some Japanese prints.

"This is the devil of a musty, grape-juice-blooded hole you sit in," he snapped.

"Is that why I have the pleasure of your company?"

"Why don't you hang up some pretty girls in here, and put a sideboard over there in the corner?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sat down and clasped his hands and fixed me with a worried eye.

"You're a fiction writer," he began. "You understand women."

"Oh!" I ejaculated.

"You ought to be able to explain why Margaret is treating me as she is."

"Ah!" said I, beginning to see light.

George's eyes glazed, and I saw that he was being reminded of something.

"That reminds me," he murmurred, "of a joke." Without consulting my wishes, he continued. "It was a Frenchman, you know."

"Oh, yes," I concurred.

"Have you heard it?" he asked with quick suspicion.

"Not yet."

"It was a Frenchman," he went on firmly, "and he was in love with a woman."

"Was she a French woman?" I enquired.

"No. That is—oh, I don't know! What the devil difference does it make?" he asked savagely.

"I just wanted to know. It is so much more interesting if—"

"He was in love with a woman," George interrupted in a loud, firm voice. "And the woman telegraphed him that she had married his rival. He telegraphed: 'Oh!' Six months later she wired him: 'My husband is dead!' And he wired back: 'Ah!'"

George slapped his knee and roared till his face got red, fixing me with his eye. Suddenly he sobered.

"Have you ever heard that joke?" he demanded.

"No," said I. "Tell it to me."

"There's no use trying to have any fun with a blanked cold-blooded idiot," announced George. He got up and stamped out of the room.

## III

FEELING very much mollified and rather pleased with myself over the outcome of our conversation, I took up my book. But within a few minutes George came back. That's George's great defect and great virtue. He always comes back.

He breezed in as if he had never spoken of grape-juice and idiots and sat down, lighting a cigar.

"Good whiskey of yours," he commented. Then leaning forward and clasping his hands. "Let's get down to business on this thing. I want some advice."

After that, with some blushes and stumblings, he told me of his proposal and the sequel.

"And now," he finished, "it's been five days. She hasn't left the house—the servant told me that. And she won't see me or talk to me over the 'phone. I'm getting so I can't sleep."

"What reason do you ascribe?" I asked.

George scratched his head and raised his eyebrows and pouted his lips—in fact, went through all the outward convolutions of thought.

"Well," he replied slowly, "the trouble is, Margie isn't like most women."

"No," I agreed, "very few of them are."

"And she's apt to come to a decision," George continued, "for reasons that wouldn't be reasons at all to you or me. It may be—I just suggest this—it may be she has a certain ideal of the way a man should propose. If he doesn't propose that way, likely as not she'll say he isn't in love. Then after concluding that, she'd get by herself and begin thinking of all his shortcomings. Of how he played the races or—er—how he got a little tipsy at Christmas and rode his horse in church and up the aisle—and—er—things like that. A person could take all these little things and make a mountain out of them. Gee!" he finished, mopping his brow, "it's terrible."

"It certainly is," I agreed.

"Well," George snapped, "can't you say something else besides that? Can't you explain her doing this way?"

"I don't know whether I can or not. She isn't acting at all according to Hoyle,—or Quirk, or Robert W. Chambers."

"What the deuce are you talking about?" George demanded.

"Margaret Baxter," I answered. "She isn't behaving at all in accordance with the conventions, and this shows there's some special reason—some reason arising out of her knowledge of you."

George groaned aloud.

"It occurs to me," I continued pleasantly, "that things are very much as you suggest. After the interview of the other evening, Margaret began to think. And we have agreed that thought in this case is fatal. But wait!" I continued, warming to the subject.

"I have even a better thought. In fact, the more I think of it, the more plausible it seems."

"Yes, yes," said George.

"Didn't you say she giggled?"

"I did," George agreed.

"And when you tried to step into a clinch, didn't she escape?"

"She did," George answered.

"Well, then," I concluded.

"Well, then — what?" enquired George.

"I hate to say it, George. But do you think that a woman in love with a man would—er—escape?"

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed George. "You know Margaret. She's as full of ideas as a cat is of fleas."

"Have it your way," I replied indifferently.

George moved uneasily in his chair.

"Say, you don't really think anything like that, do you?" he asked earnestly.

"Did you say she giggled?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," I concluded, and opened my book.

George tried to be brave about it, but I saw that I had confirmed some of his worst fears. Of course he blamed everything on me.

"You're devilish poor assistance in a matter of this kind," he growled. "I'm going out and talk to the butler."

Two days later, as I was standing on a corner of the Avenue waiting for a chance to cross, some tremendously heavy object struck me between the shoulders. Thinking for a moment that I was seriously injured, I supported myself against a nearby pedestrian, but turned to find George grinning and beaming.

"She's going to see me tonight!" he shouted, and was gone down the street before I could straighten out and recover my breath.

## IV.

So the mystery was to be solved. I confess it had assumed quite large proportions in my eyes. Not on account of George—he could always fall in love again; but because the whole question of Woman was involved. Here was I, as George had said, a fiction writer, who had dealt with woman in perhaps a thousand emotional situations; and, besides this, I had of course known not a few women well; and yet, although I had thought of many reasons not mentioned to George, Margaret's probable motives in thus secreting herself for a week were as invisible to me as if hidden behind a stone wall.

Surely this was a situation to give one pause. Unless the result should fit in with one or more of the solutions I had imagined (some of them involving a highly subtle and theoretical analysis of probabilities) it would be plain that I was an ignorant man.

The thing was stimulating. Around the corner, so to say, there opened up a whole new field of consciousness concerning Woman. You can see the importance of it. And you can see why I want to lay bare the truth that came to light. For at the touch of truth, Theory dislimns and vanishes, and Probabilities disappear and the whole structure of our imagined conception tumbles like a house of cards.

It is truth that arms us, it is truth that shows us Woman as she is,—it is truth that sets us free!

That evening, then, George went to see her. He came by my study first.

"Do I look all right?" he asked.

I glanced at the perfection of his dark grey English suit, dark lavender tie, white shirt, dull black shoes and spats, then examined the straight, wedge-like figure, tapering down from heavy shoulders, the clear white of his eyes and the pure color in his clean, out-of-doors skin.

"You'll do," I replied.

"Gee!" said George. "Wonder what she's going to say?"

"Didn't she give you an inkle?"

"Not an ink. Just said 'Come tonight at nine,' and signed it 'Margie.'"

"Heaven knows," I answered.

"Well," said George, "a man can die but once," and he went out whistling.

## V.

PERHAPS I had better summarize what occurred. George presented his card at the door and was ushered through the house and out to the rear porch where he had proposed.

"Miss Baxter will be down in a moment," said the Swedish maid, who evidently had been told to expect him.

George sat down carefully in the hammock so as not to disturb his crease or the set of his tie. The moon, which had been setting the last night he was there, was now slowly rising on the other side of the garden, looking like a far away Japanese lantern through the dark branches of a nearby cedar. It was warm and red and seemed more friendly than the white moon of the week before. George found a crumb of hope in this.

Minutes dragged past. It seemed to George that they were hours. It seemed, too, as if he were on some pinnacle of thought, and as if all the important facts of his career passed in silent review before him. He was glad to find out that most of them he could be satisfied with. He was satisfied that he had succeeded pretty well as a civil engineer, that he had lots of friends, that he didn't owe any money to amount to anything, that he had good health. Then he tried to think about his future; but here he was balked. And he realized that he couldn't think of his future, that he didn't have any future, till Margaret should come down stairs, and tell him which way it was to go. Life halted and marked time and waited for Margie to come down stairs. That is why the minutes went by like hours.

George's left foot went to sleep, and he got up and began jumping up and down on it. It occurred to him that it would be well if he woke it up before Margie came out, so he redoubled his efforts, and he was in mid-swing when he heard some one laughing in the French window.

"George," Margie asked, "would you mind telling me what in the world you are doing?"

George stopped suddenly.

"Oh—er—I—er . . . well," he answered, "if you must know, my foot went to sleep."

She floated down from the window, and, only half laughing, caught the lapels of his coat.

"George," she cried softly, "you are the most unromantic—the most unromantic—"

"Go on," urged George huskily. "I guess I can stand it."

"The most unromantic, the most lovable—Oh, George, are you going to make *me* say *everything!*"

There was no mistaking the radiance in her brimming eyes and George, unable to speak, enfolded her reverently and held her very close.

After that, of course, it was necessary to tell when he first had liked her and why, and when he first had known he loved her, and what he would have done if she had refused him, and a few hundred other things. And then she had to tell him when she had liked him first, and when she had found she loved him and why, and what she would have done if he had never asked her—and a few hundred other things. So in about ten minutes three hours passed, and it was after midnight and Mr. Baxter began slamming the upstairs shutters.

Not till then did George remember the agonizing week she had made him spend.

"Dearest, Darling, My Own—" (He said it, Reader, so I've got to put it in.) "My own sweet love," murmured George, by way of getting started. "Loveliest creature in the world—do you know that you have treated me shamefully?"

"The idea!" replied Margaret.

"You have!"

"How?"

"Why, by not seeing me ***a moment*** the whole of this past week!"

Margaret giggled into the hollow of his shoulder.

"I demand an explanation," said George.

Margaret gurgled and looked up, but the faint flush on her cheek turned into a real blush and she hid her face again, still gurgling.

"Do you insist?" she asked. Little did she know that to George, that to me, that to thousands her answer would act as a Touchstone to the complexity of her sex.

"I do," replied George firmly. "We should not start out upon our life together with any concealments."

"Well," confessed Margaret, "George —I had a fever blister!"

## THE WOMAN WITHOUT CURIOSITY

By John Merlin

SHE no longer showed any curiosity about anything. She didn't care to hear the latest gossip about her friends and neighbors.

Her ears were deaf to scandal and she pried into nobody's business at all: The Woman Without Curiosity.

How serene she looked—

And how many floral tributes she had—

As she lay there with her hands crossed peacefully on her breast, waiting for the funeral services to begin!

## SWALLOWS

By David Morton

SWALLOWS returning through an evening sky,
From what bright fields of far and brilliant play?—
And all the little trembling words you say,
Careless and light and lost along the day,
Across my heart all night they curve and fly,
Swallows returning through an evening sky.

# PHILANDERERS

By Thyra Samter Winslow

## I

*Josie*

JOSIE McKENSEY glanced at her wrist. It was a quarter to six, as she got out of the taxi. Martin McKensey, her husband, would be home to dinner in fifteen minutes. She hurried into the apartment house and up to her apartment. She unpinned her hat, thrust it and her coat into her clothes closet, arranged her hair hurriedly, powdered her nose and went into the kitchen.

Lena, the one maid, was just finishing cooking dinner. The table was set, the salad already prepared. Josie spoke encouragingly to Lena, praised the appearance of the small roast. She went into the living-room to wait for Martin McKensey to get home.

So—she had got home before him, after all. Well, there wouldn't be a scene tonight, anyhow. Lena wouldn't mention the fact that she had ordered the dinner and had it all prepared before her mistress got home.

She had had a mighty good afternoon with Jim Prosser. She had met him at three, after half an hour's shopping, buying and charging several unnecessary things. They had had an hour's taxi ride through the park and then had gone to the Plaza for tea. They had talked nonsense for a couple of hours and eaten little cakes and had several drinks and then Josie had taken a taxi home. Not very exciting, perhaps, but a million times better than staying in the stuffy apartment all afternoon or going shopping or playing bridge with women friends. How women did get on her nerves!

Jim Prosser was better than no one. He was a bit too stout, perhaps, and was not as interesting as he might be. His small talk consisted of calling her "girlie" and telling her how lovely she'd look in the things he wanted to buy for her. Of course she couldn't take presents from him. How could she ever account for them? Martin wasn't as big a fool about some things as he looked.

Still, Jim Prosser was rather all right to go places with, in the afternoon. Martin was too fond of staying home in the evening, anyhow. If she didn't get out in the afternoon, it meant that she'd never get any place at all. What if Martin was busy all day, working for her? He was working for himself, too, wasn't he? Sometimes she did feel a little mean about "putting things over" on Martin. He was such a good, easy sort. But, after all, she was only young once, anyhow.

Maybe, with all of his talk, Martin was taking women out in the afternoon. He didn't take them out at night. That was certain. He was too eager to stay at home. He'd eat a big dinner, a monstrously big dinner, and, an hour later, would be nodding, newspaper in hand, in his big easy-chair. He'd rouse himself just enough to get to bed. An exciting life! it was all Josie could do to get Martin to take her to the theater, once a month. Stay home day after day, like that? She guessed not!

Prosser wasn't so interesting, but at least he didn't have anything to do in the afternoons and he was a good spender. Every afternoon, if she'd let him, he was perfectly willing to meet

her and take her to tea, some place. She'd known him for two months, now, and during that time she was willing to bet she had been in nearly every smart tea place in town. Prosser looked well in his clothes and the waiters liked him—that kind of a man. Not that she looked so badly herself. She noticed how other men cast admiring glances at her, when she went places. Of course, that was one of the reasons Prosser liked to take her. He liked to show her off. Martin had been that way, too, before he got too lazy to go out.

Well, she really wasn't so bad looking, now, and she knew she looked at least ten years younger than her age, which was thirty-six. Men always did like her type, though, black-haired and black-eyed and well rounded. The little, slender type might come in now and then, but her type stayed.

Prosser had said several things today she didn't like. Just a few days ago he had said other things. She'd have to show him that he couldn't say what he liked to her. It was all right being married and going to tea with a man, but she'd have to show him who she was. That was the trouble. Men never knew how far to go. The least thing—and there they were, getting too smart and needing to be called down or sent away altogether. There was that nice Franklin boy. She'd been real fond of him. She treated him nicely and went places with him—and then for him to act the way he did. It was unthinkable. Well, she told him what she thought of him, anyhow, if that was any satisfaction.

Of course it wasn't. She couldn't see him any more, that was all. Only the other day she had met him on Fifth Avenue. He was looking awfully well and was with an awfully smart-looking woman, a blonde. She had spoken to him, without thinking what had happened, of course, and he had smiled, quite coolly, and tipped his hat.

She wondered what he had told the woman he was with about her. She knew he had said something by the way they had glanced at her as she passed. Well, the woman didn't look—quite the right sort—to her. Oh, she may have been all right, but that blonde kind—all made up—can bear watching. Well, from what Franklin had said to her, she knew the kind of women he liked, the kind he had dared to insinuate she was. So she was well rid of him. Yet, he was a lot more fun than fat old Prosser.

Prosser would probably be saying things in a week or two, judging by what he had said already. He had kissed her coming home in the taxi the night he had taken her to dinner at the Ritz. It was the annual banquet of Martin's firm or she never could have got away in the evening. Trust Martin going out in the evening and giving her a little freedom. When Martin got home at night he got home to stay.

Oh, well, Josie felt that, if Prosser had to be sent away, she could find someone else. She always had in the past. Before Prosser there had been Franklin and before Franklin there had been Delmar and before Delmar Graham Smith.

She had been rather a fool about Delmar. If she had kept him guessing a little more, played the game better, she might have had him yet. He was a nice fellow, though he travelled for a coffee house and was out of town for months. And Graham Smith, he had been awfully fond of her. But she had quarreled with him and he had married his stenographer. And he was just the sort that felt that after he was married it was awful to go to tea or luncheon even with a perfectly nice little married woman. Oh, well, there were just as good fish in the sea.

Six o'clock and Martin not home yet! Josie hoped there was nothing the matter with the subway. If he'd only be willing to live nearer in town so he wouldn't have to use the subway. Oh, well, if he liked it.

Josie went into the dining-room, straightened the knives and forks on the table, picked up a salt cellar to see if it was filled, smoothed a crease in

the tablecloth. In the kitchen she found Lena had finished getting dinner and had put things into the oven to keep them warm. She tasted a bit of the mashed potato. It was well-flavored. She didn't know what she'd do without Lena. She'd better give her another afternoon off. No use her staying in every day. The cake looked very good.

In the dining-room again, she picked a silver dish off the buffet and examined it. Some day she'd show Lena a better way to polish it. Not that it made much difference. She'd had the dish for years and no one ever looked at it, anyhow.

She certainly hoped nothing had happened to Martin. He was so awkward about getting off and on cars and crossing crowded streets. He might fuss about her running around in the afternoons and be awfully tiresome in the evenings, but he was a pretty good sort.

If he found out about Prosser he'd be perfectly furious. There had been some pretty bad scenes a couple of months before, but she had managed to hold her temper. Once in a while Martin started something and she had to smooth things over. No use quarreling if you can get along without it. Last time it had been Mrs. Garrett, the old cat. Since then she had tried to avoid mutual friends who dared say anything.

Well, if Martin heard anything, she could say she had met a friend, accidentally, and he had asked her to have tea with him. He'd fall for it if she were smart enough. It wasn't as though she did anything wrong. She knew women who did things a million times worse and got away with it. She had to have a little fun, didn't she? People didn't usually tell things.

The bell rang. Josie hurried to open the door. There was Martin. She could tell by his round, rather red face that everything was all right, that so far he hadn't heard anything. She could meet Prosser tomorrow as she had planned. After him, oh, there'd be someone else. Men were easy. You could keep them guessing—a while—anyhow.

"Hello, Martin," she said, and kissed him. "Hurry and wash and come to dinner. It's all ready. Lena and I have been working awfully hard getting a good dinner ready for you."

## II

### *Donald*

DONALD let himself into his apartment quietly, as if nothing had happened. He hung his hat and coat up and put his cane in the corner of the hall closet with his other canes. He even admired the color of it. It was the best-looking stick he had—a lot better looking than most of the malacca canes you see. The leather handle was rather good.

Donald undressed then, calmly, and took a shower and put on a pair of lavender pajamas, slightly faded, and his nice, blue-grey bathrobe. He mixed a cocktail, a new one he had learned, and he was careful about the proportions. He shook the mixer briskly and poured it into a cocktail glass and put the glass on the little tilt-top table, already full of smoking things, drew the table close to the big lounge chair, took a new magazine and ripped off the wrapper and sat down in the chair.

Then Donald ran his hands through his nice, light, soft hair and said, quite loudly,

"Damn!"

He drank the carefully prepared cocktail at one untasting gulp and said, loudly,

"Damn," again.

He took a cigarette, lit it, took two vehement puffs and put it down. He ran his hands through his nice light hair again and said,

"Good Lord!"

He got up, poured out a drink that didn't need mixing, drank it hurriedly, drank another one and sat down again.

This time he slumped in his chair, a

boneless, discouraged heap, wrinkled his forehead and said,

"Great guns!"

Donald was engaged again!

He had had no idea, when he left home a few hours before, that he'd be engaged. He didn't want to be engaged. He never wanted to be engaged. It was only one short, possible step from marriage. Donald dreaded nothing as much as he dreaded matrimony—and each engagement seemed to bring him nearer to it. This engagement now! It would be the devil to get out of nicely. One ought to get out of an engagement nicely, though getting out of it badly is a million times better than not getting out of it at all.

Engaged again!

And to Mildred Parkinson!

Why, why, had he picked her out?

Why had he taken her to the theater, in the first place? He had had to sit next to her at the Stirling dinner, but he didn't have to fall for an evident hint about a play she hadn't seen. And, if he did fall for that, he didn't have to go ahead and keep on falling. But he had. He'd taken her to dances and teas. He'd called. He'd made love to her, Heavens yes, and now he'd proposed. Actually! And any time, within five minutes of the proposal, he could have got up and left the house, absolutely unaided.

He had been sober all evening—all year. He was still sober. And he had asked a girl, another girl, to marry him. Of course she had accepted. If only she'd done the decent thing and thanked him for a pleasant time and refused! Catch that Parkinson girl refusing anything! She had accepted. They always accepted. Good Lord!

Donald picked up a picture of Mildred Parkinson. It was framed in a dull carved frame and had stood, for two months, within reach of his favorite chair. Every other time Donald had picked it up he had done it with a positive purr of satisfaction. Now he handled the frame as if he were afraid it would explode. The picture showed a pretty girl, in a big coat with a fur collar. The girl's face was piquant and clever and she smiled out of the photograph in an adorable, little-girl way. Donald had thought beautiful thoughts about the photograph—yesterday.

He remembered when she had given it to him. They had gone to a benefit bazaar together and she had admired some frames and Donald had wanted to buy one for her.

"You've been the only one to spend money," she had said. "I've got to spend some, too. You shan't have all the selfish pleasure of feeling charitable. This one just fits my new picture. I'll get it and send it to Aunt Ida for her birthday."

"I wish I were your Aunt Ida," Donald had said.

"It's rather a nice picture."

"May I see it?"

"Oh, yes."

"I don't dare ask for one."

"Why not?"

"Then, I may ask?"

"You may—ask."

"I'm asking prettily: May I have a picture, dear?"

"You needn't add—that."

"I'm pretending I'm Aunt Ida."

"If you really want one, a whole, great lot, and you'll pretend you're a good child instead, and stop muttering things low to me, so Margaret Talbot can quit staring—I *may* give you one."

"Little dear."

"You promised to be good."

"I'm best when I'm telling you what a dear you are."

He had got the picture and the frame. And he'd continued being foolish—and now he was engaged!

Donald didn't want to be engaged, ever. Donald didn't want to get married. He was so very happy. Just this little apartment, with Mrs. Murham in every morning to clean up, and meals sent up from the grill when you wanted them—and even a little kitchenette if you felt like experimenting. And a really nice position with a salary getting a little bigger each year and a lot

of friends, good ones, to go places with a fellow or invite you.

Marriage, now! It would mean a cheap apartment, an hour's subway ride into the wilderness, most likely, and wearing last year's overcoat, and someone you'd have to tell where you've been every minute and where you're going and even what you're thinking. And babies, maybe, yorping at all hours and always having some mysterious illnesses. Why marry, except to satisfy installment furniture people, who had their own reasons for encouraging it in their advertising?

Yet, here he was, engaged again!

Donald thought of his other engagements. Each one seemed as inevitably stupid. Each one could have been avoided. Each one seemed harder to get out of and left him feeling badly for days. Perhaps it had left the girl feeling badly, too.

Donald had been engaged twice at college and a dozen times since. The girls had been dears, of course, and he had loved them a lot. They were nice to take places. Girls never were satisfied with that.

All of the affairs had been alike—stupidly alike. He'd meet a new girl or see a girl he knew whom he hadn't seen for ages and he'd like her looks or her clothes or something. Then he'd ask or be invited to call. And pretty soon he'd be telephoning and writing pretty little notes and getting pretty little notes and taking the girl places. And he'd tell her that the perfume she used was exquisite, his favorite kind, that he loved the colors she wore and the way her hair grew on her neck. Pretty soon, he'd be kissing her and allowing her to run her fingers through his hair and pretending to like it. Then he'd propose or the girl would construe something he'd said into a proposal, which amounted to the same thing.

Why did they do it—the girls? Why didn't they see that it was all just part of a pretty game? He wanted to be amused and comfortable. He didn't want to support two on a salary that was just right for one, nor see the same girl every day—at nearly every meal. He was so perfectly comfortable—now.

Heavens, he was engaged, now!

There were a million reasons why he couldn't marry—and as many why he couldn't marry Mildred, if he were going to marry anyone. Which he wasn't. In four years she'd be fat. She ate too many chocolates now. She was extravagant. She giggled too much.

Of course you can get out of it. Donald always did. He thought over all the ways. You can accuse the girl of being in love with someone else—and quarrel. You can be hurt at a pretended something she's said and not tell her what it is—and quarrel. You can leave town and say you've been transferred to some unlivable spot in Texas, and set her free. You can just neglect her and give her a chance to get out of things. How girls do cling! Right now, Mildred was probably the clinging sort.

Getting out was like a trip to the dentist, only more humiliating and painful.

He was a wretch, of course. He ought to go ahead with it and marry her and make them both terribly unhappy. It would be the right thing, probably.

Mildred Parkinson wouldn't grieve much over him, if he got out of it nicely. She was just pretty enough and giggly enough to get someone else in short order. His going with her had stimulated her other admirers. Only a week before he had been terribly jealous over Jerome Clark.

What would be the nicest way out? There were no new ways. Anything would do, if it worked.

Jealous—that was it, of course. Mildred was jealous of everyone he looked at. He'd start going there less and neglect her about little things. How he hated to think of her reproaches! He'd start taking another girl places and let Mildred find out about it. That wouldn't be hard, with everyone he knew a complete detective agency. Then Mildred would accuse him and

then there would come a miserable quarrel—and the breaking of the engagement—and Freedom.

Freedom! What a glorious word! He'd never get engaged again. He'd go with girls, but he'd be mighty careful. Any girl would do to make Mildred jealous, Jane or Lucy Bolton or the little Milford girl. But why be satisfied with just any girl? Why not get a little pleasure out of life?

Donald remembered, quite suddenly, the lovely girl he had met Thursday, at dinner, at the Merrimans'. Mildred had been on the other side, so he couldn't talk so much to her. She had lovely eyes and her name was Miss—oh, yes, Harmon, and she was visiting the Turners.

Unconscious of what he was doing, Donald went to the little hall telephone table and picked up the telephone book. Horace G. Turner, there it was. He'd ring up in the morning, just for a starter, and ask Miss Harmon to go to lunch with him.

## III

### *Eileen*

Of course she would marry Spencer. It was so evidently the thing to do. Eileen was really awfully fond of him. She liked little things about him, his high, white forehead, the straight line his dark hair formed against it, the slightly greying hair above his temples. Everything about Spencer said, startlingly, "I am honorable and big and good." Yet, he was modest about things he had done, about his friends, even.

Eileen knew she was lucky, because Spencer had asked her to marry him. He was the kind of man she had always planned to marry, ever since she was a little girl and marrying became known to her as a positive future state for all nice little girls. The man she would marry must have position, appearance, culture, knowledge, poise. Even when she was quite young she had valued herself, though she didn't know these words then. When she was a little girl the man she would marry was the Prince in the fairy tale and then Lancelot. He would be, in her High School days, the college hero who saved the game from a rival team. At college he was Romance and would appear, mysteriously, beautifully complete, in the near future. Then, he became a Man of the World, and, finally, turned into just the sort of man Spencer Latham was.

Eileen thought, pleasantly, of her future with Spencer. He was so courteous in little things, so considerate in big ones. She could talk to him about everything. She liked his silences—she had spent long evenings with him, both reading, in big cushioned chairs, in front of the fire. He didn "get on her nerves." Eileen knew she was lucky about Spencer.

Now, she was trying to tell him, in an exquisite way, that she would marry him. His tender, serious note was in front of her. She read it again and smiled and drew out a sheet of crested paper and picked up her pen. She was so fond of Spencer, of everything about him . . . and yet . . .

She loved him, of course. Perhaps it wasn't a big, overpowering love that she had hoped she would have for Her Man when he came. Spencer didn't leave her breathless, glowing, after he had called. She didn't dream about him or tremble at the sound of his voice. But, after all, Eileen remembered that she was twenty-nine. Love, like that, is sweet, but perhaps it came only with youth and at twenty-nine part of youth has gone.

Theirs was a warm friendship, punctuated by handclasps, by cool kisses, by little smiles across a room. Eileen knew she would love Spencer always—and yet, her Prince was here and her heart did not bugle it to her.

Eileen knew she could never be as fond of anyone else as she was of Spencer. If she gave him up she would not marry for years, anyway, for there was no one among her acquaintances who interested her and she had reached

the place where she realized how few people are interesting at all. In years she might not meet anyone half as charming as Spencer. And the annoyance of going through the necessary routine of getting acquainted! But of course she would marry Spencer!

There was no question of faithfulness. Once married, they would both "settle down," she knew. She would be quite happy. Pleasant years stretched ahead, an apartment in town for the winter—theaters, dinners, quiet evenings at home; in summer a house not too far out, rest, the country, friends for week-ends. People would envy her when they heard of the engagement.

Yet, if she only loved Spencer with a Big Love, with the love she had wasted, before!

It was not Spencer's fault. He deserved all of her affection—and he would have all she was capable of giving. It was she and Time who were to blame.

Eileen had loved first, at sixteen. Puppy love, perhaps, but it had seemed very real. It had lasted two years, which is a long time for most loves. She was glad she hadn't married First Love. Last year, he and his wife had been in New York and she had seen them. First Love was awkward, uncertain, stupid, slow. But she had loved him a great deal—thirteen years ago.

Then she had gone away to college and First Love had faded into Second Love, a shy boy with big eyes. She had loved him a lot, too. She remembered, now, dancing with him. But Second Love had faded into Jo, Jo of the whimsical phrases, of the odd engagements, of the long walks in the rain. Jo had taught her the difference in men and the difference in kisses. Eileen had loved Jo a great deal.

But Jo had left college and then Phillip had come, Phillip who talked of books and Life and Tomorrow. Eileen had taught Phillip how to make love, but he was very quick at learning.

Then there was her début, and "Dr. George" and playing at being engaged. Then came New York and Fred—and then Richard—and then the others. Dozens of others seemed to trail by. There had been nothing wrong with any of the affairs, but each of them had taken affection.

Looking at her little loves, Eileen knew why she didn't thrill at Spencer's kisses, why his arms left her unmoved. She couldn't give any more love. It had gone out. The love she gave was friendly and warm and calm and quite true. That was all. Eileen had given too much of herself to too many. There hadn't been quite enough love to go around.

Eileen was sorry for Spencer. It seemed as if she were cheating dreadfully. Yet, he had known of her broken engagements, her admirers, the men who even now would be glad to take his place.

Eileen didn't regret any one love affair. All of them had been sweet. And yet . . .

It wasn't as if Eileen had been a regular philanderer. She knew that. She hadn't purposely fooled and frivoled and played at love. She had always been sincere.

And now there was Spencer and Spencer was quite wonderful. Maybe, at twenty-nine, one's dreams are always calm dreams. Maybe that is one of the compensations of twenty-nine.

Eileen picked up her pen and started a little note, delightfully warm and sincere. Of course she would marry Spencer.

## IV

### *Robert*

It was ten minutes of one. In the hall, before he unlocked the door of his apartment, Robert looked at his watch. If he were lucky Alice would be asleep. Perhaps he could even get to bed without having her hear him come in.

In the diminutive foyer of his apartment Robert stumbled over a chair. And waited. Alice did not call. She must be asleep, then. He put the chair

out of his way with exaggerated carefulness and tiptoed into the living-room. Here he started to undress, moving around cautiously, even after he had taken off his shoes. Noiselessly, he crept into the bathroom and then into the one bedroom, feeling his way in the darkness. He found his pajamas in his clothes closet and finally got to bed.

He was pretty foxy, getting in, without waking Alice. But it was a shame to have to sneak, doing things like this. It was this same thing, over and over. If she didn't hold him so tight, he'd never try to get away, even to the extent of spending an evening with Cleo Warren.

A faint light came in from the open window. Robert glanced at Alice's bed. It was peculiarly even-looking. He put out his hand and touched it. It was smooth, unoccupied. Alice was not there!

In one frightened movement Robert found the switch and turned on the light. The room was in perfect, prim order. Alice's bed still wore its chintz covering. The chairs stood stiffly against the wall. Even the little dressing-table seemed too formal, icy. There were no loose hairpins on it, no helps for a feminine toilet, just tall candlesticks, big, seldom-used ivory brushes, an empty tray or two. On one of the trays was a piece of paper, folded—a note from Alice.

Robert threw himself on the bed—and started to cry. It was so unexpected, so unnecessary of Alice. He knew what had happened. It had happened before. It was just as terrible, just as cutting, as if it could never have happened. Alice had left him!

Robert wiped his eyes, and glanced around, ashamed, as if someone had seen him crying. Still snivelling, he got up, reached for the note and sat down on the bed again.

The note was short and just what he expected—almost word for word like three other notes he had received in less than the two years he and Alice had been married. It said:

ROBERT: I have gone to Aunt Francis. I cannot and will not stand this neglect another minute. I will send for my things in a day or two. You need not try to make up. I'm through. ALICE.

He read the note over five or six times, as if he couldn't quite believe that it was meant for him or that Alice had written it. And yet—he had read the other three notes in exactly the same way.

How could—Alice—treat him like that? Didn't she realize how much he loved her—cared for her—thought of her? Didn't he work all day, at tiresome work—writing on a trade paper—just so she could have things. Didn't he always bring her home a box of candy, on Saturday, when he got paid? Didn't he bring home theater tickets and flowers, sometime, when he could afford them? Tears came again. Robert felt very sorry for himself.

What if he had been to call on Cleo Warren? Was there anything so terrible in that? Didn't Alice know that he loved only her, that Cleo Warren and the whole bunch were nothing to him? Still, he had the decency to feel guilty. For, he hadn't been just to "call" on Cleo. He had been there three times within a month, and, while nothing dreadful had happened, he had made love to her and said things he'd rather have his tongue burned out than have Alice know. He had encouraged Cleo to tell him how misunderstood he was at home and what a simple, uninspiring, uninspired little thing Alice was, and how dreadful it was for him to be tied—and so tightly—to her apron strings. He had meant it, in a way, when he told Cleo he loved her and wished he were free. Cleo liked affection and soul-communion.

Of course he loved Alice more, a million times more. Alice was the real thing—his. What would he do if Alice meant what she said—if she were through? Why, knowing Alice and being married to Alice were the loveliest things that had ever happened to him.

And here he'd been wasting his

time, making love to Cleo Warren. Why, anyone, well, a lot of others, anyhow, could make love to Cleo Warren. She posed as an artist and talked "fredom," but Robert knew that her art was as mediocre as her conversation, that she'd never accomplish anything. He had wasted time on Cleo when he might have been at home—with Alice. Yet, he liked being with Cleo exchanging personalities, eating queer little messes she made on her wobbly chafing dish, holding her hand across the table.

And, besides Cleo, there was Margaret Borden. He liked being with Margaret. It was Margaret, whom he and Alice had quarreled over, before. Alice didn't know he ever saw Margaret any more, and yet he had had tea with her only a week before and had promised to ring her up. He liked Margaret's smooth, blond braids and deep grey eyes. She was a nice little girl, calm and quiet and liked hearing a fellow's stories read to her and taking long walks and she believed in a fellow. Why, Margaret had corrected one of his stories, last winter and he had sold it—to a regular magazine. With a friend like Margaret, a fellow could get ahead. He might even leave the trade journal and be a regular writer. But, because he was married, Margaret and her clean, almost hero-worshipping friendship was denied to him, and Cleo, too, and Ruth Murphy and her gay little parties. All, because he was married.

If Alice only realized how much he lover her. He loved her so much more than anyone else. Of course, he loved the others—a little. A fellow can't help it, if he's affectionate.

What if Alice didn't come back at all? Once she had come back, by herself, the day after she had left. It had been Sunday, and stormy, and they had spent a wonderful day, looking at the rain from the window and making fudge and being foolish and very jolly, as if they's been united after a long separation.

Well, in the morning, he'd have to go to Aunt Francis' and have a scene. He knew Alice would come back if he went about it the right way. H'd have to go about it right. He couldn't live without having her at all.

Robert got into bed, finally, and tried to go to sleep. He remembered the smooth, neat little empty bed near his own. Alice was good, a jolly little companion. She cooked his breakfasts and dinners and never complained about not having more money for clothes or for spending. He'd make it all up to her for the way he'd been acting.

Alice had gone away! Oh, well, when he went to get her, he'd promise never, never to leave her again, except for meetings with men and clubs, and things like that. He'd told her tonight he was going to a literary club he belonged to—fellows who were beginning to get in the magazines. How had she found out, anyway? She might have telephoned to the club rooms or someone might have seen him going into Cleo's apartment and told her. There were sneaks like that. Still, if she came back, he'd try awfully hard. He loved her a lot.

He fell asleep about four. Because he had forgot to set the alarm, he waked up at nine, the time he usually reached the office. When he found out how late it was and how tired he still felt, and remembered what he had to do, his mood changed. It wouldn't make much difference about being late. He could stay away all morning, if he liked, but he dreaded going to Alice's Aunt Francis. Aunt Francis never had liked him. She and Alice had probably been discussing him for hours.

He dressed, finally, and tried to get breakfast. He burned the toast and while he tried to scratch off the "burn," he found that the eggs had boiled too hard. It was not a good breakfast.

After all, Alice hadn't acted right, going away like that. It was only a bluff, of course. She knew she had him where she wanted him. He knew how she hated living with Aunt Alice. It was just her way of getting even.

If only she would act reasonable with him. She made him feel tied down—like a slave—all the time. He wouldn't stand it, always. After all, a man has to have some freedom.

He left the apartment, but, as he neared Aunt Francis' house he became more and more reluctant about going in. After all, he was a perfect husband in a lot of ways. She'd be a lot worse off single than with him. He almost decided not to go in—to wait a few days and let Alice come to him. He knew she would. He wouldn't have such a bad time waiting.

Well, as long as he had to do it, he might as well have it over with. After all, Alice was his wife.

He rang the bell. How angry would she be? Who had told her, anyhow? What did she know, anyhow? Oh, well, he'd do his part toward making up. It had to be done. He'd let Alice and Aunt Francis say what they liked and he'd promise anything. He'd have to be more careful about things, after this.

# THE PORTRAIT

## By Henry Hugh Hunt

MY wife is dead. The funeral is over. The sleek, fashionable crowd is gone. The last, lingering, hypocritical sympathizers have departed. The servants are below stairs. I am alone.

The odor of heliotrope and roses still lingers in the drawing-rooms, the halls, and even here in the library—here where I sit brooding over the portrait of my wife. How beautiful she is! How lifelike! The painting is a masterpiece. It seems, almost, as if she might step out of the gilded frame. The shimmering folds of her ivory satin gown, the lustrous string of pearls, enhance the delicate flesh tints of her lovely throat; her sweetly curving bosom; her exquisitely modeled arms. The burnished bronze of her hair; the light in her deep gray eyes; the tremulous smile upon her perfect lips . . . fill me with an overwhelming regret. I weep. . . .

I might have loved my wife if she had resembled her portrait.

I HAVE forgotten the first girl I loved, yet I am sure she has not forgotten me. When everything about me but my name has faded from her memory, she will still remember to hold a grudge against me for forgetting her.

WHEN you tell a woman, during some hysterical rhapsody, that you love her, she invariably closes her eyes. She does this out of politeness, for if she kept them open she'd probably laugh in your face.

AT sixteen she is coy, at twenty-four susceptible, at thirty dangerous; after that, impossible.

# MRS. HODGE'S AMBITION

By Maurice Joy

I

IT is a dreadful thing when a clever woman marries for money and then finds that her husband has none. But it is even a more dreadful one when a clever woman aspires to found a political *salon*—a thing of imaginative distinction—and then finds that she has "backed the wrong horse."

At a bye-election Mr. Jonathan Hodge, possessed of considerable family influence, succeeded in being elected member for Bedlow, in which constituency Mabel Brierley, a vivacious girl of eighteen, lived.

Hodge had the support of all the old Tory families and among them the Brierleys. Old Brierley not only campaigned for him but brought the ladies of the family to his aid and none of them surpassed "the pretty Miss Mabel" in enthusiasm and effectiveness. It was but natural that she felt a sense of personal triumph when Hodge won and that she was even more elated when a letter he wrote thanking her suggested that some day she might take her place with those women of great distinction who wielded such immense power in British politics.

Miss Mabel read this and an editorial in the *Morning Post* which hailed Mr. Hodge as one of the rising hopes of the Conservative Party; so fascinating is the worship of success that she fell sufficiently in love with Hodge to accept him soon afterwards.

But after about a year of political life his ambition, to her intense disgust, began to wane while her interest in the political game, its intrigue and its excitement, had only increased.

Accordingly she began a policy of ceaseless jogging until at last for the sake of peace he made an occasionally effective speech; so that he came to be realized as one of the reliable men the government could put up whenever the fiscal issue was debated. Consequently when several members of the cabinet declared their unalterable fidelity to free trade and resigned from the government, there was considerable talk of Mr. Hodge's being made an undersecretary.

In the midst of all the excitement Mrs. Hodge flitted from place to place to pick up the most likely rumors. Her odyssey convinced her that her husband had but a slender chance, indeed, and her temper was not improved when she returned home tired and found him calmly reading a report from his head gamekeeper as to the prospects for the grouse shooting on his moors.

She sat down and tapped the ground for a considerable time impatiently until she found words to tell him what she thought of him. They flowed out like burning lava but the lethargic man did not attempt to interrupt her.

When she had finished he looked up and said casually:

"My dear, if there is anything you think I ought to do about it, I shall do it at once."

"Jonathan," replied Mrs. Hodge, recognizing that it was useless to berate him further, "I'm convinced it's as easy as A B C if you'll only do what I want. Everyone says the prime minister is under the thumb of the Browsby. She hates me but she admires your leg, I'm told. All you have to do is to make love to her—don't be shocked—mildly I mean."

"Make love to the Browsby!" he laughed wtih a motion of slow upheaval. "With that hawk's eye she'd see through me in ten seconds."

"Nonsense, Jonathan—at fifty-seven—and she's that if she's a day, no woman wants to see through a handsome man who flatters her."

"I don't like it—it's an immoral sort of business and thoroughly un-English."

"That's the worst of having had a Nonconformist grandmother—you can't be moral without being selfish. Think of me—have you no regard for my hope in you? Margot Tennant married Asquith and made a Prime Minister of him and you're not half as big a fool as he is."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Hodge.

"Oh come, Jonathan, I didn't mean to be nasty, but you are very trying. Now there's a dear—make love to the Browsby and it will be all right."

Mr. Hodge did not answer at once and his wife came over and sat on the big arm of his chair and played about his rather bald forehead with her lips.

"Well," he said, softening, "if it's only to be a mild sort of thing, I don't mind trying, but I won't make a bally ass of myself even for you. It will be a devil of a job to begin. How *can* one begin to make love suddenly to a woman of her age after one has known her for several years."

"Leave that to the Browsby!" said Mrs. Hodge. "Anyhow you have begun—I wrote a letter to the *Times* this afternoon in your name praising her plan for settling the Irish question."

"May I ask what the plan was?"

"I didn't have time to read it—just saw the headline as I left Marjorie Lowther's and wrote at once. I was afraid you might not be at home. I merely said that you thoroughly endorsed her ladyship's statemanlike plan and hoped the government would give it the most careful consideration. Here is the article—you can read it while I go and dress."

And before Hodge could recover from his astonishment—if indeed any thing could astonish him in his ambitious wife—Mrs. Hodge had swum out of the room.

## II

DURING the ensuing days the newspapers speculated at large upon the men likely to be chosen for office, and there was not one of those days when some paper or other did not mention Mr. Hodge. His wife saw to that.

Nevertheless she was disquieted by the fact that the Premier showed no interest in her husband's existence. Hodge had been to see Lady Browsby three times, taking her successively a speech, an article and a bouquet of roses. The speech and the article had somewhat bored the old lady—he reported to his wife—but she was charmed with the roses.

"It is delightful to be regarded as a human being, Mr. Hodge, and not as a political institution. By the way, I see the *Post* mentions you this morning as likely to get a minor office—I am certain you would make a very safe and capable under-secretary."

Mrs. Hodge was for taking full advantage of this and even went so far as to call on Lady Browsby with a request for that lady's opinion on a scheme she had for weaning babies who had been brought up on gin. Lady Browsby thoroughly approved of it and declared,

"I shall speak of it to Sir John Robbins. You know he is to be our next Home Secretary. The Premier told me so today—but not a word of it to anyone."

"Sir John Robbins!" said Mrs. Hodge in surprise. "But he isn't even a member of Parliament."

"A safe seat will be found for him. The Premier has had so much trouble that he has gone outside the ranks of the ordinary politicians."

Mrs. Hodge found an excuse for hurrying away. Imagine the selection of Jack Robbins for a cabinet post! Of course, he was one of the most successful lawyers in the country, and

charming, yes, entirely charming. What a stroke of luck for her that he was appointed, since he was one of her very greatest admirers! He frequently dined with them—she would invite him for that very evening in a casual way, as if she had heard nothing.

But when she rang him up, she found that to his and her disgust he had an engagement. He was to dine at the Stimsons' and go to the opera —and the Stimsons were dull, she knew how dull they were. So, as a measure of preparedness, she booked him for another evening.

She had hardly rung off when she reflected that if Robbins were to be of any use he must act at once; the Premier might announce the appointments at any moment. So she called for her car and proceeded to the Stimsons', arriving there at the tea hour.

Luckily Mrs. Stimson had no other callers, and Mrs. Hodge found it quite easy to excite the simple woman's sympathy when she told how Jonathan was so busy because of the political crisis that evening after evening she was compelled to dine alone.

"Why not come and dine with us this evening?" said Mrs. Stimson. "We are going to the opera afterwards —we shall be a man short, but does that matter?"

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Hodge. "I'll come with pleasure."

There was very little doubt in her mind that whoever was short a man, she would manage to have Robbins.

And, of course, she did—not at dinner, where she was forced to sit next to an old Tory whose hobby was the breeding of shorthorns, but directly after dinner with the coffee in the drawing-room.

She was so impatient, and the quick, sardonic lawyer knew her ambitions so well that she had scarcely begun, in what she considered a very subtle way, to pump him, when he said,

"My dear Mabel, I sympathise with you, and if you'll wait till we get to the opera I'll tell you all I know."

She took the hint and did not worry him again until they managed to find seats together at the back of the Stimsons' box.

"Now, Jack," she said. "What were you going to tell me?"

"That they've roped me into politics at last. I'm to be Home Secretary."

"How lovely—how perfectly lovely. Oh, my dear boy, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart—it is wonderful."

He shook his head.

"Nothing is wonderful that leaves you out of my life."

"Hush," she said. "Don't talk nonsense."

And she bent over until her hair just touched his cheek and the perfume of her swirled around him.

It was not the first time he had declared his love for her, and it was not the first time she had encouraged him to do so in a manner which left her a means of easy escape at the critical moment.

Now, it occurred to her, there was an excellent chance to use him exactly as she had counselled her husband to use Lady Browsby.

"Tell me," she said. "Has Jonathan any chance of an under-secretaryship?"

"Not a chance in the world. There's nothing left but Foreign Affairs, and it is a safe bet that Jonathan does not know whether Venezuela is a disease or a country."

She rested her chin on her hand and looked up at him with challenging eyes, "You'll never forgive Jonathan, will you?"

His mouth broadened in a knowing, ironical smile,

"Will *you?*" he asked.

It was the very game she wanted to play and "Not until you marry and I make your wife jealous," she flashed back.

She managed to let a certain air of wistfulness permeate her banter, exactly as when once before she had said half humorously that she wished he had come before Jonathan.

"You're trying to flirt with me," he said now. "I wish you wouldn't—it

seems so ungallant to resist you."

"Then why do it?"

"What do you mean?"

She shrugged her shoulders and turned her face deliberately towards the stage, at the same time dropping one hand where he could take and hold it.

But she said nothing more to him that night.

## III

When Mrs. Hodge reached home she found that her husband was already in bed and that he had left a sealed note for her.

"Dearest," it ran, "I have quarreled hopelessly with the Browsby, but don't worry me about it to-night. I am very tired."

Mrs. Hodge was naturally furious and she bolted straight upstairs to her husband's room.

She opened the door noisily, noisily switched on the electric light and then stood for a moment in amazement, for her noise had not disturbed her husband in the least, and she could not think she had ever seen anything look so placidly inert as this great Newfoundland dog of a man snoring before her.

"Oh, what's the use?" she said to herself, shrugging her shoulders. "I might as well wait till morning."

But when she went to her own room she told her sleepy maid to go to bed and then sat for a long time pondering her problem.

What could he have quarrelled with the Browsby about—he who never quarrelled with anyone? Well, anyhow, he had quarrelled, and it was more than ever important to decide what use she could make of Robbins without compromising herself. She had managed to let him kiss her coming home in the car, but she had refused to ride with him in the Park in the morning, pleading that he must be careful now that he was a public man.

But it would have been amusing to do so—what a contrast the airy man was to her ponderous husband! If she had married *him*—well, what was the use of crying over spilt milk?

A louder snore than usual from the next room grated on her nerves . . . there he lay like a mindless beast, while the Premier was probably working sleeplessly on his appointments.

She realised that she must take a heroic chance; she went to the telephone and called up Robbins's club, whither he had gone for a whiskey and soda after leaving her. She caught him just as he was starting for home.

"I'll come in the morning," was all she said, but in her voice she managed to convey a good deal of hidden drama.

And in the morning they met at so discreet an hour that there were only two other riders in the Row and those had probably their own reasons for keeping to themselves.

After a short gallop they reined in their horses.

"I've been thinking about Jonathan," he said. "I have an idea that if I asked for him as my colleague instead of Brooks and suggested sending the latter to the Foreign Office, the old man would agree."

"Really."

"Of course, I don't know, but I might try . . . for your sake."

"That *would* be sweet of you."

"I think he speaks at Camberwell tonight, doesn't he?"

"No; at Dulwich."

"It's of no importance, but it would be pleasant if he were called from the meeting to see the old man, wouldn't it?"

"I'd come back on wings with him if he were."

"Then you're going there? . . . I thought perhaps you might like to telephone him the message."

"That would mean staying at home, and staying at home alone bores me, even to wait for a message like that."

"Even if the Premier were to send it . . . by . . . hand?"

She met his eyes fairly and laughed lightly.

"Well, of course, that might be different," she said. "When am I to expect the . . . messenger?"

"Let us say nine o'clock," he answered; and then, because they had come under the broad branches of an oak and she leant over to pat his horse's neck, he managed to lift up her head and snatch a hurried, hidden kiss. Then they talked about the future of the political parties.

When Mrs. Hodge got back—they had not delayed long in the Row—she found that her husband had at last got up. He was not quite finished shaving, but she at once demanded to know the ins and outs of his quarrel with the Browsby.

"There are some things," he answered sententiously, "one cannot talk about even to one's wife"; and though she insisted, he remained firm.

## IV

PRECISELY at nine o'clock that evening her doorbell rang and Sir John Robbins was announced. The brilliant lawyer entered the drawing-room with his usual easy, ironical smile on his lips, but with the air of one bearing important tidings.

"I have a message from the Premier for Mr. Jonathan Hodge," he said with the air of a courtier.

Mrs. Hodge caught the mocking spirit and made a grave curtsey while the lawyer went on,

"It is to be delivered at my discretion!"

"Then surely it will be delivered at once!" she pleaded, and floated out of her curtsey into his arms.

She was herself surprised to find how much she enjoyed staying there. Of course, there might be difficulties in the future, but with the exercise of proper discretion it would be easy to make the world safe for both ambition and happiness.

## V

LATE that night Mr. Hodge returned from his meeting and his interview with the Premier. Notwithstanding his lack of ambition, his phlegmatic body came as near to animation as was possible for it. His wife hailed him with open arms and a kiss.

"The best of it is," he said, "I haven't old Browsby to thank for it."

"What *did* you quarrel about, anyhow?" said his wife.

He paused a while before answering—

"Well, I suppose you ought to know, but it seems rather caddish to tell—she made violent love to me and I repulsed her, told her I never could look you in the eye again if I even kissed her."

"My brave, good hero!" said Mrs. Hodge.

FLIRTING with a strange woman is like trying out a new cocktail. There's a delightful, mysterious danger about the whole business that makes it worth while.

GENIUS: A fellow who can make a million dollars or deceive a red-haired woman.

# THE DREAM

## By Harry Kemp

SHE bade him wait, while other men
  Who did not care, had all their will;
He was as patient as a corpse
  Whose face shows white and still;

His passion was a fatal thing:
  For, blinded, still he followed her,—
Each whim of hers, a holy Cause,
  And he, its minister.

Her little mouth, her small white hands,
  Were holier to him than shrines
Where, in each dim and hallowed niche,
  A hallowed taper shines . . .

Her little mouth—she gave to all!
  Her little hands—as free as air! . . .
To him as inaccessible
  As God is to a prayer! . . .

O, you are perfect, you are pure;
  I think that you are strong and true,—
And yet, last night, I dreamed these things
  And was afraid of you!

# TRIPLE HATRED

## By Edward Bonner

I HATE three kinds of people. . . .
  Men because they talk about themselves—
Women because they talk about each other—
And children because they talk.

# THE SINS OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

By —— ——

## IX

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED ON THE SMALLER CITIES

I

NOT only are the shoulders of the so-called 400 burdened by the sins which they commit in their own *milieu* in the metropolis; to many the greatest of all their derelictions is the example they set to the people of the smaller cities. The general dissemination of information concerning the movements of fashionable society has wrought incalculable injury in small and ordinarily peaceful communities everywhere in the country.

The constant iteration of certain names, the reverberation of their comings in and their going out, the histories of their families, and their origin; the minutiæ of their attire, and the cost of it; their midnight frolics on Broadway; the splendors of the opera; the magnificence of their palaces; the luxury of their strings of motor-cars; the ostentation of their country estates; their fairy abodes in Florida; their splendiferous "camps" in the mountains; their fishing and game preserves in Canada; their yachts that rival the most sumptuous ocean liners; their pearls that exceed those famed among the belongings of the Moguls; their diamonds that make the Kohinoor and the Orloff and the Cullenan look small; their rubies that exceed in brilliancy the fabled one that was crystallized from the blood of the favorites of the mythical Persian prince — all these things, and the report of them, have conspired to produce feelings of envy, a thirst for riches, a desire to emulate in places where, long ago—but not so long ago that the time cannot be recalled by even the youngest of those who have just stepped over the boundaries of forty—only simplicity reigned.

The ease with which money is acquired in America not only contributes to the curse, but aids and abets it. It opens the way for *argent fait tout* in the 400, which really is not society, though society has been so leavened by lucre that the whole fabric is in *medias res*, as it were, like Mohammed's coffin.

It may not be exactly the fault of the individuals who thus are held up to the strong light of analysis and criticism. Taken seriatim, they may not care particularly about the gratuitous publicity given them, but on the surface at least it seems to the casual observer that they court it, else they would not disport themselves in public as they do.

It is simply the result of an ineffectual attempt to graft the license of older and rottener civilizations onto a stalk not yet strong enough to mature the graft. What are delicate accomplishments in those older civilizations become, in the crude hands of a proletariat which has rubbed Aladdin's lamp and reared itself a palace of porphyry, a mere distorted reflection in an imperfect mirror.

Nevertheless, the influence is felt the

length and breadth of the land. We may search, but no longer can we find the pleasant little cities of other times—places where the grass grew between the flags of the sidewalks, and there was a society of calm and culture. Certainly the old order passeth. In those halcyon days auction was unknown. We dined sanely and well. We had our good old port and madeira and perhaps a rubber of whist afterwards. The women did not soil their lips with nicotine and tell nasty stories. They slept well and did not require a masseuse and a pick-me-up before they could get up enough courage to appear below stairs. When they danced they did not loll half naked in the arms of a professional Turveydrop, whirling in the contortions of a circus gymnast, to syncopated music that is acceptable to nothing but the nerves of a neurasthenic.

Let me cite an instance. It answers for thousands of others. A small city not beyond a day's journey from New York and less than a generation ago. It was a charming old place that held a distinguished place in the history of the country. During the revolution it was for a time Washington's headqarters. It figured in the War of the Rebellion as the turning-point of one of Lee's great marches. Its society boasted some of the best blood of the land. It had a delightful society. There were cabinet ministers and senators in the town, and to be a cabinet minister or a senator then was a mark of distinction. It was the days before pork barrels, and men who held those high positions held them through merit and administered them meritoriously. Perhaps it was what is now sarcastically called Mid-Victorian. Nevertheless, it had balance. Conversation—there was conversation then—did not teem with slang from the cabarets of Broadway. There were no cabarets. In those days even Broadway was comparatively young, and we sang "The O.K. thing on Saturday is walking down Broadway," and the best of it was that the O.K. thing on Saturday *was* walking down Broadway. Think of those pristine days!

The inland city to which I refer had many pleasant affiliations with the greater centers. The spectacular multi-millionaire was a thing undreamed of. The dazzling heroes of high finance were Boss Tweed, Jay Gould and Jay Cooke, though the last did occupy a high place in popular esteem.

Then came a change. It was the first, faint sound of the *brou ha ha* of millions heard in that bucolic but wholly charming place. True, Coal Oil Johnnie had flashed in the pan and the prodigalities of Jim Fiske were read as we read the Arabian Nights, but they were isolated instances that left no impression. But suddenly there returned to the city a native who was one of the first to fathom the possibilities of getting rich quick in the Far West. He left a poor youth and returned with a carload of Jason's fleece. No such thing had ever happened before. At the edge of the city he built an architectural monstrosity that was a moral to the community, and launched what was for the period a career of profligate splendor that caused the staid old aristocrats in their subdued and stately old homes to shiver. That was my first sight of a provincial 400 in the making. He was the prototype, in a nebulous way, of the spectacular element that now rules the social world that is looked up to and emulated wherever Dives abides.

That man was crude, but *au fond* no cruder than the rapidly made multi-millionaires of today. The veneer on the product of the moment is thicker, it will stand more rough handling without injury to the surface, but it is veneer all the same. He was disturbed by the nervous desire to exceed his neighbors in the display of his wealth just as the spectacular set of the present are disturbed, but it was a sort of embryonic disturbance. The time was not ripe, the possibilities were not at hand.

Were he alive today to see the prodigalities of the third generation of his offspring he would have the satisfaction of enjoying vicariously what had germinated in his mind but never fructified.

Likewise, could some of the stately gentlemen of the real old school, and the gentle dowagers of dignified mien, come back they would be amazed and bewildered by the changes time has wrought in their once peaceful and beautiful little city. The 400-microbe has found there particularly fertile ground in which to flourish and destroy, for much wealth has been dug up from the fertile soil or acquired through more precarious and questionable methods than honest husbandry. The specious education of the period has produced a generation of young snobs, who, having been sent to fashionable schools and colleges, returned thoroughly and ineradicably inoculated with the germs of the 400.

Money has furnished the way for the elders to journey into the dazzling realms of the smart set, where, if they are not of it, they are least in it, and observing the glitter and show of which they read daily with their morning coffee, they are inspired to emulation. Fear of the stately old colonial mansions is gone. They have been replaced by pseudo renaissance villas, French chateaux, imitation Mayfair mansions, Venetian palazzos—the whole heterogeneous conglomeration of architectural wonders that spring up over the land to gratify the thirst for splendor of our newly rich and would-be fashionables.

Country clubs of pretentious dimensions dot the surrounding valley. Lines of expensive motor cars roll thither each afternoon. The men golf and talk stocks, while the women on the piazzas wear French frocks, drink cocktails, smoke cigarettes and gossip familiarly about the scandals in metropolitan high life. They do not know the people they are talking about, but the names and the derelictions roll as unctuously from their tongues as if the chatterers had dined with them *tutti quanti* the night before.

Adultery is no longer a hideous thing that must be spoken of with bated breath behind closed doors. Elopements surprise nobody. Divorce, which, in the old days, was something unheard of, is almost as common as marriage, birth and death.

The featured, admired, adulated, supernal 400 do it, so why should not we? There is the example, the prototype, and the neophyte drinks up its sins more greedily than its virtues—if virtues it possesses. There is the blighting influence on the lesser cities, and one illustration answers for all. In Columbus, Ohio; in Milwaukee, Wisconsin; in Keokuk, Iowa; in Butte, Montana, it is all the same—a wild, excited, feverish desire to imitate the neurasthenic life of the New York 400. The result is a feeble and preposterous parody.

But no one escapes, once the bacillus is planted. It is like pernicious anemia. It cannot be cured.

## II

ONLY recently a nearby city was shocked to its innermost by the defalcation of a man who held a position in the world of affairs and of society of the highest kind. Apparently he was impeccable. His business associates as the head of one of the greatest financial institutions in the city were all of the sort that have won success in various ways and have not been found out. His success was phenomenal. By everyone he was held up as a model for the youth just donning the *toga virilis*.

With a wife possessing great beauty and all the social graces that go to make a woman conspicuous and liked in society, with engaging and promising children, he maintained a splendid establishment in the environs of his city, which, by the way, is noted in American social annals as marking the Alpha and Omega of correctness.

The young couple were acclaimed. That the pulpit did not extol them was due, perhaps, to a certain timidity of the cloth of this special city about voicing personalities. Life with them moved in channels smooth as oil. They went everywhere. Their entertainments were perfection. Mrs. Blank's

dresses came from the best *couturieres;* Mr. Blank was dressed in Bond Street.

Suddenly, as they floated serenely on its crest, the wave broke and the foam engulfed them. The splendor was the price of pilfer. The trifling verb is used as a polite admission of the accepted necessity of speaking politely of those in society who err. His peculations mounted to the million mark. He is now "serving time" in a federal prison.

He had tasted the blood and he liked the taste. In his high position in the world of finance he rubbed shoulders with the *etalage* of those who had gotten away with their swag and whose doings filled to repletion the columns of the newspapers. This fictitious splendor, this specious pomp, the Georgian plate, the phalanxes of retainers that did not belong and who were scornfully laughing in their sleeves—the thin crust of the splendor dazzled him. He, too, would tread on Aubusson carpets and dine off Sevres filched from a Louis XV château. He took a sporting chance and lost. There are no Aubusson carpets and Georgian plate where he now dwells.

It is a banal story. It might have no interest were it not that it illustrates one phase of the example of the 400.

## III

EVEN the church is not proof against the influence. The bishop's lawn is smirched by ambition to figure in the set whose peccadilloes he may denounce *sub rosa,* but upon which he benignly closes the episcopal eye in public. Certain of us degenerate ones may deride the hind who purchases twenty-five cents' worth of absolution of a Sunday morning and goes his merry way afterwards, calm in the consciousness that the remission of his frailties may be purchased every seven days until supreme unction absolves him forevermore. But what of the bishop who prays each sabbath to be delivered from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and then deliberately embraces the pomps and smiles on the vanities like the most impious worldling?

One I know. The glamour of the smart world has obsessed him completely. He adores the 400. In every way, in so far as is compatible with an outward and visible sign of his respect for the cloth, he lives the life of the most frivolous votaries of fashion.

Beginning in the usual way of the young clerygmen, he became rector of an insignificant parish in a small city in one of the biggest of the middle states, and rose rather rapidly to the bishopric of one of the most important sees in that state. His bishopric was not the recompense of strenuous devotion to his parish so much as it was the result of ecclesiastical politics. He was no John Hodder, although during his early career he held a considerable flock with his pulpit platitudes and his embracing unction, and even for sometime after he had achieved the prelacy he was content to live quietly with his modest, unambitious wife and raise a somewhat numerous family of sons and daughters, who probably had no thoughts then of anything beyond following their father's footsteps for the boys and marrying fervent young curates for the girls. And then—

Then the good bishop fell into the hands of a woman whose occupation, if not her actual profession, is disturbing the harmony of peaceful, placid minds with the bee of social ambition. This woman got the good bishop's ear, and he was beguiled. The olibanum and myrrh of the altar were suffused by the musk and patchouli of the smart world.

Today the bishop is something of a travesty, smiled at indulgently here, sarcastically there. Strutting about in overaweing pomposity, he is an incarnate epitome of the influence of the 400 on the smaller cities. His once modest and unassuming little wife is compelled to assume the airs of a *grande dame.* His children are devoured with ambition to make so-called advantageous marriages. They are to be seen at all the balls and routs among the wildest set, in which

the sophisticated maidens drink more than is good for them and tell naughty little stories that would hardly be tolerated by old war horses of a hundred seasons. He lives in flamboyant style that smacks in no way of the cenobite. He decorates his portly person with as much purple as he dares, and regrets, no doubt, that he cannot wear a scarlet robe. I think he laments that bishops of the American branch of the church founded by that pleasant old rapscalion, Henry VIII, may not wear gaiters and an apron. His see rarely has the benefit and pleasure of the episcopal benediction. His time is too completely filled by the demands of his social life, and it is with difficulty that he escapes them now and then to perform the duty of the laying on of hands. He officiates at modish weddings where the douceur is suffcient to inspire a suitable epithalamium and assists at the obsequies of those who have stepped out of the smart world into the supernal bliss their mundane deeds have won for them.

## IV

I HAVE an old friend whose experience in the 400 entitles him to patriarchal authority. He contends that the world at large is mistaken in thinking that fashionable people are selfish, frivolous and indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. He holds that fashionable life nourishes art and artists and causes the distribution of money. Progress, he says is fashion's watchword; it never stands still. With this last statement we all heartily concur. Beyond peradventure progress is the watchword of the 400. But what progress and in what directions!

He is a good old soul living in a land of reminiscence, and when he expatiates in the goodness and sympathy he makes us smile. He makes me smile because he, perhaps more than any man living, has helped to create and foster the conditions we now decry. He may animadvert now, since he is almost the last leaf on the tree, on the beneficence, the beatitude of the element he did so much toward creating, but I often think that in his heart of hearts he feels little twinges when he sees how the pace he set has caused so much havoc.

In the heyday of his manhood the entertainments and spectacles he organized were the talk of the hemisphere. He had no object in life but society. He helped to bring into being the now excoriated 400, although at the time he did not realize that it was the genesis of a monster destined to work incalculable ill. Nor will he ever admit that his picnics, his cotillions, his balls and dinners, his country and house parties, all carried out on a scale before then unheard of, had anything to do with the laxity of the smart world of today. He was the first man of fashion to realize the value of newspaper *reclame* and he worked it to its most splendid possibilities.

It was at the opera that I said to him, as he was savoring the scintillating horseshoe, "Do you realize what you have made of society? Do you ever pause to think that the precedent you established so many years ago is responsible for taking out of their element so many women, and, like the well-meaning but ineffectual missionaries, depriving the pagan of the gods that have always satisfied him? Look at that woman there."

The woman I indicated was most entrancing to behold. She was surrounded by a bevy of beauties much fêted, much admired; the last gap of everything mondaine. But she dominated the group. Her physical charm was indisputable. Her *parure* would supply a modest household with ordinary comforts for life.

"Well," said my venerable friend, "she is enjoying it all. She has achieved what she aimed for. What else can she ask? She is happy."

But is she happy? Has she actually achieved what she wanted? Or has she merely acquired an illusion? I wonder.

Twenty-five years ago she was a dressmaker in one of the inland cities. She was beautiful then, with a radiant

beauty that promised the superb middle age into which she has come. She was fascinating in the way of her kind. She was bright but utterly lacking in the specified and acknowledged ways of the fashionable world. She was sought after and courted by the youths of her set, but she favored none. Making her way in her chosen occupation apparently was her sole aim. She knew nothing of the macrocosm called society except from the inkling that reached her in the pursuit of her occupation. She did not dream that the purse of Fortunatus was reserved for her and that she would eventually taste the richest of the flesh pots.

But so it was ordained. Fate threw her into the ken of one of the great millionaires. He was years her senior, but his suit was ardent, as often happens with men who are approaching the lean and slippered age. He won her and immediately placed the depths of his pockets at her command. Her transition was rapid. First it was the lure of clothes such as she had seen only on others before. Then came rounds of summer and winter resorts frequented by the fashionable world. The ancient benedict was proud to show off his adorable young wife and the men modish contingent flocked to her shrine, though the women looked on with doubting eyes. But she had tasted the nectar and it intoxicated her.

As was only natural, her husband aged in the year after his marriage more than he had in a decade before. The round of resorts wearied him; he could not stand it, and the situation resolved itself into one in which he kept to the seclusion of his country home while his wife flitted from place to place, a restless and always brilliant butterfly. She began to be talked about. The gossips twiddled her name over their teacups and never to her advantage. Her amours were numerous and frank. Her host at the opera that night was said to have been one of her former favorites who had married into the great world and was repaying past complaisancies through his wife.

Then her husband died and left her with the modest annual income of a million or so. The *débâcle* was completed. Now she figures full bloom in the fastest set. Her entertainments are many and sumptuous. The guests selected by a dowager who has gone against the rocks, and the emolument she receives for inducing her former friends to attend them keeps her in comparative luxury.

But her protégée is out of her element. Her *gaucheries* are commented upon and made the butt of puns and epigrams. She is nothing more than a badly done sketch of what she would like to be. She is nothing but another who was unexpectedly taken from the proper element in which she might have led a decent and respected life and enticed by the glitter of the 400 into its own ways.

"And do you think," I said to my ancient friend, "that this is an instance in which the end justifies the means?"

He shrugged his shoulders and replied, *"Mais que voulez vous?* Everybody is talking about her!"

## V

SOME twenty-five years—more or less—ago there lived in one of the small Southern cities a family of very good, honorable middle-class stock. The young wife was handsome and fascinating, with the bright and engaging attributes that have won unique place for so many women of this one's particularly languorous and lovely State. Their position in the world was modest, decent, but by no means fashionable. The husband was a good sort, easygoing as most Southerners are, and their subsistence, though sufficient, was by no means princely.

The far-off, iridescent world of the New York 400 was as strange to them as the interior of Africa or the Steppes of Siberia. They read of it, of course, but so far as having any idea of ever shining in that bright galaxy was concerned, it may be said that they would have as soon dreamed of the day when

they would cross the thresholds of the courts of Europe. They were so peaceful and happy in their own little middle course that worldly ambition and the desire to fare forth among the much-heralded Great was out of their *aura*. Anyway, if such ambitions had assailed them they had not the means.

But one day the busy Fates, weaving their web of mischief and misadventure, caught the young couple in their meshes. The edge of the last quarter of the honeymoon had barely worn away, but they inextricably enmeshed.

There came to the peaceful little city in the South a famous millionaire, a bachelor, the son of a great man of merited renown. Unlike in his distinguished father's case, however, the pathway of the son was not along the pleasant borders of higher thought. The ephemeral world of society attracted him. One never heard of him except as the son of the great So-and-So. One hears of him now only as Mr. So-and-So, whose yacht is ever in some harbor between Newport and the Cape of Good Hope. At least it was so before war and submarines made yachting a bit too exciting for the ordinary seaman of society.

The Fates, as I have said, were weaving their web of mischief and in it enmeshed the young matron. She met at a dance or a dinner or at some other Southern hospitality the gay millionaire bachelor from the North. He was infatuated at once by the beauty and the perspicacity of the woman. She, at first, was rather stunned. Never before had she met a man like this. She knew his name—who did not?—but his personality was a fascinating new thing to her. It was something like discovering Balzac.

He came, a knight full panoplied, from that great and wonderful world of which she had heard. Replete with the seductive ways of that world and spurred by her ingratiating personality and beauty, he laid before her the possibilities attainable by her attractiveness—plus his wealth. The blandishments were too much for her. The glowing pictures of that refulgent, attic world which she knew only by hearsay were too overpowering. She fell.

It was all very adroitly done, quite in the manner of the Alcibiades who was arranging the festival. The husband, whether knowingly or not I do not pretend to say, became nevertheless *un mari complaisant*, and Alcibiades made good to the extent of launching his inamorata in the great and glorious and stupefying 400.

They sailed into the Newport harbor unknown, unheralded. Today the matron is the chatelaine of a palace there. In New York she has her box in the parterre at the opera. An invitation from her is an honor, her name is included in all the lists of patronesses of fashionable functions for charity. Her husband is still *mari complaisant*, for Alcibiades remains true. Whether, under the circumstances, this is a virtue to be extolled is a matter to be argued and decided by those apostles of morals who find sermons in silk dresses and satin-lined limousines.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that had not that young wife fallen into the hands of one of the brilliant votaries of the 400 she probably would today be one of the quiet, dignified matrons of that small Southern city that gave her birth. True, her doings would not be recorded in the newspapers from Dan to Beersheba, but is that adulation worth the price she paid? Those who envy her; those outsiders who hear of her or read of her as "the handsome and popular Mrs. Blank"; those who gloat over the descriptions of her parties and her gowns and whose mouths water at the thought of the downy seat of ease she occupies, do not stop to consider that the means by which she secured that desirable place were no better than those of the demi-rep whose ambition is to cover her fingers with diamonds.

When the millennial trump is sounded and the goats and sheep alike shall be called to the judgment seat, how shall justice be meted out to these two? Fundamentally the object of their fall was

the same—greed for something obtainable by the woman's supreme sacrifice.

## VI

MEN are as susceptible to the influence as women. Even the sturdiest, that have come down from iron-muscled stock that hewed its way through the primeval forests in pioneer days by sheer physical effort, or the second generation of immigrants who have touched the magical source and filled their pockets to overflowing. They are every bit as bad as the women. Ethically the things they do to attain what they foolishly value as a high position in society are just as wrong and deplorable as those done by the women, but in the moral code of the day they are ignored and glossed over. And the worst offenders are the men of the less conspicuous cities, upon whom Fortune has smiled and who have escaped prison.

Take one familiar figure from the bunch that shows up most refulgently in New York.

Two decades ago he was a small employee in a large concern in a neighboring State, which mannufactured a commodity which has increased fabulously in value since the beginning of the war in Europe. At that time, however, it was already one of the most important businesses of its kind in the country.

The man was a likable chap and bright. He knew his business and applied himself to it. He was married to a charming young woman of his own class and his home life was harmonious and peaceful and smooth, for his salary was ample. They were God-fearing, good, wholesome people, enjoying the respect and admiration of their fellow-townspeople. It was thought that they were perfectly mated and that like Darby and Joan they would go down the hill together.

But Fate turned a trick for the man that put him on the road to millions. The evil digression threw him out into the bigger world and New York became his headquarters. His affairs brought him into contact with other men of great fortunes and he met their wives. His own suffered by contrast, for it is a well-recognized fact that men are more adaptable than women and can play the chameleon with greater ease. The simple country wife of his early days did not fit in at all with her new surroundings. The atmosphere of the great world—which really was not the great world after all—overpowered her. Her insufficient high-school education was not able to cope with the subtleties of the women she had to meet. What they said and did she could no more comprehend than she could have discovered the fourth dimension.

From discontent and mild censure the man moved quickly to open and severe criticism and comparisons that were painful as they were contemptible. Followed what many might expect. He began with small neglects which progressed to greater ones with startling rapidity. It soon arrived that the wife was seldom included in the invitations sent to him for dinners, suppers, the opera. With that wondrous facility with which the 400 forgets what it does not choose to remember, she was obliterated.

On some trumped-up and perfectly untenable grounds the man secured a divorce. Almost before the decree was signed he had married again, a frivolous, painted, utterly worldly member of the new world that had engulfed him. Heartbroken, the discarded wife returned to her inconsiderable home city and there now she is wearing out a sad existence, on a generous competence, however, for, according to the ideas of society, her husband "did the right thing by her."

In the meantime he presides with his new consort over a palace in Fifth Avenue, a princely estate on Long Island and a box in the parterre at the opera. Whether he is happier in his new conditions is a question. I doubt it. His wife is wonderful to behold when she sits in state like the Marchioness of Carabas in the Diamond Horseshoe, so widely renowned, but there is a furrow on her brow that spells discontent, as

if she were conscious of the fact that whenever and wherever she appears the sordid history of her marriage is mumbled by a hundred mouths which leave her anything but unsullied. Her husband's shoulders droop as though he were carrying an incubus of overwhelming weight.

These are a few concrete instances of the havoc wrought in smaller cities by the influence of the 400. One might go on interminably, for new victims are falling every day, and the exposition of its whole viciousness must await a native Balzac, who will do for America what old Honore did for France, and, incidentally, furnish us with some American literature.

# WOMAN

By Jean Farquar

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who thought she loved two men, but was not sure. To find which one she loved the most, she kissed each of them, in turn. The first man clasped her to him and swore eternal devotion. The second man yawned and lit a cigarette. So she married the second man.

After she had been married a while she kissed her husband, who had been the second man. He yawned, and lit a cigarette. She flew to the other man and kissed him. He clasped her to him and swore eternal devotion. So she took him for a lover.

A WOMAN echoes what a man says that she may flatter his vanity, and relieve her mind at the same time. Her mouth says "yes," but she laughs at him in her heart.

SOME women do not appreciate their husbands until the husband is dead and they have spent his life insurance.

A WOMAN remembers when she ought to forget, and a man forgets when he ought to remember.

THE world has some people just to show what kind of people it ought not to have.

# ANOTHER HYMN OF HATE

By Louis Sherwin

I HATE women—
They are abominable.

* * *

Women who leave the lid off the powder box.
Women who leave the top off the cold cream jar.
Women who leave the end off the tooth paste tube.
Women who leave their hairpins on the mantelpiece.

Women who demand tea with their dinner.
Women who smoke all my pet cigarettes.
Women who leave fruit pits in the ash trays.
Women who eat Welsh rarebit.
Women who can't drink beer.

Women who stuff bundles into my pockets.
Women with a sense of humor.
Women who introduce their friends.
Women who say I am "bright."
Women who vociferously love their mothers.

Women who talk when I am thinking.
Women who think when I am talking.
Women who call up on the telephone.
Women who write letters.

* * *

I *hate* women.
They are abominable.

THE difference between a wise man and a wise woman is simply that while the wise man trusts a few women and no men, the wise woman trusts a few men and no women.

WHEN a married woman spends three hours dressing for luncheon, it is easy to deduce that she is not going to lunch with her husband.

# HONI SOIT*

## A SATIRE ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

By Maverick Terrell

THOSE CONCERNED

SHE: *Presumably feminine. Young—at least to all appearances; of a charm and of such lineal dimensions as would incline a second glance of the male eye.*
HE: *Ditto presumably a male, of the species known as man-about-town. Withal young, of a certain air and likable.*
TIME: *To go to bed.*
SCENE: *Picture a stage divided in three. At the left a corner of the bachelor suite of* MR. HE, *furnished just enough to carry this impression; at the left of the room the door by which he enters. There is a telephone down front on a small table in clear view.*
*At the right is a corner of the private apartments of Mistress* SHE, *furnished ditto, with a telephone down front in clear view, and the door by which she enters at the right.*
*The center space between these two rooms, to convey the impression of distance, is an outside scene. Telephone wires connect the two rooms. The top of a telephone pole shows in the center. At the back is a drop representing a lighted city. This center space is so arranged as to give the effect of the two rooms being at the top of two buildings in different parts of the same city; therefore no ground or floor shows in this center space. In short, the two rooms are supposed to be miles apart and connected by the telephone wires. Both rooms are shallow. The one belonging to the man has a window at the back; the woman's has an arch and portieres, leading apparently into the bedroom of her suite. When these curtains are opened during the action, the foot of a bed is seen within.*
*At the rise of the curtain both rooms are dark. The sharp click of a key is heard at milady's door. The door opens cautiously and she enters. She closes the door softly behind her, turns the lock and goes over quietly to a shaded electric lamp, which she turns on. Just as she lays aside her hat and cloak there is a distinct rustle heard in the bedroom adjoining. She is startled; her expression leaves us in doubt whether it is of fear, guilt or interest. She goes to the curtains and slowly pulling them back looks in. A smile of reassurance lights her face.*

SHE:

Oh, it's you, dear.

*(She drops the curtains and goes about the business of disrobing, almost as cleverly as though she sensed an audience present. Gradually the lines of her rather attractive shell are made dimly apparent. Another rustle is heard in the next*

* All dramatic rights reserved by the author.

*room. She again looks in through the portieres.*)

Sh! dear! Not so much noise, the janitor will hear you!

(*Whereupon she seemingly takes more deliberate time in finishing her job of disrobing. However, in the course of events everything must come to an end, even a charming young woman undressing, so after a painful stretch of imagination—and eyesight—we find her in the final robe de nuit adorned with the usual ribbons. A third rustle in the bedroom demands her instant presence; she puts out the light and disappears behind the portieres.*

(*Fate is a strange pickler. At this very moment the male bird in question is heard at his lock with his key on the left side of the stage. He enters, garbed in evening clothes and a corking good breath. He shuts the door laboriously behind him and punches the electric light switch, which floods the room with light. Holding up the key he looks at it.*)

HE:

That's funny, sheventeen years I been teachin' that key, and it doesn't know its business yet.

(*The gentleman sits down in front of the telephone and mechanically puts it to his ear.*)

Huh? What number? I didn't ask you for any number. Oh, I took the phone down. My mistake. Every time I see a telephone, sister, I got to get busy. Say, gimme the Saint Regis. Oh, you can't, you don't own it. *You* look up the number. I'm too tired to read telephone numbers.

Hello, hello. St. Regis? Gimme six, one, two, yes, room, not a drink. Yes. Mr. Tutlow. Hello, hello, hello! This you, Tut? This'h Bill. Don't you recognize my breath? You ol' sonuvagun, how are y'? Say, Bill, we goin' to play poker tonight at the club? How's 'at, this is Friday? Oh, it's *next* Friday. Oh, I see. What! You're in bed! It's only half past eleven. What's matter? Oh, you got a headache. Aw right. Good-bye.

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

Gee, Tut's a grouch. Let's see. Central.

(*Taking down receiver.*)

Hello, hello, Central. Gimme Gramercy four nine six two. Yes, four, nine, six, two. Hello. Mr. Heeley in the club. Gone out? Mr. Jackson in the club? Oh, out of town. Busby? Just left, eh? Newel? Mr. Newel. Oh, yes, he's in Europe. I forgot. Say, who is in the club, anyway? Who? Old man Robberts. No, no, no! I don't want to talk to *him*. Naw. That's all. Good night.

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

What's the matter with everybody tonight? Nobody home at the Goats. That's a hell of a club. Hello, Shentral, I'm goin' to find somebody if I have to phone all night. Gimme Columbus seven O nine nine. Hello, is Tom Lockwood in? Oh, is this you speaking? Say, Lock, you got anything on tonight? You're goin' home! To your wife! Wassa matter? Sick? Oh, this is your night home this week. That's all right, it's nothing. You got my sympathy. Good night.

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

That's enough for the men. Where's that female budget of mine.

(*Pulls notebook from pocket and runs through it.*)

A, Applegate. No, I don't want her. Crazy. Always talkin' about a feller named Shaw. Miss Cassaba, oh, that's a recipe, cassaba cocktail. How'd I put that in here? H, Miss Howlan, Hotel Amsterdam, that's too damn far away, Twenty-fifth street. Miss Moon, she's all right.

(*Takes down receiver.*)

Central, gimme Circle four one, one four four—no, no, four, four, four, four. No, I'm not throwin' dice, that's the number. Four fours. Hello, hello, who is this? This is Bill; that you, Gertie? What you doin'? Readin'! At half past eleven! Get out! What you readin'? Shaw! That's all. Good night!

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

Shaw! What's the matter with everybody?

(*Takes down receiver.*)

Central. Central. Central! I'm talkin' to you! Gimme Spring three seven six five.

(*Pause.*)

They don't answer? That's funny. Oh, damn it! That's my office! I mean three six seven five Greeley. Hello, is Miss Parkinson in? She is? That's funny. Ain't sick, ain't readin', ain't gone to Europe, don't know Shaw. Yes, gimme her room. Hello, say, this you, Lulu? Shay, let's go get somethin' to eat. (*Aside*) That's the way to catch 'em! You got indigestion, and besides you're goin' out with Ed Dingle? Huh! Oh, all right, that's all.

(*Hangs up receiver. Thumbs book again.*)

Miss Caruthers. Miss Turnbull. Nothin' doin'. Miss Wilson, Wilson, name sounds familiar. Wilson. All right. Say, she's in. I know it. I feel it.

(*Takes down receiver.*)

Hello, Central, gimme Bryant one one seven seven. Yes, one one seven seven. You ought to be used to my voice by this time.

(*The bell in her room across the stage jingles; a pause.*)

Huh? What's 'at? No answer. Ring again, will you; she must be home.

(*A further jingle.*)

Huh? Oh, just once more. Third time always lucky for me.

(*The bell rings again on her side of the stage. Milady, with a grunt of annoyance, emerges from the bedroom, turns on the shaded light and goes to the telephone.*)

SHE:

(*Matter of fact.*) Hello.

HE:

Thank God, Susie! I knew your voice before you spoke.

SHE:

Who is this? This you, Jack?

HE:

Naw, naw, not Jack. This is Bill, good old Bill. You ought to know my breath—er—my voice by this time.

SHE:

Why, Mr. Smithers! You!

HE:

Oh, cut the Smithers business. Little Bill, you know me, kiddo. Say, hungry?

SHE:

And you call me up at this hour to ask me that!

HE:

Sure. I been tryin' to get you for the last twenty minutes.

SHE:

Strange, I've been here all the time and the bell hasn't rung.

HE:

Hmm. Well, I broke three dates tonight just to call you up.

SHE:

Three dates? One never knows when to believe you, Bill.

HE:

Three dates, count 'em. One to play poker, one to eat at the club and never mind the other one, but I broke three dates.

SHE:

Well, it's awfully nice of you to call me up, but it's awfully chilly here in this room.

HE:

S'allright, dear, you won't be cold long because I'm goin' to, goin' to take you out and get something to eat.

SHE:

Oh, not tonight, Bill, not tonight!

HE:

Say, what's the matter with tonight anyway? Of course tonight. It's a great night for eatin'.

SHE:

Oh, Bill, I appreciate your thinking of me, but really not tonight. I'm tired. Some other night.

HE:

Susie, when I get my mind made up, that's all there is to it. We're goin' to eat.

(*There is a slight noise in the bedroom.*)

SHE:

(*Speaking away from the phone.*) Sh—dear! I'll be back in a minute. Keep quiet.

HE:

What's this? You'll be back in a minute!

SHE:

I—I didn't catch that, Mr. Smithers. You were going back somewhere?

HE:

Say, where are you?

SHE:

Why in my apartment, of course. You just called me up here.

HE:

Sure, sure, of course. Who's there with you?

SHE:

Why, Mr. Smithers—Bill! I'm all alone. There's no one here.

HE:

That's strange, I thought you—I thought maybe there was some other girl around.

SHE:

No, not a soul.

HE:

Say, what you got on? Anything, or are you just dressed up?

SHE:

Oh, I just got out of bed. I was lying in bed reading the *New Republic*.

HE:

Well, that's a darn good place to read it. Say, I tell you what. You just throw somethin' on quick and I'll get something to drink, enough, and a couple of oyster loaves and two or three roast chickens, and some good cheese and crackers and sausage and olives—well, I'll get somethin' to eat anyway.

SHE:

Oh, don't come up here!

HE:

Why not? There's nobody there.

SHE:

But not tonight, Bill. You're awfully kind, but not tonight.

HE:

But tonight's the night. Aw, go on, Susie! Honestly, I broke three dates just to be with you. Say, what's the good of bein' faithful to one girl?

SHE:

Well, I broke some dates just to stay home. I was going to see Turpanoskivitch.

HE:

What's that? I heard you sneeze but I didn't hear what you said.

SHE:

I want to rest. I have a headache.

HE:

That's what they always say.

SHE:

But I really have a headache.

HE:

So have I. Let's have one together.

SHE:

I'm just—resting.

HE:

Well, if you've got nothin' on I'm coming right up.

SHE:

No, no, not tonight, Bill.

HE:

If I can't come tonight I'm not comin' at all, ever again.

SHE:

Don't say that, Bill. Some other night I'd love to eat with you, but tonight I'm all tired and pokey. You understand.

HE:

Yes, I—

SHE:

That's one reason I like you, Bill, you're always so sympathetic.

HE:

Well, I—

(*Another rustle from the bedroom.*)

SHE:

(*Again aside from the phone.*) Sh—I'm phoning! I'll be back in a minute. You stay right there!

HE:

How's that? What's that? Say, you certain there's nobody up there?

SHE:

Mr. Smithers, I've answered you once. There's nobody here.

HE:

Then why can't I come on up?

SHE:

No, not tonight. Really, it's awfully cold and I must say good night. Some other night, Bill. Thank you very much.

HE:

But, Susie, this is just the time to eat. I could be over in ten minutes—

(*Another rustle from the bedroom.*)

SHE:

Oh, dear! You stay in bed! Don't you get out! I'm coming right away. Good night, Bill.

(*Hangs up receiver.*)

HE:

(*Gasps.*) Well, well of all— Comin' to bed! Here, Susie, Susie. Doggone it, she's rung off. I wonder—

(*On her side of the apartment in plain view there emerges from the bedroom a fat wheezy poodle dog just as she hangs up the phone.*)

SHE:

You silly little idiot! Didn't Mama tell you to stay in the bed till she came!

CURTAIN

LONG engagements are perilous. The man is likely to become acquainted with the girl, and the girl is likely to meet another man who is more engaging.

THE little flapper rarely finds more than one flaw in her first sweetheart. He has no past.

# THE IDEAL SITUATION

By George B. Jenkins, Jr.

HER hair is the exact shade of molasses candy. Her mouth is a warm, dark red, the acme of attractiveness. Her cheeks are pink, smooth, warm, caressable. When she smokes a cigarette, I watch, fascinatedly, the curling cloud that pours from her nostrils, the fact that it is *my* cirgarette making the sight more enchanting. The graceful outlines of her arms are poems of gentle curves and rounded angles.

Her chin is piquant, and infinitely soft.

She is coy; yet not distant. She is responsive: yet not forward. She is droll; yet not silly.

From the blue-white diamond on the third finger of her left hand, I assume that she is engaged. Yet that does not annoy me. For I have just told her that I am engaged, and that doesn't annoy her either.

# CAROL

By John McClure

HER heart is full of beauty
As the sky is full of stars,
A clear eternal beauty
That no uncleanness mars.

I could not ever sing it
Quite as it should be sung,
Not though I robbed the linnet
Or stole the sky-lark's tongue!

ALL lies are unjustifiable where a woman is not concerned. And all lies deserve to be found out if the woman isn't pretty.

# THE TENTATIVE DEMISE OF MY FRIEND CREIGHTON

By Bliss Cutler

PART III

THAT a woman should be lying unconscious on the floor of a bachelor's apartment at a late hour of the night may not be such an astounding matter in this age and in New York City, but it must be admitted that it might well be disconcerting to even a modern anchorite—an avowed misogamist in fact.

Yet I had only my own misguided sense of humor and my blundering stupidity to blame. It had happened that when Creighton's death under the waters of the Mediterranean had come to be conceded, the club directorate, following their usual course, had posted on the bulletin board a memorial card, giving in very heavy black type, within a heavy black border, his name and the dates of his birth and death. The "In Memoriam" was in an old English type and reeked of shrouds and palls and damp, sepulchral vaults, and the seeing it there every time I entered the club got on my nerves, and one night I secretly removed it and carried it home. Afterwards, in a spirit of grim pleasantry, I had it framed and placed upon the library table, where it would offer a lively greeting to Creighton on his return.

It had long since ceased to attract my attention, but I had helped the woman to the chair, from which she could not help but see it—with its abrupt and staring announcement. It was cruelly stupid of me and I could but condemn myself unsparingly as I now kneeled over her, lying there so helplessly, while I made quick shift to get her wraps unfastened that I might be certain that her heart was safely beating.

I left her long enough to ring violently for Maggie, the care-woman, and to bring water from the bathroom. By the time Maggie arrived I had so far deluged her face and neck as to restore her to some faint consciousness.

"Get the bed ready in that room," I commanded, indicating Creighton's former bedchamber.

And Maggie arose to the occasion with her quick Irish understanding and sympathy, and betook her startled and astonished eyes into the other room, much to my relief. I had never had occasion to test Maggie's moral perceptions, but there was no opportunity now and all that I could do was to take the chance on the throw.

When her face at last appeared in the doorway, I gathered the prostrate form into my arms and carried it in and laid it gently upon the bed.

"The dar-r-lin'," Maggie exclaimed, with big-hearted tenderness, and I knew that when she should come to pass judgment it would at least not be against the woman lying there so quietly—no matter what it might be against me.

I assisted as best I knew in getting off the woman's outer garments, and then bending over her I pushed the hair back from the forehead. As Maggie moved aside the light for the first time from the electric fixtures fell full on her face. Yet, white and drawn as

it was, it did not resemble any that I knew, still less that of any of Creighton's known friends.

I was wondering who she might be, and what she could want with Creighton, when she slowly opened her eyes. She closed them again almost instantly, but in that brief space my groping memory flashed a picture before my senses.

"My ——," I started to exclaim irreverently, but checked myself, and leaned closer.

"Sister Mary!" I breathed aloud, drawing back and staring down at her with my brain struggling vainly to adjust itself to this latest and wholly undreamed-of turn of affairs.

Maggie had not witnessed my agitation, as my back was turned partly towards her, but she heard my words with her quick, inquisitive ears.

"Yer sister Mar-ry," she repeated, brightening. I have always given her full credit for the tone of relief in her voice. "Is she thot now, the pore darr-lin'."

She pushed me away from the bed now with a suddenly acquired assurance. I suppose that up to this time she had been laboring under a suspended judgment, with the odds much against myself. Her rapturous eulogies of Creighton had convinced me that there was another type of bachelor upon whom she looked with unshakable distrust.

"Do you go now, and sind for the docthor, while Oi git her-r clothes off her-r, and git her-r betwane the sheets," and she shooed me out of the room in much the manner, I fancy, that she might an audacious rooster out of her garden.

I went to the 'phone, with sufficient intelligence left to summon a physician whom I was reasonably sure did not know me, but of whose exceptional skill I had heard most favorable reports. As I put down the receiver I was vaguely aware of Maggie marching through the room from the inner hall, with a small seal bag in her hand. I was thinking dimly that Maggie was sporting rather an elegant traveling outfit, when it broke upon me what it was that Maggie had stumbled over when she first came in in response to my summons, and I dropped, weak and limp, into the big chair.

Mary—Sister Mary, Mary who did not count, *had come*—had come for sanctuary and heaven alone knew what else. Creighton had managed to pass her on to me, and I had apparently accepted the substitution by leaving the latchstring out to her.

I tried to remember just what it was that Creighton had said about her, on that last evening. He was doing up packages of documents, or something or other, and he had said something about a shroud. Oh, yes, I had it, if she turned up here she was *mine*, and I could file the little cuts off the little silver cross—and Mary and the apartment and its contents would all be mine.

For months past I had forgotten the little silver cross, but I remembered now that I had long before slipped it into the pocket of the waistcoat of a new winter's suit which I had put on for the first time the day the cross had arrived. I had the suit on now, and I glanced down at my clothes and ran my fingers through the pockets. It was not there, but I could not get rid of the impression that I had seen it recently—somewhere.

And then I vaguely recalled that something had fallen from my clothes as I had leaned over, trying to revive Mary, while she was lying on the floor under the edge of the table.

There were two things at this moment very clear and definite in my mind —that if the filing off of those cuts on the edges of the little cross would make Creighton's death absolute, there would surely be some filing done before daylight, and that by morning the apartment and all there was in it, including Mary herself, would belong to Mary, for I would no longer be there.

It all looked to me at that moment suspiciously like a scheme by which Creighton proposed to quietly get out of some unpleasant complications of a more or less compromising character

by putting them over on me. And I did not propose to get caught, and decided that there would be considerable sidestepping done by daylight.

I slipped out of my chair to look for the cross. I was down on my hands and knees, still vainly looking for it, when the bell sounded in the entry, and Maggie promptly appeared at the door of the chamber.

"*You* see him, while I go to my room and brush up," I said hastily, getting to my feet, by all of which I dodged another perfectly good lie, for from the darkness of the inner hall I heard Maggie explain that Mr. Laughton's sister was sick and ask that he step right through into her room.

I felt it incumbent upon me, naturally, to appear on the scene as far as the door of the sick room. It was the least I could do to protect to that extent the several reputations that were ambling carelessly about the premises. And at the door the physician motioned me to the bedside, and I was perforce compelled to continue the part of a greatly concerned relative.

Mary lay among the pillows very white and still, her brown hair lying loosely in soft little waves about her head. Her long lashes lay upon her cheeks, and her lips were drawn and swollen. It was not a beautiful face, but at least it was not merely a pretty one. In spite of the wholesome delicacy of the skin, I thought it a rather homely face, even featureless, and I wondered whether Maggie had been able to detect any family resemblance. Her hand upon the white linen was white and slender, with the blue veins strangely contrasting with the pallor of the flesh.

But it must have been her very helplessness that touched the heart of me and appealed to a compassion and sympathy that I did not know until then that I possessed. I had never had a sister, and now out of the night one had come to me, weak and sick and unprotected.

"Your sister," the physician was saying in a low voice at my side, "has apparently been in a very weakened and nervous condition for some time. I gather that she has just sustained some severe shock. She must have complete rest, free from all anxiety and care, for a few weeks. There appears to be no organic trouble. I will leave something that will make her sleep and quiet her nerves. She has a splendid constitution, and should pull through with proper care and time."

"You will come in the morning?" was my parting request at the hall door.

"I will call morning and evening, until she is much better. We must see that she sleeps, all of the time if possible, for the next few days."

I called Maggie into the library.

"Maggie," I said, "what are you doing for a living?"

"Cla-a-nin'."

"Well, from now on, it will be your duty to look after the lady in the other room. She must sleep and be kept absolutely quiet. Go down and get your things, and put them in the room by the butler's pantry. At night you will lie on the couch in the lady's room. You are not expected to do any sleeping at all. The lady will do it for the both of you."

And for the next three days I fancy that she did, for from Maggie's reports I would have felt some concern had not the physician assured me that Mary's apparent unconscious condition was due partly to her own exhaustion and partly to the quieting doses he had prescribed for her. I saw as little of her as the necessities of the case permitted, for as I overheard Maggie explain to the hall porter that I was "Thot delicate against goin' into his own sister's bedrhoom," that I did not go in excepting to make a show of relieving Maggie herself in the evenings.

But when I came in on the fifth night, after an early dinner at the club, Maggie met me with the statement that my sister wanted to see me.

"Sure an' she has bin awake an' ta-alkin' the whole afternoon," was the disquieting bit of information she added to the other. What the two women

had said during a whole afternoon was past conjecture. I took a keen side glance at Maggie, but her countenance was bland and free from all expression of sinister self-importance.

## II

I FOUND Mary propped up amid some pillows, and clad in a something or other embellished with ribbons, and a bow or two at the danger spots. If Mary knew that I was a sedate bachelor, or was conscious of the inadequacy of her lingerie as a domino, she did not show it.

She put forth a slender hand and motioned me to a seat on the bed at her side, and I noticed that the ashy whiteness was gone from her face and there was a faint color in her cheeks. I saw all of this in a quick, cursory way, as I slowly and carefully dropped into the place she had indicated.

And then I found her eyes, the deep, earnest eyes of the photograph, looking appealingly—questioningly—into mine. Her whole soul seemed to be behind them, forcing its way through them, its light advancing quickly, retreating, hesitating, advancing again, and again retreating, as it strove to read my own, to reach down into my inmost self, and know whatever truth was there. The armor plate of my experience and practise was not proof against that eager, penetrating search. I felt a flush stealing up from my neck, and I dropped my eyes.

And then—I must have well-nigh crushed the fingers I had clasped in mine, as with an involuntary tension of my muscles I bent suddenly forward. Lying on her breast, suspended from a narrow black ribbon about her neck, was a little silver cross.

"Where—where did you get that?" I stammered. "That little — silver cross."

"Is it yours?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," I replied, settling back on the edge of the bed. "I lost it—the night you came."

"Maggie told me that she found it—inside my waist. She thought that it had—come loose from the ribbon and slipped down."

That accounted for the vain search I had made all over the floor and under the rugs in the library. It had fallen from my pocket upon her neck, and had slipped down her bosom as I raised her up in my arms.

"It is an odd little cross," she said faintly. She reached up her hand as though to remove it from her neck, but I drew her hand back.

"You need not take it off—now," I protested gently. "It does not matter. It really has no value."

"But it looks as though it had been made years and years ago," she persisted, with a faint smile, "and I became so interested in it as I lay here this morning. It must have a history, it is so worn, and the markings on it are so—so unusual."

"Yes," I agreed, humoring her, "it is an odd little cross. I have no doubt it has a history."

"Then you have not owned it—*always?*"

Her voice was tensely nervous. I felt that she had talked too much in her weakened condition, and I said something of the kind.

"No—no," she said quickly. "I like you to talk to me. It is quieting." She took hold of my sleeve as though to detain me, should I start to leave.

"Let us see," she said, smiling entreatingly, we were talking about—about the little cross."

I nodded, with a smile.

"And you have not owned it—always?"

"No," I replied. "It was given me—by a friend of mine."

"*Given* you?" Her color seemed to speed from her cheeks.

"Yes, he sent it to me."

For a moment I thought she was going to faint. She closed her eyes, and settled back closer on the pillows. But with my movement to rise, she opened them quickly, and I felt the pressure of her fingers on the sleeve of my coat.

"*Please* do not go." She tried brave-

ly to smile. "You see, I am still weak. But I want you here, beside me. I want you to talk with me. It—it helps."

It was not until she seemed assured that I had settled back and relaxed my muscles that the fear left her face. Then she gave a little sigh and closed her eyes for a moment.

"We—we were speaking about the cross," she whispered, without opening her eyes. "Go on, tell me more about it."

"But there is nothing to tell," I answered gently. "I really know nothing about its history. But I could fancy that there might be one. The markings, as you noticed, are peculiar. And someone, some woman doubtless, must have worn it—a long time."

"But you—you have had it a long time?"

"Only since January," I laughed. "You see, it is now already making history—in my possession."

"But the little cuts—on the side." She opened her eyes and looked at me again. "They are so new, you must have put them there yourself," she insisted faintly.

"No," I replied soberly. "They were on there when it came to me. You see, there is nothing romantic—"

Her eyes had gone shut so suddenly and the grasp of her fingers on my sleeve had relaxed so abruptly that I leaned forward with a smothered cry. I spoke quickly, but Mary had fainted away again. She had over-estimated her strength, and I had let her do it.

She recovered consciousness rather quickly this time under Maggie's efficient ministrations, and I was barred the room by the latter, as a sort of punishment, I fancy. But I was a very willing exile. I never could make up fairy tales for children, and I did not feel that I could do much better in the way of romances for an invalid.

When I stepped from the elevator the next evening I bumped into some expressmen who had apparently come from my apartment. Maggie, who was in the act of closing the hall door, held it open as I approached.

"What is all of this, Maggie?" I asked.

"Sure, an' it's yer sister's trunk they be bringin' in."

"Her trunk?" I echoed, in astonishment.

"And why not? Sure, the young la-ady moost have her war-rd-robe."

"Naturally," I retorted drily.

I walked straight through and down the hall to the butler's pantry, and out of a steel-lined cupboard I took a cut-glass decanter, and picking up a glass on the way, I deposited them on the table in the library and sat down beside them. Her "trunk"! It was time to telegraph John Clayborn, and express the shroud. But Mary had the other tumbler to the combination—the little silver cross. And thinking of that and of Mary herself lying there amid the pillows, so slender and frail, with those deep, eager eyes, I forgot about the trunk, and Creighton, and reputations and scandals and suits for breach of promise, and dropped off to sleep, from which Maggie awoke me at midnight.

By the time I had got into my pajamas I had calculated the number of days to that on which Gabriel might reasonably put up a trumpet-call for Creighton, and had decided to stick it out, and put the whole matter up to him. It had been all along his funeral anyway. Besides, Gertrude was safely in Italy and Kathleen and her mother were to sail for Rome by way of Liverpool on the morrow. Eleanor would not mind, and Claire would never mention it if she knew. I felt that my responsibility toward Creighton was taking care of itself, without any unnecessary interference on my part. As for myself, I would have to run up to Boston for a few days on business, and after that it would be easy to stay down at the club.

## III

I LEFT for Boston the day after Kathleen's departure, and was detained

there longer than I had expected, so that it was late Saturday night when I reached my — Mary's — Creighton's apartment, or whosever it was. To save time I may as well refer to it as "our" apartment, and the reader can make his abstract of title to suit himself. I did not see Mary, but Maggie briefly informed me that she was "doin' foinly," and I tumbled into bed and slept for hours. The church bells were tolling when I awakened, and after accomplishing a comfortable Sunday morning toilet I strolled into the library.

And there, in what I had come to call Creighton's chair—it being on the other side of the rug by the table, and half facing my chair and half facing the fireplace—sat Mary. But it was a greatly transformed Mary, so great the change that I might not have recognized her readily outside of these rooms.

She was dressed in a sort of negligée morning or house gown, with wide sleeves, and so loose about the neck that it was continually slipping off of one bare shoulder or the other, disclosing more or less of her back and a white bosom. She was curled up in the chair with one leg under her, and the other foot creeping out from under some sort of lace-work from which the lower flaps of the gown had dropped away. There was, too, a pink ribbon trailing through the lace of the skirt, and the foot was incased in a pink silk stocking and a dainty, high-heeled slipper. Mary herself was reading a book.

It was a rather pleasing, and I presumed a highly domestic little scene, quite *au fait* on a Sunday morning, as well as on other occasions *en famille*, I had no doubt. I had the opportunity of viewing it for several moments before Mary was aware of my presence. I could not see her face, for it was bent over the book, but I noted that her hair was very pretty, and that her forearms had taken on some slight fullness. The sun was pouring in through the windows, and by her on the table was a jar of Catherine Mermets I had stopped at the florist's to order the night before on the way from the station. She had tucked one of the roses into her hair.

She looked up at me at last. It was the same earnest, doubtful, questioning gaze from the depths—and lips almost too full and passionate to be pretty. Then—I may have been glowering at her all of the time—then I smiled. And then—then her lips parted and her face broke forth into the most joyous and adorable glow of animation and beauty, like the bursting of the sun through the clouds on an afternoon of a rain-swept day. And this was Mary—Mary who did not count.

"Good morning," she said, reaching forth her hand from her cushioned nest.

"Good morning," I responded gravely, bending over her hand and touching it with my lips. "You are indeed a mistress of charming surprises."

"You see," she replied, smiling happily, "I am quite recovered."

"And have you had breakfast yet?" I asked.

"No. I have been waiting for you. You are a lazy fellow. Maggie will serve the coffee and rolls in here. She fancies that I should not move about much for a few days longer."

"Shall I tell her?"

"It will not be necessary. She already has her orders." And Mary laughed again, a laugh too humorously appreciative for my peace.

And thus I found myself the involuntary head of a *ménage*, consisting of one lady with earnest, baffling eyes and a gloriously animated countenance and a *penchant* for negligées; one unrelated and confirmed bachelor with an honest reputation as a misogamist; and an Irish cook, with a brogue that would make the bones of a dinosaur rattle in their mesozoic grave. There were moments during the next few weeks that I was half resolved to admit the existence of a personal devil, with a congested sense of diabolical humor.

The bachelor was wholly inexperienced, while the lady, according to Creighton, had twice graduated from the university of domestic science. It

was hardly a fair deal for the bachelor, and a more tempting situation for the play of her powers than should ever be permitted to any woman. Only Maggie, the cook, came through it without now and then a missing heart-beat, until, just seven weeks from that morning, she wildly threw up her hands and went out of commission on the threshold of the hall door.

The book Mary was reading that morning was Maeterlinck's "Our Eternity," and she was enjoying it intellectually and comprehensively. She had a very interesting mind, did Mary, a mind as Creighton had intimated, of splendid depths and latent forces, as brilliant perhaps as it was fitful. She found such subjects as "Brain and Personality," by Thompson, interesting, and she reveled in "The New Word," by Upward. She appeared to have a pleasant bowing acquaintance with about all of the philosophies of the ages, and was vividly familiar with much of the oriental lore.

In books of the Ellen Key order she had seemingly lost interest, if indeed she ever had any, as Creighton had indicated. In fact, the only ones in his library of this class bore the name of "Joan," a lady Creighton himself had never mentioned to me. In fact, the name appeared often and on books of a great diversity of topics, and I once remarked to Mary that this Joan must have been rather a bright woman, with a good brain but a chronically congested liver. But she only looked at me curiously for a moment, and then smiled quietly without replying.

But in some ways Mary was most irritating to one's sense of the eternal fitness of things. The light superstructure she had reared seemed not at all to the purpose of the splendid foundations of her intellectuality. As for her own vivid and cogent personality—one was inclined to feel at times as one might toward one who was bent on covering a resplendent statue of pure gold with gold paint, with the extraordinary notion that it would pass for the real metal, surely an act for which the ordinary mind can find no sane reason.

I judged also that in her dealings with life itself she was rather like a colt who was willing enough to pull and liked to do it, but was more apt to pull on the outside, with one shaft or the other always scraping her sides, than between them where the pulling was straight and easy.

I came to understand what Creighton meant when he said that what she needed was, not affinities, but a Man—and I got to thinking at times that it might be rather pleasant to be that man. Though just how any man was going to be able to handle a disposition so fixedly intolerant of restraint as Mary's I could not figure out.

But Mary and I managed very nicely. Sometimes she had dinner with me and occasionally I dined with her—in either case we dined in the apartment. She insisted on Maggie's getting me my breakfast in the early morning and she would trail into the dining-room in some sort of a fascinating negligée to take coffee and rolls with me. I got into the habit of coming home early from the club. The long winter evenings were very comfortable and homelike, with the cheerful fire on the hearth, and Mary curled up in the big chair—a caprice of alluring femininity.

Frequently I would smoke quietly in my chair while Mary read, occasionally quoting for my benefit some clever expression or brilliant thought, or stopping to entertain me with some fancy of her own. I had plenty of opportunity at these times to think of Creighton and the five whose photographs still adorned the room. Though the latter were very much in evidence, Mary had not evinced the slightest interest in them. And she rarely spoke of Creighton.

## IV

I PONDERED many hours altogether, and deeply, upon Mary, and upon her present attitude and her purpose in staying on here—matters in which she apparently did not concern herself in

the least. So far as anything she indicated to the contrary she had settled down in these apartments—whose ever they might be—for life. Maggie had refused the wages I tendered her the second week, explaining that my sister had arranged all those matters with her, and no word or threat of mine would induce her to change her attitude on that subject. The dinners had at Mary's invitation she paid for herself, but she let me stand for the breakfasts—apparently deeming that her own presence at that unseemly hour constituted sufficient contribution. And this was all I could gather as to Mary's ideas or intentions.

I reflected that it was but a few weeks now at the most until Creighton's return, and that then I could quietly step out and seek some place where I could bolster up my wavering convictions regarding the undesirability of the marital state. I wondered what Creighton would do with the situation as he might find it in that event—just how far, if at all, Mary would meet these various requirements of his polycladous temperament. On several occasions I ventured upon an inquiry into her qualifications.

"Can you swim?" I asked her one evening, having in mind Creighton's enthusiasm over Kathleen's accomplishment in this respect.

"I do not know," replied Mary succinctly, never taking her eyes from her book. "No one ever pushed me in."

The which, I may as well here observe, sums up Mary perhaps in the least possible number of words.

The more I pondered upon the matter the more certain I became that Creighton was not the man for Mary, that he would never know how to manage her—for I had become convinced that Mary was a woman who needed managing. But it should be such management as the florist gives his rarest orchids, and intelligent understanding of the species and an intensive study of the individual. Mary could not be forced against her will, but she could be led all over the pasture and out on the highway, by one who could understand her.

And the more I became convinced that Creighton was not the man to do this, the more I began to feel that my own duty was growing clearer. I had had all along a secret fancy that there must be something besides the ghost of a past flame that kept Mary, not only here in the apartments, but so obviously contented to be here. I got to feeling that it was a shame to allow such good material as Mary go to waste, and I have a faint recollection of posing in my own mind as a martyr for the good of humanity, a thing to which I had never previously given much if any thought.

As I have said before, the whole affair was unjust to a confirmed bachelor. It was an invasion of his own strongholds through a portal which he had opened in succor to a wayfarer. And from the moment the bombardment had gone on from within, softly insidiously—at times so loudly that it might have been heard against the ticking of the clock—but always insidiously, softly.

The days had passed rapidly, and the evenings even more so, and I sat there in the library on this particular one with the realization heavy within me that things must soon, in a week or two at the latest, be as they never had been, and would never again be as they had been. If this sentence fails to make my meaning wholly clear it may at least be taken as expressing something of my state of mind on this particular evening. Mary, in some more entrancing negligée affair than ordinary, was sitting in the other chair, hers long since by prescription—occasionally tossing me a radiant smile, to which I responded with some palpitations in the region of the heart. I was smoking comfortably in my chair, that mostly faced hers, and watched the play of the lights on her soft flesh and hair, and trying after a poor fashion to convince myself that I was completely happy though unmarried.

Mary with an alluring gesture and

the back of her hand, had just restored a stray tendril of hair to its place, the meanwhile smiling at me under the curve of her pretty arm—blushing a bit as her eyes encountered mine—and I had once again resolved that I was not in love with her, but that if she should do that again I must certainly go over and put my arms about her and turn her lips up to mine—when a sharp ring of the telephone bell suddenly sounded from the bracket in the hall.

The instrument was on the table at my hand, but I did not reach for it. I do not know why we looked at each other—Mary and I—in silence, or why our eyes for so long a time held each others, while the thing kept ringing with the dull insistence of a monastery bell.

Men double-lock and bar their windows and put chains on their doors to keep out the thief and the intruder, but they leave this irresponsible, insolent, this fatalistic thing an opening by which it may invade with impunity the mysteries and the sanctity of their inmost peace.

It was ringing again! I imagine that no one ever fails to answer a telephone at night, even by a death-bed, without eternal misgivings. The undelivered message—it haunts one through life everlasting.

At last I arose and took up the thing on the table.

"Hello," I said with sullen impatience.

And then—out of the night along the slender thread of fate—came the voice.

## V

I GLANCED involuntarily at Mary. She had gone suddenly white—eyes wide opened, their narrowed pupils focussed on the telephone instrument, with that strange baffling expression of which neither their quick flashings nor the dropping of the long lashes ever afforded the slightest clue.

I put the receiver back on the hook and stood looking down at her. Slowly her eyes met mine, but it was with the same inscrutable, unfathomable mystery in their depths.

"He will be here in twenty minutes," I said quietly.

With a swift, almost imperceptible inclination of her head she lowered her eyes and sank back among the cushions.

I do not know why, in those first few moments, I should have taken it for granted that she recognized the voice, or why I should have deemed it nothing strange that she showed no surprise. It must have been because of some instinct, some subconscious sense wholly apart from any mental reasoning. I certainly had never told her that Creighton was in fact alive, and I knew that no slip of the tongue nor any assumption of word or thought on my part could have rightly induced the slightest suspicion of the truth.

When now the strangeness of it swept suddenly through my mind I leaned back against the table asounded.

"You knew?" I breathed incredulously.

She nodded, briefly—her eyes still veiled.

And then gradually I began to understand—to understand much my mind had not grasped before. It was Creighton for whom she had stayed, for whom she had braved my judgment, even distrust of her. It was Creighton, not me, for whom she had dared all. There was something about the little cross that I did not know.

I looked again at her, lying there in the huge chair, her head drooping back against the cushions and the long dark lashes heavy upon her colorless cheeks, and a wave of great tenderness swept over me. How much I cared for her I scarcely knew myself. But I knew now, as I had never quite realized before, how fragrant and contentive had been all of the hours we had spent together—those mornings and those evenings—alone from the world. And I knew also with a regret that was poignant that the little jingling bell on the shelf in the hall had sounded the knell of it all for me. Yet it was with a deeper feeling of tenderness and sym-

pathy for her that I leaned forward and spoke her name.

At the sound of my voice she rose unsteadily, without looking at me, and, walking to the hearth, crouched forward with her hands outstretched to the fire. All the life and buoyancy seemed to have gone out of her, and it was a trembling, pitiable figure that stood outlined against the flickering flames. One suddenly flared up with a startling burst of vigor, and as quickly died down again, but in that brief moment her outstretched fingers doubled into their palms and she straightened up with her head thrown back and her body tense.

"Mary," I said once more, stepping to her side.

I could but feel intuitively something of what this hour might mean to her, and I was reaching forth to her—not myself, but whatever of my strength and sympathy she might need. But brought suddenly, as she was now, face to face with her own heart—its fears and hopes, its ultimate crisis perhaps, she could not understand and she seemed involuntarily to shrink from me.

"Don't," she exclaimed in a low, pleading voice. "You must not."

It hurt. But she could not know, for as I have said she did not understand. She turned her head slowly and for a moment looked at me with frightened eyes.

"I have known all along that he was alive. It was the little cross. And I have not been—quite—fair to you," she said brokenly, very low. "But if I—" she turned her face to the fire again and a shiver seemed to pass over her body—"If I have done it cruelly—maliciously—otherwise than affectionately, perhaps thoughtlessly, my—my punishment is not *far off*."

With that she turned slowly and moved toward the door of her bedchamber. Part way she hesitated, and then she faced about, her slender body erect and her head high.

"Please do not tell him—that I am here." She spoke commandingly, almost challengingly. "And please leave the lights just as they are."

Some inclination of my head must have assured her, for she turned again and passed from the room, swinging to but not closing the door behind her, and drawing my wondering gaze after her through the very panels of the wood. In the short minutes since she had stood huddled before the fire a mysterious change had come. As she had faced me on the way to her room she stood with a new poise and carriage. The former flashes of coquetry in her eyes, and the witchery, which she so often weaved as a spell about her body, had vanished and in their place had come a sort of gracious fearlessness. She had passed on through the doorway with a queenly lift of her head and a sure confidence of self—not at all as I fancy a woman might go to the scaffold, but as she might proudly pass, with a thousand eyes upon her, to the nuptial bower of her lord.

Three times, through the deep silence of the room, came the faint rumbling of the ascending elevator down the length of the hall. Once it seemed to stop at the ninth floor, and my muscles strained forward as in a leash, but there followed no sound of approaching footsteps.

I remember that my mind vainly struggled to arrange its affairs in order, to get them into some logical continuity of action—while its subconscious fellow thrust in all sorts of irrelevant and distracting suggestions. I was forced to wonder what Mary was doing—whether my stenographer had delivered my brief in the Shoulter case—what suit Creighton would be wearing—where they had stopped a runaway horse on lower Broadway that afternoon—why Judge Armstrong did not get himself a new toupee—a hundred disconnected and disjointed thoughts—until after what seemed hours the elevator door slammed unmistakably at our floor and quick footsteps were coming down the hall. I had no chance to think, as my brain had been striving to do, of Mary or of Gertrude and the others, or the

diary or what I was to say to Creighton.

I was at the outer door of the little hall—even as the bell tingled. The latch sprang open at my touch and—Creighton came in.

## VI

He did not stop in the entry as usual to remove his hat and coat, but pushed through into the library, and throwing them with a quick movement across a chair, turned to me and held out his hand. In my first glance at Creighton, brief as it was, I saw that he had changed. He was a trifle thinner perhaps and more bronzed of face. But it was his buoyant masterfulness, the more perfect tempering of the steel, as it were, that held my momentary attention.

It was only momentary, for, as our hands met, my involuntary glance passed his shoulder and pierced the shadow in the partially closed doorway across the corner of the room.

"What is the matter with *you,* old man?" he exclaimed in quick concern, eyeing me curiously. "You are as pale as a ghost."

"What can you expect?" I retorted, righting myself quickly enough. "When you have spent eleven months or so reciting the tragedy of a man's death and condoling with his grief-stricken friends, and he suddenly appears in the flesh and grabs you by the hand, you may be expected to turn a little pale, may you not? This thing has gotten on my nerves, that is all." And I essayed a smile, which must have been a sorry one, for it had suddenly occurred to me that Mary was in Creighton's old bed-chamber, into which he might reasonably be expected to plunge at any moment.

"Of course," replied he quickly. "It *has* been a beastly situation for you. I had not realized it," he added thoughtfully. "Got on your nerves a bit, eh?" he laughed comfortably. "But I am here all right. The old Mediterranean did not get me after all—though it was a harder swim than I fancied'.'

I pushed the Schloss Vollradser over to him and picked up a glass myself.

"Not just now," he held the palm of his hand toward me, fingers up. "I have lost my thirst."

"Lost your thirst?" I repeated, amazed. I had never known him to refuse before.

"It is the air down there on the farm. Pretty good stuff down there." He turned to the hearth. "Same old fireplace, eh? Looks mighty good." I had stirred the logs into a blaze while I was waiting his coming, and he now took his old place on the rug with his back to the fire.

"But you should see the fireplace I put in down on the farm." He emphasized the last word with a grim, appreciative smile. "Great place — that farm," he observed contemplatively.

There is no such inane conversation generally indulged in by intelligent beings as that which usually follows the immediate foregathering of two or more persons after a long absence, when they have long looked forward to that meeting. It starts nowhere, leads nowhere and, generally speaking, is of no real interest to anyone present. I suppose that it is a sort of temperamental walk around the ring, a mental sparring for wind, as it were. Doubtless it has its allotted place among psychological phenomena.

It was during the first fifteen minutes thereof that Creighton asked, casually enough, "You have not smashed your record and gotten married while I have been away?"

"Nothing like that," I assured him with prompt vehemence.

His gaze seemed to be directed to the table top at my shoulder, and a moment after it struck me that he must have been looking at Kathleen. I have seen perfectly innocent people turn red and give every facial evidence of guilt at some probing question on the witness stand. I could never quite understand it, any more than I could why I should suddenly feel myself growing red,—at the thought of Kathleen. I had never done so before.

"I have the diary here," I remarked later, during a pause in the conversation. I got up to open the drawer, and it was then that my eyes encountered a pair of objects lying conspicuously across the book-rack on the table. They were Mary's gloves, evidently carelessly tossed there on her return from town that afternoon.

Fortunately my back was toward Creighton, and the moment's respite from his observing glance gave me a chance to steady myself.

"Here it is," I said, tossing the diary toward him onto the table. "You may find some interesting things in it."

And then, with an indifferent movement, I gathered up the gloves and, toying with them a moment in my hands, I laid them down, in even plainer sight beneath the lamp's rays.

"Oh, the diary," Creighton was saying. "So you have been keeping it up all these months. It was very decent of you."

"You will not have a glass with me?" I asked, incidentally, picking up one myself and pouring the wine with a steady hand.

"Not yet, old man, thanks."

"And so you have been farming," I observed sententiously, holding the glass up to the light. "How is John Clayborn?"

Creighton laughed pleasantly. "He and I got along together very well. He is a good worker. He gets up at six o'clock every morning, and stays with the job until the sun goes down. I tell you," he went on with the most enthusiasm I had ever known him to show about anything. "Work—outdoor, muscular work—is a great thing for a man. It cleanses the Augean stables of his system and drives the bats from his belfry. It is a good thing for his pessimistic liver."

I put down my glass untasted, and looked at Creighton in surprise. It was such a surprisingly new phase of his temperament that I felt impelled to look him over again for possible signs of delirium. But whatever it was—whether work or a hallucination—it evidently agreed with him. The blasé note in his voice and carriage, which had in a way been one of his fascinations, had given place to a certain virility of mental and physical poise which struck me, as my glance lingered upon him standing there on the rug, as something splendidly commanding and forceful.

I lighted a cigar and dropped into my chair.

"I met four of the five," I declared lightly, by way of a tentative offer of an opening. "They gave most flattering exhibitions of grief at your untimely taking-off."

Creighton laughed outright, with more levity than so grave a subject warranted.

"All but Denise," he said.

"How did you know?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, she spotted me in London, after the bath in the Mediterranean—in spite of my disguise. I heard her call to me, and tried to break through the crowd. And I nearly succeeded. In fact, I thought I was safe. But she is quick-witted, is Denise," and he laughed again at the recollection.

"How so?" I questioned, for fear he might not go on with the story. I had given some enquiring thoughts to Denise.

"She grabbed a bobby and sent him after me—told him that I had robbed her. She insisted afterwards that she had not lied, that I had at one time and another robbed her of many unrecoverable hours of beauty sleep." He smiled. The experience seemed to have left a pleasing impression.

"Did the policeman get you?" I persisted.

"Oh, he got me all right, several blocks down the street, and dragged me back to her through the jeering London mob. Of course I denied it all, even Denise herself—claimed that I had never taken a cent from a woman in my life. I had forgotten my widowed aunt in Nova Scotia," he added quickly.

"How did Denise get out of it?" I had to enquire.

"She suddenly found her purse in her hand bag, apologized to me and to the bobby, and gave him a bank note and a smile, and took me off down a side street in a cab, to show her remorse before the crowd for having accused an innocent man. We had it out together in a quiet little café off the Strand. I had dressed like a huckster, but she did not mind, and afterwards we went slumming and took in all the shilling dives in that part of London, and she declared that she had had the time of her life."

He was still smiling with a grim sort of humor at the reminiscence, when I approached the main topic.

"Gertrude—" I began.

"Oh, I suppose so," he interrupted. "They—they all—all felt very—*very*—badly—no—doubt." His voice trailed off, and its tone was so suddenly indifferent that I looked up in sheer astonishment.

But my astonishment slowly gave way to a dazed consternation as I followed his gaze to where it rested on a tabourette which was standing on the floor just under the edge of the table and only partly concealed in its shadow. On the tabourette there rested a work-basket over which trailed — boldly, shamelessly and indisputably damning, a curious piece of some flimsy white goods.

## VII

I SAW it all with quick vision—Mary sitting there in her chair under the light of the table lamp when I came in that evening. And, too, I saw Mary suddenly dropping a white thing on which she had been sewing, and shoving it, tabourette and all, hastily under the table.

Creighton stepped forward and picked the whole thing up, basket and all, and placed it on the table in the full glare of the one hundred-volt tungsten globe.

Being a bachelor by profession, I was not supposed to know what article of feminine wearing apparel it was that Creighton was gravely holding up outstretched in his hands. And being an attorney by training, I knew that the evidence at law was against me, and that my defense lay wholly on the equity side of the tribunal. There is a legal maxim which obtains on the equity side which provides in effect that, that is deemed to be which of right *should* be. It was by analogy, therefore, when Creighton asked me what it was, that I replied:

"I do not know."

I did not venture to look up at him, but busied myself striking matches in the unnecessary effort to light an already lighted cigar. Playing the gentleman to the freak fancies of the irresponsible female sex is always fraught with danger at its best. And Mary—why in heaven's name did she not come forward and relieve me from a situation which was working with fiendish directness rapidly toward my undoing?

Through the accumulating smoke of the burning matches I glanced at the half-closed door, but there was nothing but a deadly silence there. Mary had surely had time enough by now to arrange her toilet, even to throw in a cold shower and a foot bath.

I settled back in my chair and crossed one knee over the other, an action attended by a show of nonchalance, but really necessary to suppress the sound occasioned by their knocking against each other. This was no emergency for a non-conformist. Something had to be done. Creighton was slowly folding up the pieces of white goods, and I wondered whether it was the style this season for women to have their monograms embroidered on such articles. He laid it carefully on the basket and cast an enquiring glance at me.

"Those are sister Mary's."

I said it with a sickly smile, and in a tone intended to be pleasantly satirical. I might as well out with it, since Mary would not come out herself.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," and Creighton hastily replaced the basket and its incriminating contents on the tabourette and backed to his former place on the rug. "I did not know that you had a

sister. I beg your pardon," he repeated in polite concern.

I glanced at him quickly through the smoke of my cigar, for I had been puffing away at it like a pair of automatic bellows. But there was no suggestion of sarcasm in his voice or countenance—only undisguised embarrassment. And it struck me with a mild sort of surprise that his mind, for the moment at least, was utterly blank as to "Sister Mary." But a man in distress should never ignore even a straw. I took my cigar from my lips and blew a couple of rings into the air.

"She was sitting there in the chair this evening," I explained in a cursory tone, as a matter of no particular interest to anyone but myself, "but she—she left when you telephoned." Which I congratulated myself was literally true. It is easy to be truthful when you can do it with mere words. I hoped that Mary was listening and would duly appreciate my efforts in her behalf.

"I am glad that you could have your sister with you," Creighton was saying generously, and in all seriousness. "It must have been deucedly lonesome here at times for you. If I had only thought—"

"Oh, that is all right," I interrupted with equal magnanimity. "I got along very well as it was. There was excitement enough the first few weekc after your—your demise. Charlotte came over from Washington the day after the report came out. I did not see her, but she came up here and left a huge bunch of American Beauties. Maggie, the care-woman, let her in, and she told me that she walked about the rooms, touching things and crying softly to herself."

"So Charlotte came, did she? That was mightv decent of her." I fancied he was a bit touched. "But I might have known that she would. It is like her. She is a good deal of a woman." He was thoughtful for the next few moments. "And American Beauties! They are my favorite flower," he added softlv.

"And Eleanor came up on Christmas Eve," I said shortly. "She hung a wreath of holly over the fireplace."

"And Eleanor—dear, dear Eleanor. She is a wonderful woman. Did you get to know her?" He looked at me eagerly.

"We spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day together," I replied. "She said—"

"Never mind what they said," he interrupted quickly. "You will tell me later, sometime perhaps, what they said. And no one else came up here?"

"Only Charlotte, and Eleanor, and Kathleen and her mother one evening to dinner with me, and Sister Mary," I added. Being truthful about Mary was getting to be a habit.

"I was referring to my acquaintances," he explained hastily. "Your sister, of course. That was expected."

"Claire sent a request for me to call on her at her hotel, and we spent the time of a dinner together," I went on, enumerating my experiences. "And I met Gertrude. She arranged it through the Von Burleson's, with whom she was stopping. I saw quite a little of her," I confessed. "She is now in Italy. Kathleen and her mother sailed for a winter in Rome, in September, I think it was," I added with a show of having to dig into my memory. "I fancy she and Gertrude have a secret notion of dragging the Mediterranean for you."

But Creighton did not smile. On the contrary, he appeared vexed about something.

"And these were all you heard from?" he questioned presently.

"They are all." I wondered how many hundred women he fancied might be concerned about him.

"And you sent out the notices, to all of the addresses I gave you?" he persisted.

"All of them." I glanced at him keenly. "Was there someone who should have shown up, someone who overlooked the bet?"

"No—no," he hastily assured, "no one at all. I only thought— But it was just a fancy. It does not matter. It is of no importance—whatever," and

he straightened up and threw back his shoulders, as though to throw some weight from them.

"How is Peter?" I asked by way of a diversion for his thoughts.

"Peter is all right," he smiled. "He will be up here with the baggage pretty soon. Peter is good stuff—but I do not think he fancies my new occupation."

He threw his half-smoked cigar into the fire and secured another one from the tray on the table. He lighted it with quick, abrupt movements, and returned to the hearth.

"I tell you, Laughton, life in the open is a good thing for a man. Down there in Dundridge—why, I never knew what life really was before. I do not mean just polo, or yachting, or hunting big game. *They* are recreations. I mean getting next to the soil—doing things that count—knowing horses in the fields instead of in the paddocks—putting cattle into form for earning the blue ribbons, instead of just putting the ribbon on them at Madison Square Garden."

"Gertrude said you were cut out for something useful," I interposed drily. With the half-open door in my mind I could not quite warm up to a discussion of agricultural pursuits. And a cynical attitude seemed the only safe one in view of what might happen at any moment from that doorway.

"That was kind of her."

"And Claire thought that if you had—"

"Oh, damn the women, Laughton," he exclaimed impatiently. "I am talking of something more impor—"

## VIII

THE word broke off short with startling abruptness. Out of the shadows from the direction of the *chaise longue* behind the carved screen in the far front corner of the room had come an unmistakable sound. It was less obtrusive than a laugh and somewhat more dignified than a giggle.

Creighton looked sharply at me. But I had already taken refuge in a match which I was endeavoring to light on the overturned ash tray. How Mary had gotten over to the protection of that corner I could not imagine, unless she had made it while I was getting a fresh supply of wine and cigars against Creighton's arrival.

I have always believed that it was an instinctive impulse of the moment that caused Creighton to cross the room to the hall door. I do not think that he would have done so had he at that time in any way connected me with the voice from the screen. He is not that kind.

He pressed the button and flooded the room with the light of the overhead chandeliers. I had arisen at the same moment and we stood, Creighton by the hall door and I by the table, both fairly rooted to our respective spots, staring at what was visible of the corner of the room.

It must be admitted that the action of the last few moments had been rather rapid on our part, and that Mary had had no time to dispose herself against the sudden brilliancy, even had she been conscious that any movement on her part was indeed desirable—not to say proper. From her wholly secluded position at the head of the *chaise longue* she had apparently unconsciously wiggled herself farther toward the foot than the friction of the fabrics and the limitations of the screen warranted.

In any event what met Creighton's astonished gaze—and mine—was a disarray of draperies along the unconcealed portion of the reclining chair, uncovering a very feminine knee—and a very shapely bronze silk stocking. The remainder of the figure was cut off by the screen.

It was undoubtedly a strictly male appreciation of the truly æsthetic that held us for the first few moments, though to me it was nothing so startlingly new, for, as I may have previously intimated, Mary was apt to be a bit careless about the orthodox use of draperies. It must, however, be said

for Mary that into whatever position she happened to get herself you were always impressed with her unstudied *ensemble* of grace and charm. Whatever your Puritan morals, you were bound to be filled with an agreeable as well as an equally amused glow of æsthetic appreciation.

But it was not Mary's posture, nor my surprise at her being there, but Creighton's next words that threatened my composure.

"I beg your pardon," he addressed me with polite cynicism. "I did not know. You should have told me." He drew out his watch. "Peter is doubtless below by now, and I will meet him in the lobby and not intrude upon you longer."

I remembered afterwards that he did not exhibit any resentment, which, considering his point of view at that time, was very decent of him. His attitude was rather that of satirical pleasantry. But being so much the master of the situation, as I believed, I thought that I might indulge in some little pleasantries on my own account. In fact, I was, in anticipation, already enjoying his discomfiture on discovering, as he would shortly, the identity of the half-hidden form on the *chaise longue*.

"I am afraid that you do not understand," I therefore retorted with exaggerated politeness.

"Oh, perfectly," with a slight bow in the direction of the screen. "Sister Mary, I take it."

It was the tone, rather than the words, that did it—that made the icy chills creep down my spine and the perspiration to ooze from my neck and forehead. "Sister Mary" meant nothing to him! It penetrated my stupefied senses with a startling significance now that his mind had all along seemed a total blank on the subject of Sister Mary.

And what if there were no "Sister Mary" after all, and that Mary behind the screen only resembled the "Sister Mary" of the frame, and was some clever adventuress—and I a gullible ass? I take it that the average man would rather have a Zulu assagai run through his thorax than to be deliberately duped by a woman in this fashion.

Creighton was gathering up his hat and coat from off the chair, and something had to be done—and done quickly.

"Stop!" I commanded, wheeling upon him. "This is no affair of mine. It is—" then I broke off, my words dissolving into ether. If Creighton knew nothing of her she was not his, and two months of ostensible possession on my part might be deemed to establish at least a quasi-ownership in me.

"Apparently it is not *mine*," he rejoined sardonically, backing towards the hall door.

"See here, Creighton," I said firmly; it was no time for fine distinctions, "you and I are all at sea with each other in this matter. You seem to have forgotten about the Mary you told me about the night before you went away."

"Mary?" he repeated uncertainly. "I do not know a woman by that name."

"You do not?" I ejaculated. I take it that I had a right to get angry. But I was not angry merely—I was mad clear through. "You do not? Why you told me all about her when I asked you about the little gilt bronze frame. You said it was a picture of Sister Mary. You said that she did not count—that you did not want her—that I could have her. You said that in a fit of insanity you told her the latch-string would always be out to her. You said that if she showed up here—she was *mine*." I was hurling the words at him, while I was crazily fumbling about in the table drawer. "You said that if she showed up here I was to wire Clayborn—and send you a shroud—and file the cuts off the little cross—and that you would give me the apartment and everything in it—just so that I kept Mary, and you could die in peace."

Comprehension was at last dawning in Creighton's brain. He slowly laid his coat and hat back across the chair, and, pushing aside the photograph I

was holding out to him, strode over to the screen and drew it back.

"Joan?"

## IX

I NEVER think of that moment but that cry of Creighton's rings in my ears. It was like the cry of a wounded animal, the cry of a wounded yearning soul. And I stood by the table, staring at them, the little gilt bronze frame outstretched in my hand, and repeating the name over and over to myself, the name he had uttered—repeating it like the ghost of a parrot.

She arose slowly and faced him, one hand at her throat and the other gathering the folds of her gown about her—as though to shield her body from him. Her head was thrown back and her eyes were aflame with pride and humiliation.

For a long moment they stood face to face. Then, with her head still high, she lowered her lashes.

"Let me pass, please," she commanded in a low, tense voice.

And Creighton stood aside, following her with his eyes as she made her way across the room to the space between the hearth and the table. She reached out her hand for the photograph I was still holding.

"Let me have it, please."

And I gave it to her. She glanced at it a brief instant and her hand tightened over the frame as she turned to Creighton.

"And this—is 'Sister Mary'." She repeated the name in a chill, colorless voice.

"It was what I named you—you remember—Joan, that evening years ago when you said—"

"Then it was Joan," she cut him off. "It was Joan who no longer counted—Joan whom you gave to your friend, a thing spurned—cast to the first man who might be passing."

Creighton had crossed the room and was standing now by the table. His face was very pale under the surface tan. He did not reply to her words, but his eyes seemed to be devouring her with a crazed hunger. I do not know whether she saw the look or not. She was facing him, but her eyes were not upon his.

"I came back," she was saying, in cold, deliberate tones, "I came here—because—years ago you said—that your latch-string, I believe you called it," she interpolated ironically, "would be always out—to me—no matter where you might be and no matter whence I might come."

"Well—I have come from—" she hesitated a bare instant "—my feet have been in the gutter—in the very slime."

In spite of her words, or perhaps because of her hesitation, I knew somehow that even if the words were literally true, the innuendo was a falsehood.

"I have, as you know," she was going on with deadly calm, "chosen other men to you. But I played with *you*, used you only for my convenience—and since—well, I have led the life I pleased. And because I was tired of it, for the time, I came up here, for a brief rest, at your expense—just to play with you again, until I should be rested, and go back to my other—my real pleasures."

It was horrifying the way she said it—and the way it sounded coming from her lips. I glanced involuntarily at Creighton. He was leaning forward, his hand gripping the table top until the muscles stood out like ropes, but he never took his eyes from her face.

"I did not know," she went on, "when I came up here that you," her lips twisted into scorn, "that you had decided to *die*. Afterwards Mr. Laughton gave me the notices of your death, which I perused with much less interest than I might—had I not found Mr. Laughton quite as—as *desirable*. And I decided to stay here in this apartment, with *him*." She raised her face and looked Creighton straight in the eyes, challenging him to doubt her words, "and here I have been the past two months, in these apartments—alone—with *him*."

As the hideous significance of her

tone at last penetrated my understanding, with a violent protest on my lips I staggered forward, but even before I could bring my appalled senses into action she had checked me—silenced me—with a gesture of her hand. It was so simple, so slight a one that Creighton could scarcely have noticed it even had he been looking down. But it held me back, though why—I did not know myself.

But Creighton did not move or take his eyes from her face. She met his gaze an instant longer, and then turned her head away.

"I think you quite understand," she said, with an almost imperceptible shrug of her shoulders.

## X

In the vast silence that followed, she alone seemed unshaken. And there we stood, she with her back to the fire, Creighton a scarce yard around the table's sector at her right, and I between her and the hall door—we two husky males, the one arraigned and the other incriminated, with every muscle and tendon strained to the breaking point, while she, slender and helpless—the Mary who did not count—calmly gathered up the folds of her gown.

"Is that all?" Creighton demanded in a low, frozen voice.

With a quick, imperious movement she tore at something at her throat and flung it upon the table before him, where it struck with a sharp metallic ring.

"There is your silver cross—that I gave you years ago. The little cuts on the shank," she laughed in scornful mockery, "you made them after all—fit tokens of your coward heart."

"Is that all?" came again from Creighton, in that same inexorable tone.

She threw him a quick, insolent glance.

"Oh, the details—the details are little matters which belong only to—to Mr. Laughton and—myself."

"It is all a damned lie."

His words struck with cold, deliberate emphasis upon the tense silence that followed her final insult. His palm was slowly creeping along the edge of the table top and his body strained forward toward her.

With a hand still holding her gown about her, she drew herself to her full height, her head partly turned toward him, and with her chin in the air and her lashes lowered. In that maddening posture she stood for a brief moment. Then she turned slowly and took a step toward me.

"I think, Stanley, that we may go now."

Whether she ever intended the second step I do not know, for before she could take it Creighton had leaped forward and caught her by the shoulder.

"*You* will stay *here!*" he cried hoarsely. "You are mine." And he whirled her about and closed his arms around her.

With desperate energy she tried to wrench herself free, struggling fiercely in his grasp and tearing first at his hands and then at his throat. It had all happened so quickly that I stood for the moment too dazed for action. Then I sprang forward.

Though it was with a fierce and unreasoning impulse that I was bent on attacking Creighton, it was not as an opponent, much less an enemy, so that I was wholly off my guard, and the blow he delivered under the point of my chin sent me reeling back across the floor. How long I laid there, with the bewildered sense of a woman's struggle going on somewhere about me, I do not know. When consciousness returned so I could raise up on my elbow the room was silent. I turned painfully and looked at them.

Creighton had managed to pin her arms behind her back, and had bent her body backward until her face was upturned to his. Her dress was torn from her arms and shoulders, and a portion of her skirt hung in rags where he had stepped on it. Though she still struggled faintly, he leaned over and held his lips pressed to hers. Then, as

I got to my feet, he let her body down, limp upon the rug and, stepping one foot across her, he turned and faced me. He seemed like a king of beasts guarding his prey.

Whether she was Mary or Joan, and whatever claims Creighton had upon her or upon me, I could not stand for any such rough treatment of any woman. I gathered my strength and advanced warily toward him.

But I had not heard the click of the key in the outer door, nor the quick step at my back, and I suddenly found my arms held from behind in a grasp of iron from which I could scarcely move, much less free myself.

When I had got my senses together and some of the breath back into my body, I relaxed my straining muscles, and Peter allowed me to straighten up, not, however, releasing his hold.

"I think that this has gone about far enough, Creighton," I said huskily.

"Of that I am alone the judge," he retorted. "I find that it is, after all, my affair."

His voice was steady excepting for his shortness of breath from the struggle. But in his eyes was an expression that boded ill for anyone attempting to interfere with his possession of the woman lying on the rug at his feet. She was lying quietly enough now, her face hidden in the hollow of her arm, though her body was trembling and she seemed to be silently sobbing.

"If you think," Creighton was saying, "that you have come to your senses enough to keep out of this, I will have Peter release you."

"I think that it might be better," I replied. It was now a matter for words and reason, anyhow, and I could be of no use to anyone trussed up as I was from behind.

"I dislike to have to put you on your honor, but—"

"Oh, I will agree," I responded, "that if you are through with your wrestling and pugilistic exhibitions, I am also."

"Very well, then." He nodded to Peter. "You may leave the luggage in the entry there, and I shall not need you again until I ring for you."

When Peter had retired down the hall, and while I was trying to arrange my clothes and get my thoughts into some shape that might be of use to us all, Creighton picked up his prey, and carried her over and deposited her in my chair before the hearth, much as he might have done with a sack of flour.

He made no effort to ascertain what damage he had done, nor did he rearrange her torn gown or cover her bare shoulders or disrobed limbs. On the contrary, he busied himself with straightening his collar and adjusting his own clothes. Some amazing things had already happened that evening, but Creighton's sudden savagery was the strangest of them all. His uniform courtesy, particularly toward women, had been perhaps his most marked characteristic, and I could but feel a pity for him in the utter humiliation he must soon experience when his barbarous mood had subsided, and he should come to view his actions in their true light.

And I felt sorry for him, in spite of his use of Mary and me, since it was certain that he loved her, for now after his physical attack all hope of reconciliation must be forever gone, even if the same had been possible at any time after she came from behind the screen. It was a matter now of mediation between them to prevent a disagreeable if not a serious scandal. It was likely that I could get Creighton to leave the apartment for the night at least, and in the morning I would get Mary away as quietly as possible. She had seemed disposed to rely upon me, and I would surely stand by her until she succeeded in disposing herself in some more agreeable quarters.

I went over to her and made some attempt to arrange her torn gown about her bare shoulders and arms.

"It is all past now, Mary," I said tenderly. "It was all a hideous mistake, all of it. Creighton is neither as crude nor as brutal as he—pretends."

Her face had been hidden in her

hands, pressed against the cushions at the back of the chair, but she partly turned now, raising her face, but shading her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Please call up Dr. Anthony Maynard," she said in a low, trembling voice, "at number seven thousand and eight, and ask him to come here at once. Tell him that it is Joan who wants him. He will understand."

I looked at Creighton, but he did not return my questioning glance. He was lying back in his chair, regarding Joan with a strange, inscrutable expression in his eyes.

"I do not think that we need to bring others into this," I said soothingly, bending lower over her. I will see you safely to wherever you may wish to go."

"Please do as I ask," was the only response she made, and she pressed her face back among the cushions.

I went reluctantly to the telephone and called the number.

"That is all right," I directed the servant who answered it, "he will understand. Order a taxi at once. Tell him that it is Joan—yes, *Joan*, who wants him."

I was standing at the side of the table, debating within myself the explanation I would make to Dr. Maynard when he should arrive, when some sound at my back caused me to turn about.

Joan had arisen and was advancing slowly and tremblingly toward Creighton. Part way she faltered and stood with her body swaying and her arms outstretched to him in a pitiable gesture of appeal. On her face there was that same homely disarray of features that it bore on that first night when she came into the apartment—and in her eyes intense questioning and pleading, and mysterious yearning.

For an instant the sternness of Creighton's face seemed to relax, and for that brief instant her countenance flashed like a sun-burst, and she moved a step nearer—but stopped short as his muscles stiffened into severity again.

Slowly, timidly, she crept nearer—her arms still outstretched to him, and he sat there like a graven image without a sign of emotion save for the inscrutable expression with which his eyes held hers. She reached him at last and rested upon his knees. Then she stretched her body along his until her hesitating fingers, reaching forth timidly, fondled the hair about his temples.

And they laid there, their faces close together and their eyes fathoming each other's, while I stood against the table, my senses amazed, bereft of all reasoning—marvelling at the mystery of Mary.

"I did not know, Harry—I did not know that it was in you," she was murmuring. "I did not know. Why did you not show me, long years ago?" Her fingers were caressing his cheeks now. "It would have made everything so—different, have saved us so many—so many lost years."

Creighton's face softened into a droll half-smile—just the shadow of a smile.

"I fancy that it was the farm—down at Dundridge," he replied grimly.

Though it might not be capitulation, it was clearly a flag of truce, and all that was homely in Joan's countenance vanished in a flash.

"And you will do it again sometimes—when I need it? And you will always hold me, tightly, brutally—*always*, Harry?"

And I dug my fingers into the table-top to assure myself that I was not dreaming, and that this astounding revelation of woman was no mere hallucination of a disordered brain. I have since observed that some of the happiest married couples are composed of a slender woman and a brute of a man. I suppose it is because he can tote her about in his arms or pound her up at pleasure.

"And Harry," she went on in the same gentle love-tones, "What I—I said about—about Mr. Laughton—and me—."

"Nothing in it," he interrupted her gravely. "In the role of guilty lovers you are poor actors—both of you."

I have often wondered since how he knew. It seemed to me that the evidence, both circumstantial and direct, exhibitory and verbal—was conclusive and the proof indisputable. The only solution at which I could ever arrive suggested an experience on his part not necessarily flattering to me, so I have left it stand as one of the several unsolved mysteries of these extraordinary months.

"But Harry, I must tell you—for my own peace. I wanted to come to you months ago, but I could not bear to face your possible scorn—rejection. And I could not write—words on paper are so unmeaning—when they are needed to mean so much. And I thought that if I could only talk it out to you, if you could only look through my eyes deep into my very soul, you would understand—just what it was I was bringing to you.

"And when I got here, and Mr. Laughton let me in, and I saw the In Memoriam card on the table, I must have fainted. And the next thing I knew I was in your chamber and others were working over me. And then later I became fully conscious—it was the next day—and lying there in bed I found on a ribbon about my neck and lying on my breast—the little silver cross.

"Do you wonder I thought it a message from you from beyond? And I fainted again. And afterwards while I was holding it close in my fingers I suddenly felt the little "v" shaped cuts on the shank. You remember—what they were to mean?"

She had gone white in the memory of it then, it must have been, while Creighton turned his countenance grave and questioning to me. Before I could get my thoughts together to explain what I knew of the little cross, she continued.

"I questioned Mr. Laughton and though he tried to make me think it a mere trinket someone had sent him, I—I drew from him that it had come to him—with the little cuts on it—in January—weeks after you were reported to have been drowned, and I knew somehow that it must have come from you—that you were alive—somewhere."

She shivered and nestled closer to him.

"There were many little things too that—confirmed it all. This apartment was supposed to have been left by you to Mr. Laughton, but nothing in it was changed even to the slightest degree. It was all so carefully kept just as it was—as if against your coming. I used to try moving things about only to have him put them carefully back in their former places. Mr. Laughton was a mere tenant—the atmosphere was all of you—you only."

I remembered then many such little things that she had done, though I had not dreamed that she was making of all my simplest actions an open book. The intuitive shrewdness of woman is beyond the cope of man.

"And I saw at once, even while I laid there so weak, that Mr. Laughton was a perfect gentlemen," she was saying, "—a perfect gentleman. . . ."

## XI.

I AM not sure to this day just why she repeated the expression with an added peculiar emphasis on the "perfect," or why Creighton smiled so suddenly. I am not sure, but I have a fancy that I have gotten the idea. Whether it is a compliment to me would appear to depend upon the point of view perhaps—if she meant that I lacked the impulses to be otherwise, I might—but she was saying other things now.

"He is such a recluse, and was so careful even when I was sick, and Maggie and the doctor thought I was his sister Mary—and the whole world seemed to weigh so little against the fate which seemed to lie here—for both of us perhaps—and I waited here—for you—and you came—as I knew you would in time."

She was silent for a time her eyes cast down, while her fingers toyed with the buttons of his coat.

"You remember," she went on very low, with a faint flush stealing to her temples, "that you once said that I could come to you when—when I had no other place to go. Well, I came because in a way I loved you, but not because I loved you as—as I—as I do *now*." She raised her eyes to his and I saw that they were filled with tears, though they smiled bravely—happily.

But the little muscles about Creighton's eyes suddenly twitched with amusement, though his voice was grave and serious.

"What about the Right Reverend Anthony Maynard?" he asked.

I straightened up, rigid as a gun barrel. "The Right Reverend—." And Creighton knew it all of the time.

"He will come," replied Joan soberly, her eyes drooping, while her arms stole about his neck.

I resorted to the time-worn remedy, and poured myself a glass from the Tiffany decanter on the tray. I set it down empty, and walked over to the fireplace.

But my legal training was strong within me, as it is supposed to be in emergencies, and I turned on them and pulled out my watch.

"It is nearly two o'clock," I said dryly in spite of the whisky, "and if this is to be an affair of marriage, I ought to remind you that a license is necessary in this state, and as this is Sunday the clerk's office will not be opened for about nineteen hours."

"I have attended to that," came a brave voice from Creighton's shoulder. "I got the license several days ago—and gave it to Dr. Maynard."

"Ye Gods," I ejaculated. It was briefly put but it summed up about all there was left to say.

"I told him," the voice was continuing, a bit unsteadily, perhaps, "that if he was summoned, no matter at what hour of the night, he had better come—quickly—and bring it with him, if—if he cared anything—for—for the morals of his diocese."

Creighton laughed outright, a rippling, boyish laugh, and turning her face up to his kissed her lingeringly on her moist lips.

"I fancy that you have done about all the damage that you are going to do in this world," he said, putting her face back upon his shoulder. "From now on *I* shall take charge." And he smiled thoughtfully.

She nestled closer, her softly rounded arm about his neck, and with a little contented sigh her muscles relaxed and her weary body melted contentedly into his.

In the silence that followed I glanced covertly at Eleanor in her pigskin frame on the writing desk across the room, and at the face of Kathleen smiling with that gentle wistful smile from the table before me. I knew that on the wall next to the tall clock stood Claire, perfectly groomed and mobile of face, and that in a gold frame of foreign design at the left Denise was bending forward with lithe body and quick nervous force—while close beside me on the mantel shelf rested Gertrude's graceful form, with back and shoulders gleaming white and beautiful.

Over on the rug by the hall door, where it had been dropped in a struggle long, long ago, a little gilt-bronze frame lay face downward, concealing Mary—Sister Mary—with her straight prim body and her eager baffling eyes. But in the chair—the huge chair by the table, was a Joan who counted, Joan in all her unconscious disarray of smooth white flesh and pulsing bosom, of bronze hosiery and dainty lace and ribbons, lying in Creighton's arms—which held her in ultimate content.

Of what use were Blackstone and Kent! Of what avail midnight vigils over the erudition of countless courts of last resort! Of what advantage that we intelligent mammals are proudly differentiated from the mere brute by the power to profit by the experience of others! Of what good was logic—that highly approved science of purest reasoning! Of what benefit the syllogism—when even a premise will not stand put!

Nevertheless I was struggling with mental hypotheses which tangled themselves into conclusions which seemed never to fit—my brain seeking, with the energy of an air-hammer in a boiler shop, to rivet something together out of the congestion of material lying about, when Creighton said quietly.

"I think that was the elevator stopping at our floor, Joan."

She managed somehow to disentangle herself from Creighton and get to her feet. As she passed on the way to her room she bent over and kissed him very gently, reverently it seemed to me, on the hair, just where it tumbled upon his forehead. And as she crossed the floor it struck me also that it was not the proud, self-reliant Mary of three hours before, but a more abashed and a more fascinating and adorable Joan who now passed the threshold of that chamber door.

"Woman—and the mystery of her," I murmured in adoring wonderment, "what does a man know about them?"

Creighton shook his head gravely.

"About as much as would cover the water-mark on a postage stamp," he replied thoughtfully.

## XII.

It was after a very late breakfast in the morning, that I left Peter in my bed-chamber to finish the packing, and came into the library, clad in street apparel.

Creighton was seated in the big chair, and Joan in a morning gown was lounging partly upon its arm and partly upon his knee. They were gazing into the fire, and I fancied that I saw what appeared to be the remnants of a certain diary into which I had put many hours and much good conscientious thought. I suffered some resentment at seeing it lying there charred and lifeless, even upon the fireplace, for whomsoever its contents might now concern no longer, I felt that I had some socialistic rights in the product of my labors.

Creighton glanced up at me, and then at the cane and umbrella strapped together, which I held in my hand.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, with such evident concern that I then and there forgave him for his indifferent treatment of me since ten o'clock the previous evening. I was even disposed to overlook the matter of the diary.

"I am leaving for Cherbourg," I answered briefly.

"Cherbourg?"

He sat up so abruptly that he nearly knocked Joan off the chair.

"And thence," I continued firmly, challenging all comers, "I embark upon a small steamer that plies southward through the blue waters of the—."

"You—you rotten misogamist!" was Creighton's startling rejoinder.

And then Joan—no, it sounded more like Mary—made a sound—less obtrusive than a laugh and somewhat more dignified than a giggle.

But she slipped off Creighton's knee and came over to me, and put her hand upon mine. And a little later with her arm as far about me as it would go, and with mine about her shoulders, we three, with Peter trailing along behind, walked down the hall to the elevator—which had stopped once more—for the last time—at *"our floor."*

*FINIS.*

# WHEN BITTERNESS IS GALL

By Hinson Stiles

I FEEL bitter towards the whole world. I hate everything and everybody. I read Schopenhauer to soothe my ragged nerves. The universe is a melancholy place to dwell in. There is no peace and quiet; everything is chaos.

A woman promised to marry me. She was a beautiful woman, as women go, and was desired by men. I considered myself the happiest person in the world to possess her love. I acted like all the fools that are beset with the love germ. I jumped with the mild madness of devotion. I trembled when I kissed her, and did the thousand and one other inane things lovers do.

That woman gave me her solemn promise to be my wife.

I feel bitter toward the whole world.

She kept her promise!

# AWAKENING

By Hortense Flexner

IF the grim day had been an evil sleep,
And you had waked me from it with your hand,
I should have felt the sudden stir and leap
To eager life, as when I see you stand
Here at the door. The worn hours fall away,
Remembrance of their burden, heat and din
Is shadow pain; meeting you in the gray,
The healing dusk, I find and enter in
The far, strange places I shall never know,
Gardens I shall not see, old walls and trees;
The silence of sharp mountains, pines in snow,
Blue of the water murmuring summer ease,
Or starry nights with frail clouds in the sky,
And on my face the dream-wind passing by.

A WOMAN only ceases to flatter a man when she ceases to have hopes of him.

# WHY PENTLEY DRINKS MILK

By L. M. Hussey

I.

WILLIARD PENTLEY was always drunk, and with him, in the same lamentable condition, five others almost as prominent in Bogart City as Pentley himself. They were called, in certain quarters, the Soused Six, but this only among the vulgar. Bogart City in general looked upon the chronic debauches of Pentley and his companions with horror. They had even been prayed for in public more than once. But somehow heaven turned a deaf ear. The Soused Six remained as drunk as ever.

That entire sextette was distressing, of course. but Pentley's case had a more dolorous aspect than the rest. Pentley came of a shade better family than the other five. More important, he had by all odds the most money. A large section of Bogart City paid rents to Pentley. He should have been an upstanding pillar in some Bogart City church. Instead of that he spent his Sundays drinking bromo seltzer and Pluto water . . . preparations for another week.

That's why the divines offered up so many petitions heavenward for him. There was a lot of money now going over the gin-shop counters that should have gone to the conversion of the heathen and unrighteous, the building of memorial chapels, the purchase of new pipe organs and other good works. If not quite a sound investment, a prayer on Pentley was at least a justifiable risk. . . .

But Pentley and the Soused Six drank on. Pentley was never sober. The sighs, the prayers, the uplifted hands, the slowly shaken heads, had no effect upon him. He was impervious to reform. Among the more resigned of Bogart City it was almost being assumed that each of the Soused Six would meet his devil with an alcoholic breath. It was a shameful condition.

But this was all antecedent to the advent in Bogart City of Miss Julia Walker. Miss Walker came into that city like an angel in answer and she came with a record. She had organized fights in other towns—dozens of fights—in which not only was the demon rum engaged and vanquished but all the other demons of fermentation and distillation. There was Prussian thoroughness in the way Miss Walker went about her conflicts and Prussian frightfulness in the fashion she bruised and throttled the partisan of alcohol. Six months of Miss Walker and her organization and any Bogart City was left without the oasis of a single corner café, a Sahara of soda-water counters and pasteurized milk.

Miss Walker, coming to Bogart City, looked about her and espied the Soused Six. She flew to that like a fly for jelly. Her committees were organized, the big fight of wiping out each particular beer-store would move along with precision in the hands of underlings. But as her own personal work, her individual coup, she chose the Soused Six. She determined to reform each member, individually, of this besotted company. . . .

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A FORTNIGHT had scarcely passed when the first defection came to light.

Pentley and four of the six had come

to the philosophical and political stage, which was always one of the last, when Howarth, who had been strangely missing, came through the swinging doors and greeted them.

"Hello, old socks," yelled Pentley.

And then to the others:

"Drink up, men. We'll have another round for th' prodigal!"

Howarth shook his head solemnly.

"Nothing doing," he said.

Pentley, of course, neither understood nor noticed.

"What'll it be?" he asked Howarth.

"I said nothing," said Howarth. "I'm through. I'm done. I came in here to see if I couldn't get you fellows to lay off for this evening. You've had enough for one night. As far as that goes, you've had enough for—"

"I say!" bawled Pentley, *"What'll it be?"*

Howarth sighed.

"Boys," he said, "understand me. I'm through. I'm off the stuff for life. I'm done with the booze. I want to get you fellows to quit. I came in here now, not to fill myself with alcoholic poison, but to take you away with me and try to keep you away for the rest of your lives. Boys, I want you to meet Miss Walker. I want you to talk with her. She's a wonderful woman. She'll give back to you in a half an hour's talk the manhood and the grip on your immortal souls that you and I have been kicking into bar gutters for the past fifteen years. She'll—"

At first Pentley looked at Howarth without understanding. And at last he opened and closed his eyes, blinking, as if the light of Howarth's righteousness hurt them. Howarth went on. He pleaded for an armistice.

And in the middle of a sentence Pentley gravely turned his back upon him!

"Gentlemen," he said, solemnly, "that man was once m' friend. He was the friend of my bosom. He's betrayed me. I disown him. I'd disown him if h'was my own son. . . ."

A gloom fell upon the five. Howarth, insanely hoping they were almost persuaded, pleaded for yet a few more minutes. But nobody spoke to him. At last the bartender make a few remarks. Howarth decided it would be safer to go. He went out of the swinging doors and the Soused Six, dwindled to five, knew him no more.

But the four that did not include Pentley quickly regained their spirits and the promulgation of political sagacities was resumed. Pentley, however, was a man of deeper feeling. While his companions talked, he was silent. The only words that came from his lips were directions to the man behind the bar for each fresh round. He brooded over his glass and a momentarily heavier furrow settled in his brow.

The others, taken up in their discussion, observed nothing of Pentley's steadily sagging spirits. They did not notice even when his head dropped to the counter, like that of a wounded animal, pillowed on his curved arm. They were first awakened from their obliviousness by his sobs.

Yes, Pentley was crying. Great convulsions moved his shoulders like earthquakes stirring up the unhappy land. And mixed with the sounds of his weeping were gurgled and inarticulate words. The four regarded him a moment, spelled into silence. The bartender, aloof, stared. Then one of the four raised Pentley's head.

"What's the matter, Pent? What the . . ."

The sight of Pentley's face moved each of his companions deeply. Channels of tears marked his cheeks and like great, sad pearls of sorrow, tears themselves filled on his lids and dropped over and swiftly downward. It was appalling. Never had anyone seen Pentley in such an exhibition.

Again Pentley gurgled and then with a last, great gulp he became coherent. Indeed, the force of his grief had taken all the cloud from his utterance and he manipulated his tongue with an admirable precision.

"That man," said Pentley, "was my friend. I loved him like a son. And

now I disown him. And . . . and I loved him like . . . like . . ."

Pentley's manful effort to heroically restrain his grief fell, at last, before the poignancy of that woe. His sentences trailed into sobs, his head dropped on his arms again, and once more his voice and his shoulders gave evidence of his affliction.

The others stared at him silently for still a few more minutes. And then Ridgeway, the man nearest Pentley, the man who had lifted him and first been appalled by his tear-marked physiognomy, turned to the others, peculiar lustre in his eyes. His nether lip trembled a little, like a leaf that is just touched by the wind. For a second this was his expression—the unwontedly lustrous eyes and the under-lip, faintly vibrant.

But it passed. In each eye a drop appeared, his mouth fell open unmistakably, a sound strained in his throat —and Ridgeway wept!

And the others, seeing, burst instantly into loud lamentations. One of the four seemed to confuse the issue a little—he spoke lachrymosely of a dead but still remembered gold-fish, until tears and incoherency overcame him. But in general it was a sincere and unclouded outpouring, a complement to Pentley's grief, a commentary on their recognition of the first breach in the Soused Six. . . .

The bartender called cabs and each was driven home, still in tears. . . .

III.

Alas for Pentley, the passing of Howarth was not all! Within three days Ridgeway, who had been the first to weep with him, walked out of the swinging doors, as Howarth had done, forever. He too, had delivered a lecture. He also had extolled Miss Walker. Pentley felt that his soul could hold no more bitterness.

That he felt, indeed, until still another went and another, and finally Griscombe, with Pentley the last of the Six and a man who had tempestuously maintained for years that he wanted to go to hell, because nothing but hot stuff would satisfy him.

So the evening came when Pentley appeared for the first time alone in his favourite khan. His spirit was determined and bitter, but his recollections and the thousand associations of the place overcame him. He could not remain. He went home early and spent all the night in a chair, staring out of the window on the street lamps, like a morose and fallen deity, keeping watch upon the shades, melancholy and alone. . . .

Then followed days spent indoors and devoted to such an excess of debauchery that Pentley's man, who had been with him for years and knew his ways, was even astonished and shook his head a little in the privacy of his own room.

Pentley was trying, in the only way he could conceive, to forget. He was endeavoring to drown, literally, the fragrant recollections of the Soused Six, gone forever. He succeeded only in making himself, if anything, worse. He was really in a rather bad way when Miss Julia Walker, who until this moment had never approached him, called.

She waved aside the protestations of Pentley's man that he was not to be seen, and Pentley's man could not withstand the dominating manner of Miss Walker.

"Go tell Mr. Pentley I want to see him," she said.

The man left her, seated, and disappeared in the hall. He knew it would be useless to go to Pentley. Pentley was in no condition to be approached by anybody. He waited an interval and returned.

"Mr. Pentley is sorry to say that he can't see you now," said the man.

Julia Walker bit her lips. Her lips were thin, chewing them must have been one of her habits in perplexity; they looked gnawed. She was considering a rush at Pentley's man with her head lowered, so that she would take him at about the pit of the stomach, temporarily rendering any opposition from him impossible, and so secure to

herself the liberty to make a search for Pentley.

But chance made desperate means unnecessary.

In the very act of biting her lips and considering, Miss Walker was startled by a sudden loosing of tremendous outcries, like a damned soul in its first torment, unmistakably in Pentley's voice. And following, an infernal din . . . jars, bumps, detonating sounds, like an explosion of ordnance stores. The noises were appalling; they had started out of an utter quiet.

Miss Walker jumped from her chair, her body poised forward.

"What?" she demanded.

Pentley's man was pale.

"I . . . I don't know . . ." he faltered.

"Look out!" cried Miss Walker.

She brushed him aside like a flood knocking away a log, and ran out of the room. The outcries plainly proceeded from the end of the corridor. But before Miss Walker reached the door that was closed on all this terrifying uproar, it ceased, suddenly, as it had begun.

Miss Walker grasped the knob. It yielded; the door was not locked.

She swung it open and stood, looking in.

Pentley was at the end of the room, crouching before the closed door of a closet. He held the back of a broken chair in his clenched hands. Fragments of furniture were strewn like leaves of autumn about the room. He raised his eyes just a second to Miss Walker, whom he had never seen before, and then beckoned to her.

"Come here," he whispered.

Miss Walker crossed the room to him. The man was evidently insane with drink. He was seeing things.

"Stand right there!" cautioned Pentley.

Then, dropping the chair, he turned the catch of the closet door.

He opened it, the fraction of an inch only.

"See!" he screamed. "I've got 'em all in there!"

Miss Walker took his arm and led him away. She shook her head solemnly. She had almost delayed too long with this case. However, her desire had been to arouse a dramatic effect. She wanted the sense of her power to sink in, as Pentley contemplated the astounding reformation of his companions.

"Sit down there!" she commanded.

Pentley was docile. He stared at Miss Walker, but he did as she required.

"Do you know that you've just about done for yourself?" she demanded.

"Who *are* you?" asked Pentley.

"You've heard of me," she said. "My name is Walker. I'm tired of your carrying on. You've got to reform, like your friends. You've got to get back a little of your lost manhood. I'm going to see to it . . ."

And then Miss Walker was loosed upon one of her torrential dominations. Poor Bentley, still a little apprehensive about the closet, opened his mouth several times, unquestionably with the idea of saying words, but his purpose was abortive, futile . . . Miss Walker *does* dominate. Short of blasphemy, she called Pentley hard names piled upon hard names, like a Moslem cursing his enemy.

Pentley was in a very emotional condition. Miss Walker, progressing in the theme of her denunciation, reached her *crescendo agitato,* passed from *forte* to *fortissimo,* to *sforzando.* With her jaw protruded, Miss Walker hurled a super-phillipic, the veins standing out on her thin neck like the streaks of a blue crayon—and Pentley broke into sobs.

Miss Walker felt that she had him. She dropped her voice, she touched him on the shoulder.

"Now you are a man," she said. "From this time on you're through with alcohol, the fiend . . ."

She left him, still wet-eyed. She was quite convinced of Pentley's conversion. That was one of the few mistakes Miss Walker made in her long crusading existence. She didn't un-

derstand that Pentley was a man of strong habits.

A few moments after she passed out of the door, Pentley reached for the bottle and poured himself a glass of whiskey. . . .

## IV

Not many days had gone over before Miss Walker heard of her mistake. Strangely enough a mood of public joyousness had come upon Pentley. It was doubtless only another of his trials to forget. At any rate, he had appeared upon the streets very late in the night, and singing. Pentley was not a vocalist. Furthermore, Bogart City is not a place of troubadours and minnesingers. Pentley was arrested and spent the night behind bars.

Before his release in the morning, Miss Walker got the rumors of his escapade and hurried to the town hall. She was just about in time to meet him as he came out of the court room, after having paid a fine.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"Good morning," said Pentley coldly.

Miss Walker thrust her hand under his arm.

"Now, what do you think of yourself?" she asked.

"I don't care to talk to you," said Pentley.

"But you're going to," she said.

Pentley turned his face and looked at her. His vision had no marked clarity, but even a blurred sight gave no softening outline to Miss Walker. She was as angular as an icositetrahedron. Pentley suddenly felt a little cold. A febrile shiver shook him.

Who was this woman? She was unlovely, unhandsome, odious . . . Why was she walking with him?

He thought of escape. He thought of jerking his arm from her hand—surely that could be done—and running. But somehow he knew she would catch him. Those bony legs would carry her to him like a centipede stalking a fly.

A chilling sweat came out in little drops upon his forehead. It was a very dreadful experience. What did the woman intend to do with him?

She seemed to be answering that mental question.

"I'm going to take you to my exhibit and show you something. You seem to be unable to grasp an idea without concrete evidence. I thought I had you to conviction last week. Now I'm going to *show* you. I'm going to demonstrate just what you're doing to yourself."

Pentley was weak and sick. Many things had happened to him in the past month—he seemed, in a sense, to be living in an unreal world. His old life and the Soused Six were the realities and this, a time of wraiths, phantoms, ghosts. . . . He hadn't the strength to resist Miss Walker. He let her lead him, silent, frightened, along the streets.

She took him into the Y. M. C. A. building and a room devoted entirely to her work. The walls were covered with enormous charts. They were, in fact, demonstrations of the Effect of Alcohol on the System. Miss Walker had conceived the notion of giving Pentley a scientific scare. She showed him sections of brains, ossified with alcohol. Pentley was unmoved. She talked punditically of stomachs, livers, lights. Pentley's apathy was unshaken. He parted from Miss Walker that morning after having afforded her no satisfaction at all.

For an hour or two Miss Walker experienced an extraordinary sensation—the feeling of defeat. The point was, she had never encountered so fixed and determined a personality as Pentley. It seemed impossible to bring conviction to him. The ordinary arguments—even as delivered by her—were in this case useless. She felt that any sudden, single conversion of Pentley was scarcely possible. Pentley was the sort of a man who must be *worn* down. She came to see, little by little, that if she could conceive some way of being with Pentley a great deal of the time, she

could win him over by erosion and attrition.

Musing on this, Miss Walker was inspired with a startling plan. At first her mind pushed out the idea angrily. But it returned.

"Why not?" she questioned herself at last. "Willard Pentley is worth the effort. He ought to be—he *can* be—one of the most important figures in Bogart City."

Miss Walker made certain very necessary arrangements. Then she called Pentley on the telephone.

## V

Pentley recognized her voice.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Look here, Mr. Pentley," she said, "you need have no more fear of me. I'm through with the effort to persuade you. I'll leave you strictly alone from now on if you'll do one favor for me."

Pentley felt like a drowning man who perceives a straw.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, it's this: you know that I'm investigating and working on the drink question in Bogart City. There are certin phases of it I haven't seen yet, but want to see. For example, the café life. And I intend to investigate that. But I want to do it with somebody who knows all about it and can show me the most startling examples without wasting time. That's what I want you for . . ."

"You mean . . ."

"Exactly. For my escort. Will you be ready for me at eight this evening?"

Pentley gasped. This woman did things with the suddenness of an avalanche. But to escape her forever, as she promised, by the simple expedient of taking her about for a single evening! . . . Pentley consented.

They set out together at the time she appointed. Pentley took her to the nearest place—a gilt establishment with a jazz band. They seated themselves at a table.

"Well, what are you going to have to drink?" she asked Pentley.

His eyes rounded, and he stared at her.

"Do you mean you're going to let me have something this evening?"

"Certainly; we'd be conspicuous if you didn't."

"Scotch and soda then," he said.

"I'll take the same," she echoed promptly.

Pentley was astounded.

Then she began to ask him questions. Her queries covered the range of everything he might be presumed to know. She seemed to be manufacturing conversation with a determined thoroughness. They emptied their glasses and had them re-filled. And again. The evening advanced. Pentley, talking to her, lost all thought of the project to visit a half a dozen such places—the entire complement of Bogart City. He was flattered by this woman's attention.

Still—she was an horribly unhandsome creature. She had round, popping eyes, like a sparrow. Her neck was hideously thin and corrugated, like a piece of gnawed and stretched rubber. The knuckles of her hands were large. Even with his feeling of flattery, he shuddered a little. It was rather dreadful to sit across the table from this ogre and talk to her intimately. God be thanked, she would be out of his life, after that evening was gone!

Their glasses continued to be refilled. Pentley noticed after a time that the sound of the Jazz band had receded, as if they were playing behind a curtain. He looked in the direction of the players and was unable to determine whether or not they were still there. Things were getting a little hazy.

The glasses were filled once more.

Then Pentley forgot. Confused sensations came to him, true enough, of bustling about, of mumbling something or other, of automobile riding through the streets. But at last consciousness left him altogether. He slept.

It wasn't until morning that Pentley

learned the bitter, the unspeakable truth. But—the truth! He had been lied to, tricked. It was horrible!

But in the tears that he shed, he knew that after all his awful doom, his misfortune, had come upon him from drink. Had he kept away from liquor it would never have happened.

And that perception reformed Pentley.

He has never touched a drop of liquor since. He realizes that if booze did *that* to him, it might do anything. He drinks milk.

For Pentley found that some time in the night *Miss Walker had married him.*

## THE MYSTERY OF THE JUDGE

By E. Douglas Johnson

THE Judge passed my office every morning exactly at eleven o'clock. He was in a hurry and walked briskly as if he had an important engagement. I often wondered what business was so important as to require the presence of the Judge at exactly the same hour every day.

I decided to follow him today.

He walked directly to a soda fountain and giggled,

"Give me a red ice cream soda."

## ONCE YOUR LOVE PLEASED ME

By Marguerite Wilkinson

ONCE your love pleased me
As the green leaves of spring
When the quick earth is glad of life
That cool rains bring.

Once your love warmed me
As the sun burning white,
Flushes the lovely apple flowers
With rosy delight.

But now—let love nourish me
In days of dumb pain,
Like the kind fruit of autumn trees
Red in the rain.

# WHEN BITTERNESS IS GALL

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now I disown him. And . . . and I loved him like . . . like . . ."

Pentley's manful effort to heroically restrain his grief fell, at last, before the poignancy of that woe. His sentences trailed into sobs, his head dropped on his arms again, and once more his voice and his shoulders gave evidence of his affliction.

The others stared at him silently for still a few more minutes. And then Ridgeway, the man nearest Pentley, the man who had lifted him and first been appalled by his tear-marked physiognomy, turned to the others, peculiar lustre in his eyes. His nether lip trembled a little, like a leaf that is just touched by the wind. For a second this was his expression—the unwontedly lustrous eyes and the under-lip, faintly vibrant.

But it passed. In each eye a drop appeared, his mouth fell open unmistakably, a sound strained in his throat —and Ridgeway wept!

And the others, seeing, burst instantly into loud lamentations. One of the four seemed to confuse the issue a little—he spoke lachrymosely of a dead but still remembered gold-fish, until tears and incoherency overcame him. But in general it was a sincere and unclouded outpouring, a complement to Pentley's grief, a commentary on their recognition of the first breach in the Soused Six. . . .

The bartender called cabs and each was driven home, still in tears. . . .

## III.

ALAS for Pentley, the passing of Howarth was not all! Within three days Ridgeway, who had been the first to weep with him, walked out of the swinging doors, as Howarth had done, forever. He too, had delivered a lecture. He also had extolled Miss Walker. Pentley felt that his soul could hold no more bitterness.

That he felt, indeed, until still another went and another, and finally Griscombe, with Pentley the last of the Six and a man who had tempestuously maintained for years that he wanted to go to hell, because nothing but hot stuff would satisfy him.

So the evening came when Pentley appeared for the first time alone in his favourite khan. His spirit was determined and bitter, but his recollections and the thousand associations of the place overcame him. He could not remain. He went home early and spent all the night in a chair, staring out of the window on the street lamps, like a morose and fallen deity, keeping watch upon the shades, melancholy and alone. . . .

Then followed days spent indoors and devoted to such an excess of debauchery that Pentley's man, who had been with him for years and knew his ways, was even astonished and shook his head a little in the privacy of his own room.

Pentley was trying, in the only way he could conceive, to forget. He was endeavoring to drown, literally, the fragrant recollections of the Soused Six, gone forever. He succeeded only in making himself, if anything, worse. He was really in a rather bad way when Miss Julia Walker, who until this moment had never approached him, called.

She waved aside the protestations of Pentley's man that he was not to be seen, and Pentley's man could not withstand the dominating manner of Miss Walker.

"Go tell Mr. Pentley I want to see him," she said.

The man left her, seated, and disappeared in the hall. He knew it would be useless to go to Pentley. Pentley was in no condition to be approached by anybody. He waited an interval and returned.

"Mr. Pentley is sorry to say that he can't see you now," said the man.

Julia Walker bit her lips. Her lips were thin, chewing them must have been one of her habits in perplexity; they looked gnawed. She was considering a rush at Pentley's man with her head lowered, so that she would take him at about the pit of the stomach, temporarily rendering any opposition from him impossible, and so secure to

herself the liberty to make a search for Pentley.

But chance made desperate means unnecessary.

In the very act of biting her lips and considering, Miss Walker was startled by a sudden loosing of tremendous outcries, like a damned soul in its first torment, unmistakably in Pentley's voice. And following, an infernal din . . . jars, bumps, detonating sounds, like an explosion of ordnance stores. The noises were appalling; they had started out of an utter quiet.

Miss Walker jumped from her chair, her body poised forward.

"What?" she demanded.

Pentley's man was pale.

"I . . . I don't know . . ." he faltered.

"Look out!" cried Miss Walker.

She brushed him aside like a flood knocking away a log, and ran out of the room. The outcries plainly proceeded from the end of the corridor. But before Miss Walker reached the door that was closed on all this terrifying uproar, it ceased, suddenly, as it had begun.

Miss Walker grasped the knob. It yielded; the door was not locked.

She swung it open and stood, looking in.

Pentley was at the end of the room, crouching before the closed door of a closet. He held the back of a broken chair in his clenched hands. Fragments of furniture were strewn like leaves of autumn about the room. He raised his eyes just a second to Miss Walker, whom he had never seen before, and then beckoned to her.

"Come here," he whispered.

Miss Walker crossed the room to him. The man was evidently insane with drink. He was seeing things.

"Stand right there!" cautioned Pentley.

Then, dropping the chair, he turned the catch of the closet door.

He opened it, the fraction of an inch only.

"See!" he screamed. "I've got 'em all in there!"

Miss Walker took his arm and led him away. She shook her head solemnly. She had almost delayed too long with this case. However, her desire had been to arouse a dramatic effect. She wanted the sense of her power to sink in, as Pentley contemplated the astounding reformation of his companions.

"Sit down there!" she commanded.

Pentley was docile. He stared at Miss Walker, but he did as she required.

"Do you know that you've just about done for yourself?" she demanded.

"Who *are* you?" asked Pentley.

"You've heard of me," she said. "My name is Walker. I'm tired of your carrying on. You've got to reform, like your friends. You've got to get back a little of your lost manhood. I'm going to see to it . . ."

And then Miss Walker was loosed upon one of her torrential dominations. Poor Bentley, still a little apprehensive about the closet, opened his mouth several times, unquestionably with the idea of saying words, but his purpose was abortive, futile . . . Miss Walker *does* dominate. Short of blasphemy, she called Pentley hard names piled upon hard names, like a Moslem cursing his enemy.

Pentley was in a very emotional condition. Miss Walker, progressing in the theme of her denunciation, reached her *crescendo agitato*, passed from *forte* to *fortissimo*, to *sforzando*. With her jaw protruded, Miss Walker hurled a super-phillipic, the veins standing out on her thin neck like the streaks of a blue crayon—and Pentley broke into sobs.

Miss Walker felt that she had him. She dropped her voice, she touched him on the shoulder.

"Now you are a man," she said. "From this time on you're through with alcohol, the fiend . . ."

She left him, still wet-eyed. She was quite convinced of Pentley's conversion. That was one of the few mistakes Miss Walker made in her long crusading existence. She didn't un-

derstand that Pentley was a man of strong habits.

A few moments after she passed out of the door, Pentley reached for the bottle and poured himself a glass of whiskey. . . .

## IV

Nor many days had gone over before Miss Walker heard of her mistake. Strangely enough a mood of public joyousness had come upon Pentley. It was doubtless only another of his trials to forget. At any rate, he had appeared upon the streets very late in the night, and singing. Pentley was not a vocalist. Furthermore, Bogart City is not a place of troubadours and minnesingers. Pentley was arrested and spent the night behind bars.

Before his release in the morning, Miss Walker got the rumors of his escapade and hurried to the town hall. She was just about in time to meet him as he came out of the court room, after having paid a fine.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"Good morning," said Pentley coldly.

Miss Walker thrust her hand under his arm.

"Now, what do you think of yourself?" she asked.

"I don't care to talk to you," said Pentley.

"But you're going to," she said.

Pentley turned his face and looked at her. His vision had no marked clarity, but even a blurred sight gave no softening outline to Miss Walker. She was as angular as an icositetrahedron. Pentley suddenly felt a little cold. A febrile shiver shook him.

Who was this woman? She was unlovely, unhandsome, odious . . . Why was she walking with him?

He thought of escape. He thought of jerking his arm from her hand—surely that could be done—and running. But somehow he knew she would catch him. Those bony legs would carry her to him like a centipede stalking a fly.

A chilling sweat came out in little drops upon his forehead. It was a very dreadful experience. What did the woman intend to do with him?

She seemed to be answering that mental question.

"I'm going to take you to my exhibit and show you something. You seem to be unable to grasp an idea without concrete evidence. I thought I had you to conviction last week. Now I'm going to *show* you. I'm going to demonstrate just what you're doing to yourself."

Pentley was weak and sick. Many things had happened to him in the past month—he seemed, in a sense, to be living in an unreal world. His old life and the Soused Six were the realities and this, a time of wraiths, phantoms, ghosts. . . . He hadn't the strength to resist Miss Walker. He let her lead him, silent, frightened, along the streets.

She took him into the Y. M. C. A. building and a room devoted entirely to her work. The walls were covered with enormous charts. They were, in fact, demonstrations of the Effect of Alcohol on the System. Miss Walker had conceived the notion of giving Pentley a scientific scare. She showed him sections of brains, ossified with alcohol. Pentley was unmoved. She talked punditically of stomachs, livers, lights. Pentley's apathy was unshaken. He parted from Miss Walker that morning after having afforded her no satisfaction at all.

For an hour or two Miss Walker experienced an extraordinary sensation—the feeling of defeat. The point was, she had never encountered so fixed and determined a personality as Pentley. It seemed impossible to bring conviction to him. The ordinary arguments—even as delivered by her—were in this case useless. She felt that any sudden, single conversion of Pentley was scarcely possible. Pentley was the sort of a man who must be *worn* down. She came to see, little by little, that if she could conceive some way of being with Pentley a great deal of the time, she

could win him over by erosion and attrition.

Musing on this, Miss Walker was inspired with a startling plan. At first her mind pushed out the idea angrily. But it returned.

"Why not?" she questioned herself at last. "Willard Pentley is worth the effort. He ought to be—he *can* be—one of the most important figures in Bogart City."

Miss Walker made certain very necessary arrangements. Then she called Pentley on the telephone.

## V

PENTLEY recognized her voice.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Look here, Mr. Pentley," she said, "you need have no more fear of me. I'm through with the effort to persuade you. I'll leave you strictly alone from now on if you'll do one favor for me."

Pentley felt like a drowning man who perceives a straw.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, it's this: you know that I'm investigating and working on the drink question in Bogart City. There are certin phases of it I haven't seen yet, but want to see. For example, the café life. And I intend to investigate that. But I want to do it with somebody who knows all about it and can show me the most startling examples without wasting time. That's what I want you for . . ."

"You mean . . ."

"Exactly. For my escort. Will you be ready for me at eight this evening?"

Pentley gasped. This woman did things with the suddenness of an avalanche. But to escape her forever, as she promised, by the simple expedient of taking her about for a single evening! . . . Pentley consented.

They set out together at the time she appointed. Pentley took her to the nearest place—a gilt establishment with a jazz band. They seated themselves at a table.

"Well, what are you going to have to drink?" she asked Pentley.

His eyes rounded, and he stared at her.

"Do you mean you're going to let me have something this evening?"

"Certainly; we'd be conspicuous if you didn't."

"Scotch and soda then," he said.

"I'll take the same," she echoed promptly.

Pentley was astounded.

Then she began to ask him questions. Her queries covered the range of everything he might be presumed to know. She seemed to be manufacturing conversation with a determined thoroughness. They emptied their glasses and had them re-filled. And again. The evening advanced. Pentley, talking to her, lost all thought of the project to visit a half a dozen such places—the entire complement of Bogart City. He was flattered by this woman's attention.

Still—she was an horribly unhandsome creature. She had round, popping eyes, like a sparrow. Her neck was hideously thin and corrugated, like a piece of gnawed and stretched rubber. The knuckles of her hands were large. Even with his feeling of flattery, he shuddered a little. It was rather dreadful to sit across the table from this ogre and talk to her intimately. God be thanked, she would be out of his life, after that evening was gone!

Their glasses continued to be refilled. Pentley noticed after a time that the sound of the Jazz band had receded, as if they were playing behind a curtain. He looked in the direction of the players and was unable to determine whether or not they were still there. Things were getting a little hazy.

The glasses were filled once more.

Then Pentley forgot. Confused sensations came to him, true enough, of bustling about, of mumbling something or other, of automobile riding through the streets. But at last consciousness left him altogether. He slept.

It wasn't until morning that Pentley

learned the bitter, the unspeakable truth. But—the truth! He had been lied to, tricked. It was horrible!

But in the tears that he shed, he knew that after all his awful doom, his misfortune, had come upon him from drink. Had he kept away from liquor it would never have happened.

And that perception reformed Pentley.

He has never touched a drop of liquor since. He realizes that if booze did *that* to him, it might do anything. He drinks milk.

For Pentley found that some time in the night *Miss Walker had married him.*

## THE MYSTERY OF THE JUDGE

By E. Douglas Johnson

THE Judge passed my office every morning exactly at eleven o'clock. He was in a hurry and walked briskly as if he had an important engagement. I often wondered what business was so important as to require the presence of the Judge at exactly the same hour every day.

I decided to follow him today.

He walked directly to a soda fountain and giggled,

"Give me a red ice cream soda."

## ONCE YOUR LOVE PLEASED ME

By Marguerite Wilkinson

ONCE your love pleased me
As the green leaves of spring
When the quick earth is glad of life
That cool rains bring.

Once your love warmed me
As the sun burning white,
Flushes the lovely apple flowers
With rosy delight.

But now—let love nourish me
In days of dumb pain,
Like the kind fruit of autumn trees
Red in the rain.

# A LONELY ONE SPEAKS

By Nan Apotheker

SOMEWHERE I know there are subtle, swift visioned women—
Sensing the delicate thrill of crossing swords—
Warmed by the mellow beauties of the world—
Lighting the souls of men to keen, fine flame.

Somewhere I know there are slim, young eager girls,
Flushed to an hour's radiant loveliness—
Asway in the tender rhythms of dance and love;
Meeting their promised hour all gallantly.
(And never mind tomorrow's ebbing tide.)

Somewhere I know there are women sturdy, strong—
Flinging their lives into some valiant cause—
Whipped into tingling blood and ringing voice—
In the heart of some stirring fight for a shining goal. . .

—Oh, my youth—my beautiful, unlived youth. . .
Fountains of laughter sealed tight in my breast. . .
Keen-edged love of life—dulled with hacking futility. . .
White-hot revolts congealed in a cold, bleak air. . .
And love—love—love—jammed down upon itself.

# ROSALIND

By George Briggs

WITH trembling fingers
I swept away the hair from her face
And gazed into her half-closed eyes.
I bent above her flushed face—
Her moist lips
Anticipated my kiss.

I almost bit her
When
She sneezed.

# MRS. CARNES ADJUSTS HERSELF TO THE UNIVERSE

By Burton Kline

I

IF you want to know life be a doctor. We doctors see the world in its night-shirt, as it is. And what specimens we do uncover! I remember Mr. Carnes.

An old woman I thought him at first. He wanted energy. Later I came to see what he was. Now I've learned something—that these amiable fellows, emancipated from what we call "energy," are worth more than all your hawks and titans. He wasn't all honey, either. Pretty touch of irony, had Carnes. At the end of my first conversation with him he set me straight with one of those dry little dabs of his. To a young physician paying him a first visit there was no need for Carnes to apologize for the absence of his wife; yet as I was about to leave he dropped the remark that she was at the house of a neighbor. And then he quietly added,

"She is probably ripping Botticelli up the back."

So there was something to Carnes after all. In eight words he had characterized a woman, no mean achievement in itself; had written a biography; had even composed a play—the comedy of Mr. Carnes.

The last act of that comedy is one of my choice recollections.

Four personages played out the comedy of Mr. Carnes—his wife, his housekeeper, his dog, and himself.

I name them in the order of their importance. The dog had a perfectly human attachment to the housekeeper. The housekeeper had a perfectly dog-like attachment to her master. And Carnes's love for his wife was the real disease I found I had been called in to treat.

The other disease was Mrs. Carnes's love for several engrossing abstractions. She had gone in for Botticelli, for the reduction of child-labor, where she could find it; the ballot for women, as a matter of course.

At first Mrs. Carnes mistook me for excellent company. Soon after my first visit to Carnes she asked me to dinner. Poor devil, I quickly discovered what he wanted of me. Company for himself was the tonic he required. But Mrs. Carnes took me up at once, appropriated me body and soul.

"Well, Dr. Claverson!" she began, in her explosive manner. "Have I your name to my petition?"

"For the removal of that dump on Extempore Street?" I blandly inquired. "I shall be only too glad to lend you my name."

Mrs. Carnes stared. I was simply the newest bottle on Carnes's long shelf, but she was not prepared for the dose I administered to her. The petition she referred to was, of course, a memorial to Congress demanding immediate attention to the emancipation of women.

She was a small, brisk, dark-eyed woman, with the curse of energy. Her talk was copied from some favorite general, I should say, in the thick of battle. In a word, she enjoyed life.

She laughed. "A dump on Extempore Street! Is that all you can find to command your energies?" (Damn this thing of "energy"!)

"It isn't of world-wide scope," I admitted. "Still, I've traced seventeen cases of typhoid fever to it. And there may be more."

"Indeed! I shall have to look into it."

"Yes," Carnes drawled in his quiet way, "seventeen cases of typhoid are worth while."

"Quite right, Eben!" Mrs. Carnes silenced him.

I gather she was always silencing Eben; this time in particular she wanted to be free to deal with me.

"Doctor," she said more loftily, "I wish you would frame a measure to meet that case, and let me lay it before City Councils. My friends there are no indifferent aids."

"Thanks," said I. "But you alone, Mrs. Carnes, might dispose of the matter."

"I alone?" She was mollified. I was paying deference to her powers after all. "I alone could settle it?"

"Exactly," I answered. "Speak to your uncle. He owns the land."

In spite of his discipline Carnes beamed at me from his end of the table.

His eyes said,

"Bully for you! Now you see for yourself what a well-ventilated place this is!"

I deserve my reputation for gruffness, and it might be supposed that Mrs. Carnes would not again taste of my society; but she did. I was a challenge to her, an insidious enemy, an ally of her husband in a pathetic lingering respect for men. I might be plotting some attack on what we take to be "womanhood," something Mrs. Carnes had left behind as old-fashioned. But two days after that dinner I received a note from Mrs. Carnes commanding me to call. She wanted me to know what a person she was.

"And so this time you yourself are my patient, Mrs. Carnes?" I said when I reached her side. I found her at her desk in her "office." "What is it? Please put out your tongue. A little over-exertion?"

"No, doctor." She ignored my shaft, and was going to win me with sweetness. "No, it is not for myself. It is for a little protégée that I need you."

And this is what she wanted.

Some time before a young girl in a "pants" factory downtown had got tangled in the machinery, hurt, and disfigured. A short while afterward a man in the same factory had become intimate with the machinery in the same way, with the same results. The man recovered five thousand in damages; the girl not a penny. What I was to do was to see this girl, certify to her injuries, and join Mrs. Carnes's swelling chorus in denunciation of this utter proof of society's discrimination against its females. (Ask any husband how much he discriminates against his females.)

"There's a little point I'd like to have cleared up before I join this movement," said I. "What lawyer handled the case for the man?"

"Mr. Dawkins," she told me.

"And for the girl?"

"Cheever."

"Exactly!" said I. "You didn't even call him a 'Mr.' There's just five thousand dollars' difference. I can just see Dawkins with a case like that girl's before a jury."

Mrs. Carnes dismissed me. I was biased, like them all.

Carnes, on the other hand, was a puzzling and therefore an interesting case. He did have the excuse of a mild form of grip at the time. But I knew his real ailment was seated deeper.

I found it at last. Nothing novel about it. All Nineteenth Century husbands have it. Carnes had an old-fashioned desire to impress his wife. And he was crushed at his failure to do so—utterly, chivalrously, absurdly old-fashioned. Yet it amused me to see how much alike they were. Both had been educated to a standstill. They had seen everything on earth, except something really useful to do. Carnes, poor fool, was willing to acknowledge as much, like an honest man. Hence Mrs. Carnes had passed him by. A rival had appeared in the Carnes house-

hold, and Carnes was left defenceless. A rival in the flesh he might have outshone, or shot. This intangible intruder had murdered his sleep and stolen his appetite.

Mrs. Carnes had eloped with Ideas.

## II

She got to traveling about incessantly that winter, with committees of women, talking her head off all over the State. I forget just what it was she was uplifting at the time, but I often saw her name, and sometimes her picture, in print—last of all as a candidate for the presidency of the State League. There appeared to be quite a chase for it.

As incessantly Carnes was having me in, regardless of expense. I was all the wife he had. He always had ready a bowl of cracked ice, a fresh bottle of "Polly," a jug of Scotch, and a tray of cigars. But I will not say these evenings were exciting. Carnes was simply the average husband at home.

Yet he was the oddest of invalids—he never talked of himself.

One evening, in particular, Carnes had been, if anything, quieter than usual. But to signalize our vast and growing intimacy my host had taken me into his den.

About nine Carnes, somehow recalled to the immediate world, glanced at a clock, smiled, and said,

"Now you will see something."

Presently there stalked into the room a huge, square-faced brindled bull-terrier.

"Good night, Tolly," said Carnes.

There was a barely perceptible palpitation of the dog's stump of a tail.

"Tolly has no tail," Carnes observed. "It's a mere bad-joke *de*tail. Now watch him."

Slowly, one foot at a time, the aged animal climbed up on one of the sofas and glanced severely toward the door. Just then there entered an apparition that made me gasp. Such force of character was so unusual in that house.

It was the housekeeper. She looked like Daniel Webster in gingham, and the windows rattled at her tread.

Dropping us a curtsy, she solemnly proceeded to enwrap the old dog in a blanket, while he as solemnly submitted. The beast heaved a sigh, put his head between his paws, and gave her a look which said,

"That will do."

Carnes smiled at me.

"They understand each other," he laughed. "You know I keep up the house for that dog. Mrs. Carnes likes him. Without him Hedwig would never stay. And without Hedwig we could never run the house. Hence the dog."

The woman achieved a really sweet smile at this fooling, and ponderously withdrew.

Such were the excitements of Carnes's life. Possibly he caught signs of impatience on my face; at any rate he felt moved to say something by way of excuse or apology.

He brought it out in one of those curiously pointed remarks of his.

"You know," he said, "Hedwig respects me. I'm proud of that."

Then he almost fell from his chair when it came over him what he was divulging. The veins crawled out on his forehead.

And I understood Carnes's ailment a little better. Something more than limp and mooning laziness was ailing him. It would not have helped Carnes to have even great Hedwig's blood in his veins. She was even more old-fashioned than he.

The whole trouble with him was that he stuck to the Nineteenth Century.

He refused to be reconciled to the subjection of men. He refused to be a contemporary of himself. Any other husband in similar circumstances would have kicked up a deceiving dust of some sort, to conceal his debasement. He would have written letters to the editor, criticizing the Administration. He might take it out on the Kaiser. Or else capitulate gracefully, and join the Men's League for the Suffrage. Somehow any other man would have

contrived a little sham importance. But Carnes absurdly believed in love. He wanted to be the equal of his wife.

And, poor fool, it was getting him physically. He slept like an owl, and ate like a sparrow.

Medicine, it was clear, had nothing to offer him. He needed a dose of ideas. And I groped about for a remedy.

His house had often struck me as something out of the ordinary, and I begged him to show me over it. The things it contained were a revelation.

"What value do you set on a piece like that?" I pointed to an especially fine Heppelwhite sofa.

"That would fetch about four thousand dollars, from a connoisseur. But this"—he took me to a much-leaded china closet in his dining-room—"this is the most valuable piece I have. I've been offered nine thousand for this."

His soup spoons were by Paul Revere. Other early American masters were represented in the rest of his silver. Every stick in the house was fitting and exquisite. Thousands of dollars, years of search, and considerable knowledge had gone into the collection. You never got away from the yawning emptiness of the house; yet as a work of art it was flawless.

"Man!" I said, "a house like this is the highest refinement of a home. A house like this is an achievement, a masterpiece!"

"An achievement!" Carnes stammered. A little praise had shocked him. "Do you think so? Why, that's delightful!"

He had, you see, his little importance after all. He had his little trifle to match against his wife. His face outshone the old candle in his hand.

But he wasn't cured yet. On our return downstairs we passed a small desk. On its lid stood a photograph that caught my eye. The picture was of Carnes, Mrs. Carnes, and between them a glorious boy. God, what a boy! Botticelli and Company were nowhere in sight.

The picture simply lifted itself into my hands. And I thought still better of Carnes. It had taken something of a man to build the little paradise that looked out of that picture. Whatever his shortcomings, it took something of a man to generate the grief he felt at the loss of it.

I put the picture down.

"How long—?" I started to ask.

"Taken six years ago," he anticipated, but in a voice that made me start.

He had gone paler than ever. He tottered, caught at my arm. Felled by a photograph.

Brandy revived him.

"It's nothing," he whispered. "Often like this. But, oh, damn it, I'm such a disgrace! . . . Don't call Hedwig. . . . Please put me to bed—you won't hurt yourself! . . . And don't go home just yet."

Between these labored directions I had had time to tuck him in bed. Neither did I leave. All the while Carnes was babbling nervously. Babbled of Mrs. Carnes, principally—of Mrs. Carnes as a girl! Clever head and warm heart she had, he averred. Just a plain average man he called himself, though I knew better. Yet he had tried. Had worked hard, had made money, enough to lie back early and enjoy life. Quite modern, quite advanced, he had thought that. And happy enough they had all been. Until the Ideas came. And the boy died.

At first, Carnes said, he had approved of public life for women; but not if it were going to work out like this. When it got to cracking hearts, something was amiss.

"I'd be willing for her to vote her head off," he laughed in his half-bantering, half-serious irony, "if only I were the candidate."

Moving as it was, I said, none too gently, I fear,

"That's all very well; but every candidate has got to get out for votes, you know."

The man gave me a sharp, studying glance. For a moment he suspected me of going over to the enemy.

"That's worth a thousand dollars to me!" he said. "You're—you're right! Funny, but I never thought of it in that way! . . . I think I need—" He paused. The Twenty-first Century was breaking in on him. He was catching up to his wife.

"Yes?" I encouraged him.

His eye twinkled as he ended,

"I think I need a little Scotch."

## III

I HAD a struggle to keep him in bed. He was all for getting up and hunting some speech of his wife, and applauding it. But he war afevered and needed quiet. I made him comfortable and prepared to leave, when something happened. The door-bell happened.

I heard great Hedwig lumber to the door, and presently caught her step on the stair—a curiously halting step. She seemed to be bearing a heavy burden. In a moment she entered the door, with one arm exceedingly full of Mrs. Carnes—a very limp, an obviously ill, Mrs. Carnes, who deposited her weight in a chair with a suddenness that caused it to whistle faintly, as if in surprise at her presence.

"Why! . . . My dear!" cried Carnes.

He sat up, and would have rushed to her assistance but that I pushed him back.

"What can be the matter? Are you ill? What can I do?"

"I think I need—" Mrs. Carnes seemed to have sent her mind groping over the world of Ideas for her precise need of the moment.

"Yes?" her husband eagerly encouraged her.

"I think I need a little something," she found it, faintly.

"Doctor," said Carnes to me, very gravely, "will you kindly prescribe 'a little something' for Mrs. Carnes?"

I measured a dose of spirits and felt of her pulse. It was pretty rapid.

"Looks as if you had caught a bit of a cold, Mrs. Carnes," said I.

"Oh, nothing of the sort! I'm terribly ill!" Mrs. Carnes corrected me.

She was going to have her choice of illnesses, without interference from me.

"Please put a pillow behind my head," she commanded of Hedwig.

I took a hand at commanding Hedwig myself, and ordered Mrs. Carnes into bed. Hedwig fell to, while I retired to the hall. In a few moments I was seated between their twin beds, with a fevered hand from each in my own. Mrs. Carnes leaned back against the pillow and candidly moaned in contemplation of a gloomy world streaming in through the window. Whether her pain was real or only imaginary, she was rocking lightly on the pillow.

"Oh, that woman, that woman!" she was saying.

"What woman, my dear?" Carnes took his life in his hands to interrupt. "Not Hedwig, surely?"

"Oh, no, of course not! Don't be foolish, Eben. Where are my salts, Hedwig? Doctor, dont' sit there like that. Isn't there something you can do?"

I drew up my chair more closely, and glanced at Carnes. His eyes twinkled in enjoyment of my perilous situation. It was clear that something had befallen Mrs. Carnes—perhaps the very something we both knew she had needed so long. Only Circumstance would dare to minister to Mrs. Carnes.

Meanwhile the good lady was moaning, "Oh, that perfectly dreadful woman!"

"What woman, my dear—if you please?" Carnes again said. No, he insinuated, as inoffensively as possible.

"What woman! I might know you wouldn't hear of it!"

"Yes, my dear."

It was high time I hurried up reinforcements for Carnes.

"It would help, Mrs. Carnes," I said, "if you were to relieve your mind of what is disturbing you."

"What has she done, my dear? And who has done it?" Carnes assisted me.

"O-oh, nothing. Just that—nothing!" Mrs. Carnes laughed bitterly.

"Has—has someone insulted you, my dear?"

"No! Of course not! I shouldn't permit it! . . . Or, rather, it amounts to that. Yes, someone has insulted me. Everyone has insulted me! I might have known it would happen," came from the now quivering person of Mrs. Carnes.

She was near now to another thing long needed, a very womanly and important thing, by no means inimical to the proper exercise of the ballot. Mrs. Carnes was on the verge of a good cry.

"Tell me, my dear, what has happened!" cried Carnes. Her tears had put him beside himself with joy.

"What has happened?" Mrs. Carnes whisked about on her pillow with a precipitateness that made me jump, and confronted her husband. "What has happened!" She gave him a fearful and searching look. And turned her back again. "I won't talk of it. . . . They've elected her president of the State League, that's all! That Mrs. Kelly-O'Halloran!" she lifted her head to hurl over her shoulder, and then turned wearily again to the wall.

Carnes whistled. "Is it possible? Why! . . . Do you mean it? I never fancied for a minute they could think of her seriously! That's so, the election occurred today, didn't it! And they made her president—Mrs. Kelly-McGilligan?"

"Kelly-O'Halloran!"

"Kelly-O'Halloran!" Carnes repeated after her, to measure the full extent of the enormity.

"Well!" he paused.

Poor devil, he wanted to sympathize. He wanted to be properly indignant. He wanted not to laugh. And yet he did want his wife to profit by the election of Mrs. Kelly-Something-or-Other.

"Well!" he groped his way among these conflicting emotions. And found his escape by way of waggery. "My dear, I shall go right down tomorrow and speak sharply to Mrs. McKelly-Something about this business."

"Don't be silly, Eben. Don't be humorous. You'll do nothing of the kind."

"But, my dear!" Carnes now felt it safe to storm. "After all you've done for them! And for The Cause!"

"Not another word, Eben! I want you to know I've done all I'm going to do for them!"

Mrs. Carnes shook herself still deeper, more irremovably into her pillow. And what she said next made a well man of her husband at a stroke.

"Eben," she faltered, and then burst out vehemently, "I really don't care whether I do so very much more for The Cause itself, so there! Not after the way I've been treated."

Carnes, when he was sure of what he had heard, there took the paddle of Circumstance into his own hands.

"Oh, my dear!" he protested. "You can't mean that! It's impossible! You can't be a deserter."

"I tell you I'm done with them. And you know very well that I'm accustomed to mean what I say."

"But you, their logical head!" Carnes now raved. He waved his arms. He came to life. "I can't comprehend it—this shocking bolt to Mrs. Kelly-McHooligan!" From violence he turned to pleading. "But, my dear, of course you mean to overlook this? I've heard you say yourself that women are bound to make a few preliminary mistakes, when they have been kept down so long, and are so new to political experience. You know how prone we all are—we men most of all—to neglect persons of lofty and disinterested aims. You know the world. You must expect to go unappreciated for a while."

"Oh, of course, of course, Eben. But it's the base ingratitude of it all that wounds me."

"I know. To think of what you've done for them! The hard licks you've put in! The energy, the brains! Why, my dear, you've been carrying the whole works on your own frail shoulders! Couldn't they see that? And the self-denial it has cost you! For months and months you must have blown your whole allowance on The Cause!"

"Don't be silly, Eben. It isn't your

money I begrudge them. I expected no return for that. How could you insinuate!"

"Oh, my dear! Far from it! Not that!"

"It's only that awful woman, I tell you. Oh, she was perfectly willing for me to do all the work. All she wanted was to crowd in. And Eben, she isn't disinterested, she isn't an inspired worker. That woman is in The Cause for what she can get out of it!"

"Yes, yes," Carnes assented. "I can just see the type!"

"Of course you can! The little climber! *I* saw right through her from the beginning. She wanted my place. But I will say it's the others that disappoint me. For them to allow themselves to be gulled as they were!"

"Poor fools!" Carnes mourned for them. He was doing admirably.

"Yes," he drawled, fighting with his inward amusement, "I can just see that scheming interloper, Mrs. Kelly-McGilligan."

"Kelly-O'Halloran!"

"Kelly-O'Halloran! A glib talker. A flatterer. A natural-born politician."

"And Eben!" Mrs. Carnes swung round on her pillow. She actually appealed to him, though it was only for justice. "Do you know, Eben, the first thing that person did on assuming office? The impudent creature! She appointed me chairman of the Publicity Committee! Just think of it!"

"Is it possible!"

"As if I couldn't see the dig in that! The publicity is all for her, naturally. And I'm to supply it! I! And that's not all of it, Eben."

"What! Is there more?"

"She appointed me chairman of a committee—do you know why?"

"I suppose because it would enable her—"

"To get into this house! Why, Eben, you see right through her! I never knew you were so interested, so—"

"So intelligent?"

"Well—" Mrs. Carnes laughed sweetly and blushed. Blushed! "Why didn't you show it before? I'm sick of it, Eben. Just sick of it! And Eben?"

"Yes, dear!"

I could see that it was time for me to withdraw. Mr. Carnes needed no further prescription from me, nor Mrs. Carnes either. They had taken charge of each other's cases. The treatment was showing gratifying results.

Before I left I heard Mrs. Carnes say, "Eben, I have a great favor to ask."

"Anything, my dear!"

"You remember what a sweet time you and I had seven years ago when we went to Europe? Well—" She faltered. Really she looked almost girlish in her sudden and very becoming timidity. "I want you to take me abroad again. Will you, as soon as we can? Because—Mrs. Kelly-O'Halloran says she is going."

I left Mr. and Mrs. Carnes in each other's arms.

For six years those two had been concealing themselves from each other. The very best actor on earth will sometimes lose his grip on illusion. These two had flawlessly carried off their rôles.

A month afterward, by Carnes's invitation, and by Mrs. Carnes's command, I dined at their house. And over the cocktails in the snuggery Carnes said to me privately,

"You've done a great deal for the party." He laughed his quiet laugh. "We're going ahead on a new platform. I've hit on a policy myself. I'm going to begin on that dump in Extempore Street. Mrs. Carnes, too, has her plans—for publicity—you know. I think"—he looked at me with his ironic solemnity—"I think she has solved the problem of her adjustment to the Universe. And so have I."

# SWEET AS FIRST LOVE

By Gertrude F. Macaulay

"YOU little devil," he whispered. "Who taught you to kiss like that?"

"I—I—*no one.*"

"It sounds sweet, dear, but it's hard to believe."

Her eyes grew misty with hurt tears. She buried her face in his shoulder and whispered,

"It's just that I love you—so much."

*"Darling!"*

He crushed her closer to him.

She closed her eyes, and gave a little catch in her breathing.

"And all the other men—you've never loved any of them—ever—like this?"

She shook her head, her eyes still closed.

"Oh, please, don't even ask such things. Never, never! I *never* loved anyone before!"

"God bless you, dear. I wish I had more to offer you. I'm not fit to kiss your little feet, but if you'll give me a chance . . ."

* * * *

(An hour later, taking her hair down, to her best friend, who is visiting her.)

"And, my dear, he has the most wonderful yacht with fifteen cabins, and a place at Newport, and—"

"Well, you always had the luck. But he's so darned 'on' to women, how ever did you manage it?"

"Oh, just the regular old line, some warmth, much sincerity, and oceans of innocence."

"But your record—the other men!"

She yawned.

"Yes, he must be the hundred and tenth man who has believed the old chestnut about never having known what love meant till I met him."

A MAN will kiss a woman for a joke, out of kindness, or sometimes because he loves her. When a woman kisses a man, however, it is always a means toward an end.

NO higher love can a woman show for a man than to respect the other lady.

WHEN a woman begins to tell you about her past, her future is in your hands.

# THE OUTCAST

By Bertram Hallet

## I

BY what freak of nature Willy Miller was born a poet only the seven idiot Gods who preside over births, deaths and marriages can tell you.

Looking closely upon Willy's father and mother at the time, the keen analyst would have hazarded they might produce a shoe clerk or a telephone girl or, under very favorable conditions, a plumber. Nor was there anything in the entire known ancestry of Willy's parents, any mesalliance, any hanged uncle, any secret disease which might have accounted even remotely for the physiological acrobatics involved in Willy Miller's birth.

Willy's father was a remorselessly virtuous man. He came of that ferocious and unrelenting stock which is the backbone of the nation. He had inherited from them the hatred and contempt of an upright God-fearing Christian for anyone and everyone who is not an upright God-fearing Christian. On Sundays he arrayed himself in the regalia of worship and sang in a choir, lending a joyous unction to those pitiless hymns which are poured into the ear of an unwilling God.

He was a strong-minded man, was Willy's father, too strong-minded a man to have produced a poet without the intervention of the seven idiot Gods. He was a man whose honesty had kept him poor, whose virtues had kept him sour, whose opinions had kept him ignorant. But poor, sour and ignorant, he continued to face the world with a courage undaunted and zeal unflagging. He was an unflickering lamp which the miasmas of evil could not cloud, which the blasts of Hell could not extinguish. Thus he thought of himself. Thus he lived.

Daily he saw fresh evidences of this evil breaking out like sores upon the surface of life. A godless generation executed unholy dances under his eyes. Demagogues, charlatans, sinners multiplied and prospered. Heresies went up on every breeze.

As he grew older and clearer of eye he perceived beyond these iniquities the greater sins—those sins of the flesh which spread their evil upon the world. A tide of lust seemed to be inundating the world. Thus it was he went through life like a knight through battle, a scowling, fiercely agitated knight, a knight who, with his back to his sacred fireside, resisted the confusions of Satan.

His wife was his faithful ally. She likewise had the hatred and contempt of a simple, pure-minded woman for anyone and everyone who was not simple and pure-minded. There was something almost personal in this hatred of hers toward sin, as though she hated a thing that had wronged her, lied to her.

She shared her husband's remorseless virtues. With him she battled the powers of darkness. She kept their little house in the scraggy suburb of Lindville shining with order.

It was Willy's mother and father who led the outraged mob which rode the butcher's wife out of Lindville on a rail. That was one year before Willy was born, to be sure, but it assists in the general mystification of Willy's birth. The butcher's wife had deserted her husband. On top of this unsavory procedure, the butcher's wife

had refused to withdraw from the Lindville church. The Rev. Francis Middleton had called upon her in person, pointing out to her the precise reasons which inspired him and his congregation to object to her further worship of God in their temple.

A Quixotic stubbornness had inspired the butcher's wife to drive the Rev. Middleton out of her new and sinful quarters and a further grotesque sense of decency had led her to appear at his church the following Sabbath. That night the butcher's wife, clinging to a long rail and shrieking, her clothes torn and covered with tar, moved out of Lindville, and Willy's father and mother were at the head of the outraged procession.

Looked upon closely, observed and examined with an omniscient eye, Willy's parents remained hygienically, socially, mentally and morally incapable of Willy. It was just one of those somersaults of evolution.

## II

From the first Willy acted strangely. As a baby he exhibited a winsome and cherubic nature which must have assured the seven idiot Gods that their insane whims were materializing. He had a merry eye, a disdain, infantile of course, for the rigmarole of religion. When carried to church in his mother's arms he whooped fiercely at the sight of the altar, shrieked at the Rev. Mr. Middleton, burst into tears at the sound of the choir, held his breath and nearly perished. He was a year and a half at the time but, from later developments, it was evident that his astounding characteristics had already taken form.

At the age of twelve Willy had become a fully matured and revealed burden to his parents. They regarded him as an infliction, a brutal indestructible reminder of original sin.

Willy's father wrestled with his soul. He trounced Willy's flesh and whacked it, fed it gruel, scourged and flayed it, but the devils would not out.

At thirteen Willy declared openly against the Lord. In the same year he declared openly against education. He had to be ignominiously led to school by his mother lest he run away to slide down hills on a sled, if it was winter, or to swim in the creek, if it was summer.

Thus it was that five days out of the week Mrs. Miller struggled with Willy's brain. On the sixth day Willy's father administered a general retribution for the week and on the seventh Willy was dragged to church to make his peace with God.

But everything was useless. Willy's father, who was outwardly undaunted and unflagging, acknowledged it secretly to his wife.

"He's no account," said he. "He's a sinful lad with no respect for anything. He's growing to be no good."

As for Willy, he cheerfully went his way, taking the beatings and scourgings as an irritating, unavoidable necessity. He stole and lied and cheated. He learned to swear and was caught smoking on the Sabbath when he was fourteen. He seemed to derive an endless delight from hurling snowballs at the Rev. Mr. Middleton.

But the crisis—the first real crisis—came when Willy's father uncovered in Willy's room a cache of nickel and dime novels, lurid, ungodly paper things which at first glance revealed the fact that they celebrated the riots and disorders of life. On a second glance Willy's father found them even worse. He destroyed them. He forced Willy to his knees to pray forgiveness.

"I'll not pray," said Willy.

"Ye will," said Willy's father and he struck him across the face. He was angry. "Pray, ye wretched sinner!"

"I will not," said Willy.

Another blow across the face brought a welt to Willy's cheek and a tear into his eyes.

"I'll go to Hell first," said Willy.

Willy's mother came into the room. She found Willy lying on the floor weeping with his teeth locked and his fists doubled. His father towered over him. His father's eyes were blazing.

A furious blind hate was in his father's heart.

It was in moments such as this that Willy's father felt the full justification of his existence, moments when the enemy stormed the citadel of his home and he, like some undaunted knight, defended his fireside.

In books Willy's father always recognized the great enemy in his most terrible form. Books were the tracts of Satan, the lewd dreams of sick men, the lights which led the world from one darkness into another. The books which Willy had been reading in secret, poor little glaring hideous things, lay scattered over the floor with Willy in their midst. The vivid lithographic covers were like crumpled, fallen banners.

"Pray, pray!" Willy's father kept shouting.

"What is it?" Willy's mother asked frightenedly.

Willy's father turned to her.

"The Devil is in our son, Jennie. I have caught him reading vile and immoral trash. Piffle. Lewd books. He has been doing it fer years. I have caught him and ordered him to pray to God to fergive him. And he refuses!"

Willy's father kicked the figure at his feet. A wail went up.

"I'll not pray—I'll not!" shrieked the object at the feet of Willy's father. "I'll not pray . . . I'll not!"

The face of Willy's mother was entirely white, but a hard light had come into her eyes.

She sprang forward and seized Willy by the ears. There was a great strength in her gestures.

She dragged Willy here and there, crying out to him,

"Will ye pray or not? Will ye do as yer father asks?"

Willy turned his eyes upon her, a difficult feat considering the position of his ears, and with the tears spurting, defied her.

They left him after an hour.

Willy's father and mother went to their own bedroom and there beside their own bed which had witnessed his birth they prayed to God to forgive them for befouling the world with Willy. After this they arose, relieved with a certain sense of absolution from on high.

## III

THE three years which followed were painful ones for the Miller home. To his parents Willy remained like some continual and increasing penance.

Frequently while in church Willy's mother petitioned God to reveal to her why she had been cursed with such issue. Frequently on returning home from his work—he was a foreman in a flour mill—Willy's father looked upon his well-trimmed lawn, his square trim little house and snarled.

Willy was taken out of school and put to work in Lehman's grocery store, two blocks from the Miller home. After the first week he was promptly discharged by Harry Lehman, the proprietor, because he was shiftless and in a vague way dishonest.

Then Willy went to work in the mill, under his father. This lasted almost a year and ended in another discharge for similar reasons. Willy's father then found him another job on a farm six miles from the suburb of Lindville. Here Willy remained another eight months and concluded an unpromising agricultural career by running away. He returned to his home in a thunderstorm like some melodramatic prodigal.

Willy's father did not throw him out. He, Mr. Miller, had a strong sense of his responsibilities. He had brought Willy into the world and it was the will of God to shame and humiliate him further for so doing. He would bow before this divine wisdom and with a hard, rasping voice he welcomed Willy home.

"Yer mother and father have worked all their life, and now when ye might be a comfort to them and a support ye turn out to be a scourge and a fire to them," he said. "Make yer home here so long as ye will and help yer mother about the house if ye want.

God has given ye to us and His will be done."

Willy went to his room and wept. He was seventeen then. Strange things were transpiring in him. It was these things which had led him to desert the farm, which made him generally shiftless and impossible. He found himself looking at familiar things and thinking unfamiliar thoughts about them. He liked to sit for hours alone and dream wordless things into being. And physical labor always aroused a peculiar ferment in him. It was as if something which he had overlooked became suddenly stirred to a sympathetic activity, clouding his brain with odd, feverish fancies.

He lay now on his bed and wept. Occasionally he looked out upon the storm-disturbed countryside in the distance. He listened to the trees lashing the darkness, to the wind moaning wildly through the deserted street and beyond in the more than deserted fields. The lightning kindled sudden panels of a tossing violet world into being.

Willy felt as he lay on his bed, his clothes still wet, that life had become suddenly unbearable, that there was no aim to it, that he would like to die. He found himself unable to think of his father and mother in definite, familiar terms. A mist formed itself around them, a mist through which he groped after words and thoughts in pain. This mist seemed to shroud all the things he knew and had been taught. It shrouded God.

"I'll write them a letter and go away for good," Willy groaned to himself.

He sat down before the broken-legged table near the window and bent over a tablet of paper. It was dark in the room, a light from the hall throwing a bare glow upon the table. As his pencil touched the paper a peculiar lucidity came to Willy and he wrote, slowly, curiously.

"The night is a black Christ. It groans and weeps. People turn their back on it and hide in front of fireplaces. The rain falls everywhere. The wind blows everywhere. It is like a song."

Willy was surprised when he paused at the bottom of the sheet. He was surprised he had written that. He was more surprised when he read it over and found that the words "didn't make sense." They had made sense in his head while he was writing them down. But they had "come out" different. He failed to write the letter.

An hour later he fell asleep after hiding his pencil and paper. He fell asleep with the breathless feeling such as he used to have when he knew that the circus was coming with the dawn.

Thereafter the seven idiot gods inexplicably responsible for Willy concerned themselves no further with him. Their work was done. They left Willy scribbling, scribbling. They left him with a boundless joy in his heart, the joy of a very young man who has suddenly discovered a vast reason for living.

Day in and out Willy wrote upon paper. Where it came from, how it got there, Willy didn't know. Suffice he found an almost desperate elation in this strange pursuit of things, this pursuit of words which hovered dazzlingly before his eyes, of thoughts which burned luridly somewhere in the queer depths of his brain. An urge which drove him forward with an undaunted, unflagging hope increased. Willy gave himself over entirely to this mania to write down things which were continually springing into his thought.

He worked conscientiously about the house, helping his mother. He felt a new, impersonal attitude toward his father, and once or twice endeavored to talk to him.

But Willy's father only frowned and turned away.

Willy was left alone. In the house there was little talk, and none of it for him. Willy moved through the rooms, through the suburb growing more and more a stranger. It was only after a year of this unusual pantomime that Willy was brought to realize there was

a limit even to the divine tolerance of his parents.

Willy's mother, cleaning his room, found a heap of paper in a drawer. She read what was written on the paper and turned pale.

When Willy's father came home she showed the sheaf of poems to him.

They read them together, and as they read a fearful glow came into Mr. Miller's face.

"The scoundrel!" he breathed.

Willy came into the room at the moment.

"Ye scoundrel," Willy's father repeated aloud. "Ah, ye scoundrel!"

Willy looked at him puzzled.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Mr. Miller sprang to his feet and shook the sheaf of paper in front of Willy's face.

"This," he said, "this . . . this . . ."

Words did not come to Willy's father. Rage and horror, hate and venom came, but no words.

Willy had words, pale, simple ones.

"That's some stuff I wrote about a girl," said Willy.

"Stuff," shouted Willy's father. "Stuff . . ."

"I wrote it for myself," said Willy. "I'm sorry you don't like it. I tried to make it beautiful."

The words came. Willy's father swelled under their arrival. His face grew rather large. His eyes became remarkable. Willy gazed into them and was afraid.

"Beautiful!" was the first word which came to Willy's father.

And then:

"Ah, ye low, miserable sinner! Callin' such heathen, vile things as this beautiful! Speakin' of a woman's breasts and—and her body. Shame on ye. Writin' of a woman like that! Beautiful! Ah, ye filthy, black-souled creature! I've stood fer ye long enough. Ye ain't a man. Ye ain't decent. Ye can't remain to pollute the air of the home yer mother and I have builded. Get out o' here. Get out! Ye little cur!"

Willy's father began to tear up the little heap of papers.

Willy, who had listened in silence to what his father said, watched this with unbelieving eyes.

"You're not tearing them up?" he asked. Willy had worked all year writing them. He had worked very hard.

"I am," said his father. "I brought ye into the world, God forgive me. I make amends."

Willy's father tore the sheaf in half.

Willy jumped forward.

"No," he shouted. "I wrote them for myself. I wrote them . . ."

He stopped and stared at his father.

He found it difficult to talk, confusing to make known what he was thinking.

"You can't see that they're beautiful," he announced abruptly, "because your mind thinks everything that is beautiful is filthy. You've got a filthy mind."

"God's curse is on ye, and the devil's, too," answered Willy's father. "Get out . . . I have borne with ye long enough."

He finished tearing the papers into bits.

Willy looked around him for his hat. He felt quiet, now that the papers were torn into bits. Certain phrases that had been on the papers jumped into his brain and became vivid to him . . . "her eyes circling the gloom like little purple-breasted birds . . . the mist of her body like a golden incense . . . the moon sleeping between her breasts . . ."

Willy had been vaguely in love with the groceryman's daughter, Edna. As he thought of these phrases, or rather looked at them, for they came and stuck before his eyes, Willy half expected to hear his mother weep. But she didn't.

"Well," he said, "you've destroyed them, father. Like you would destroy everything beautiful if you had your way. Good-bye."

There was no answer. It was spring and Willy walked into the street of the scraggy suburb feeling a sense of sorrow for the torn poems and a sense of

joy for the many poems which had not been destroyed.

## IV

BETWEEN the time Willy Miller left his home and the time he began to grow famous as a poet there stretched a long, dark period, during which Willy did many strange things. He slept in many cities and passed through many places. He saw many things, and slowly he learned to stand upon his feet in a world where nearly all lay sprawled upon the earth.

The years of this period were like great, exaggerated days. Events and shadows, incidents and hopes all flew by, each breathing of immortality as it passed. Fully ten such years went away before Willy was able to overcome the habit his thoughts had of "not making sense" when he put them down.

And then, here and there, people became mildly aware of him. People read his songs, sometimes in newspapers, sometimes in odd magazines, and finally in a book.

Gradually the dark period faded out of Willy's memory. He found himself as a result of everything, as a result of his father, his mother, his half-starved stomach, his wearied legs and his very sorrowful heart, entirely in tune with himself. The peculiar lucidity which had lighted up his soul one night when he was a boy now lighted the paper upon which he wrote.

An indifferent affluence like a breathing spell overtook Willy at first. Then a fantastic affluence. Then suddenly, as if Willy had been invisible all his life and had suddenly flamed into being, a wild, disturbing affluence befell him.

He found himself the object of a fascinating adulation. His songs fell as food upon hungry souls. Profound editors acclaimed him the American Heine and Shelley. Yearning editors proclaimed him the American Verlaine and Brusov. Irritating, vacuous editors proclaimed him the second Longfellow.

In this new condition Willy's soul expanded and became more lovely. Into his writing there winged a wilder, warmer note. His fame pleased him, his work delighted him, life ravished him. He was no longer a boy, but there were compensations.

Sitting in a café one evening with a great editor and a beautiful young woman, Willy found occasion to remark:

"If you look upon life as a panorama instead of as back drop, it makes it easier. The things that pass, you forget. The things that are in front of you, you love. The things that are to come, you worship."

At a *soirée* a year later he was heard to say:

"An artist, after all, is merely a chap who is able to wring an echo out of the voices which surround him, a true echo. Sometimes the things I write strike me as so insignificant. There is so much noise in the world. And yet I noticed that a beautiful phrase leaves behind a greater echo than a victorious battle."

The world harkened to these things Willy said and put them upon paper. People read them and, because Willy's songs were lovely, deemed them lovely too, which they may or may not have been.

When he was thirty-five years old Willy said to a woman whom he loved at the time:

"I've never told you of my folks, have I?"

The young woman answered that he had not, and Willy became silent.

Thus the idea of returning to a place he vaguely remembered came to Willy.

He had not written or heard from his parents since he went away.

Willy remembered them queerly. His father became a great, towering patriarch; his mother a silent, powerful mate in his memory. The idea grew upon Willy. He found himself thinking eagerly of such a return. The remembrance of his father's nature seemed to him absurd. He had been a boy then, without understanding, an

unusual and probably vastly irritating boy.

That was twenty years ago.

He had changed in twenty years.

Perhaps they were dead.

He felt sad to think of that. But more likely they still lived in Lindville and would be glad to see him, thankful. He pictured his father shaking his hand and talking awkwardly. He visioned his mother weeping and clinging to him with pride.

He went back in search of Lindville in the spring.

He found it a very small, scraggy-looking place, with something pathetically familiar to its streets and houses. During all the years it had not changed.

Willy, as he walked through its byways, saw it as something which many suns had dwarfed and many winds withered.

He came in front of a little trim house and felt startled. He looked at it and smiled. It was the house he was born in. He walked up the front steps and knocked at the door. Willy had waited till evening so as to find his father home, if he were alive. He felt certain he would be home if he were alive.

A restless, boyish smile seized upon Willy after he had knocked at the door, and he stood trembling, almost laughing with a strange elation.

The door opened and an old man appeared. Willy looked at the old man and recognized his father. The old man had a massive head and a prodigious face. He seemed shrunken, except for his head, and his face seemed unnaturally ugly, except for his eyes. He regarded Willy slowly. Willy held out his hand. There was a certain magnanimous gesture to Willy's hand as he held it out. It dawned on him at that instant that he was a great poet, a great figure, a man of whom the world would speak for centuries.

The old man in the door stepped back.

"Yer Willy," he said.

There was something haunting in his voice. It haunted Willy. Then he remembered. It was his father's voice, a voice that had never changed.

"Yes," he said, "where's mother?" His hand was still extended.

"Get out," said the voice. "Get out o' here. What did ye come back fer, ye filthy sinner? To pollute our home in our old age? Get out! What do ye want to do, bring yer women and yer dirty writin' into yer parents' home?"

Willy's father pointed to the street. Willy walked down the steps. He felt sick. The idea struck him that all his life had been in vain. He wanted to weep.

He looked back and saw an old, stooped woman standing behind his father. The old woman was frowning upon him.

Willy passed on down the road, his feet lagging and a great heaviness in his eye.

Willy's father remained in his doorway, his face raised, his undaunted eyes staring curiously into the heaven.

MARRIAGE is an inspiration to women. Before marriage they see how easily men can be fooled. After marriage they prove it.

A MAN will love any woman who will help him to love himself.

# WE ARE MIDDLE-AGED AND FAT

By W. F. Jenkins

MY dear, we are middle-aged and fat. It is absurd for us to sit here on this terrace in the moonlight. We no longer know the ecstasy we knew when we first discovered our love, upon this same terrace. We think now of our difficulties with the servants, and perhaps of the necessity for repairs to the plumbing. Do you remember the delirious happiness of the first few days in our own home? It hardly seems possible that I, who am growing somewhat bald, could ever have said and meant the ridiculous but immensely important things I told you then. We loved . . .

Let us go indoors. We have changed. The air is rather damp and we are subject to colds. Also, I have a feeling that we should not remain here. The air is soft and warm and the moon shines down as it did long years ago. We are middle-aged and fat. The absurdly adoring young people of former days exist no longer. We can only remember. Let us go indoors and leave the terrace to the ghosts of our mad, dead selves, loving each other in the moonlight.

# ADDENDUM

By Muna Lee

FOR you and for none other were they made—
Five halting sonnets that discreetly kept
To one strait path; that circumspectly stept
Wherever slippery stepping stones were laid.
For you and for none other! They have stayed
As they shall stay, hidden from all concept
Like childish follies none have known except
Him of whose verdict I was once afraid.
And now I fear no longer! So it goes;
And I am not more faithful than the rest
And muse no longer on a changéd face.
Yet I may tell them sometime, I suppose,
If from my tell-tale eyes your name is guessed—
"Ah, yes, I loved him, for five sonnets' space!"

# LIKE THE WIND ACROSS THE WATER

By Helen Hersh

I

"I SHALL be at 'The Crillon' most of the summer," finished the letter. "When you get to Paris, if you want someone who will be delighted to take you around, to theaters, the races, anywhere, do let me know—"

The tiny girl in the trimmest of gray suits and the smartest of little hats with a long, long blue quill, raised her head, turned the bit of paper in her hand and after studying the monogram of a fashionable club on it laid the letter aside.

"He must be the tall man who danced with me so often the other night," she murmured. "I must have met him at Hilda's dinner last week. Well—perhaps."

And she reached for the next letter of the pile that lay in her lap.

It was characteristic of Ariana Ellis that before the small ship on which she was sailing, bound for Italy, had reached the narrows, she had read every steamer letter in her budget—even some marked "open first day out, second day," and so on. She was absolutely incapable of that middle-class attitude that puts all energy and joy into saving for future heavens.

As the boat, with a sudden quivering of machinery, turned away from Sandy Hook, she sighed and laid down the last letter. They were tiresome, these "glad" thoughts of friends for a lonely traveler—especially as she was seldom lonely.

She waved aside her maid, who appeared with a steamer rug and the query, "Wouldn't Mrs. Ellis like to come below for a more suitable hat and gown?" and rising stood by the rail.

With the bow of the little steamer at last turned to sea, a feeling of placidity had settled down on the restless decks, like the sudden congealing of a dish of fluids when the gelatin cools.

Ariana straightened her shoulders and drew in a deep breath of the sea-air.

"Not tainted by the land and its parasites," she whispered. "It comes fresh from the gods."

Her eyes followed the wheeling of the dusty-colored gulls. Then she peered out over the vast moving plain of the sea, gray in a gray twilight, and up into the great blankness of the sky. "It's like a wall—perhaps the gods sit behind there—all the old ones of Olympus and a thousand more, too."

She turned to the west again, watched the sinking sun break through a rift in the flat clouds, then vanish, and the last low rim of the land blocked in by the sky. She shivered, and tucked in a lock of black curls that wavered across her cheek. Suddenly she stood on tiptoe, waved a slim hand toward the empty vest, and with a tremulous little laugh vanished into the passageway.

Three days later Ariana Ellis appeared on deck again. When she had come on board there had been purple shadows on her colorless cheeks, today her skin was white and clear. Her soft gray dress and veil fluttered merrily in the April breezes. To all except Demon

Time, who knew, she was a girl of twenty.

Long ago, when ocean travel was as safe as motoring, before madness had come upon the world, a liner was a strange, unexplored land to anyone who came into it, gifted with imagination, youth and the joy of living. Of course, tourists, buyers and the would-be aristocrats who secluded themselves in stuffy suites, found it dull and uninteresting. But to the born adventurer, man or girl, with the salt air in his face and the rhythm of the waves—those waves that hid tremendous secrets under their translucent cloak—in his body, a ship is a country full of romance, of mystery—and of love.

Ariana began to circle the deck quickly. She swayed prettily with the motion of the boat, as she walked, her eyes caught the glint of the evening sun's last sparkle on the water, her pulse beat faster. She was an explorer in a new wilderness.

As the wind seized and fluttered her around a corner at the bow, she came face to face with a young man. With a little gasp of pleasure she held out her hand.

"Why, how do you do!"

The man hesitated, looked puzzled, then took the cool little fingers.

"I—" he began, "I believe—"

A laugh of purest joy from the girl cut him short.

"I must stop you," she cried. "I must, before you become banal." Again she laughed like a child.

"But I don't—"

Again she broke in with a little shriek of merriment, then suddenly became very grave.

"I know you don't know me," she said.

The man looked relieved. He looked her over with a look of appreciation, then clasped tighter the hand that still lay in his.

Ariana drew closer.

"I'm going to fool you," she said. "You thought I'd draw back—you thought I was—but I'd better tell you now that I'm truly a lady. I'm rich, I'm somebody—you can look me up if you don't believe me. My name is Ariana.

"And mine is—"

"Don't! Don't!" She looked at him beseechingly. "Twice within a few moments I have saved you from banality. I don't care what your name is. *I* am going to call you André."

"But why—"

"Sh-h! Does it really make any difference? You needn't call me Ariana if you don't want to, but I think you'll find it suits me."

The man looked at her earnestly, almost feverishly, as though suddenly searching for something he had dreamed of finding.

"I believe," he said, "that you are neither crazy nor joking. How much acting you are doing I can't say—all women are actresses—but you are not a professional, I know."

He paused and looked out over the sea.

"If you only *are* different from the rest!" he said softly. Then he turned quickly resolute. "I'm going to meet you on your own ground. You are utterly charming, Ariana."

"Shall we walk?" said Ariana.

## II

SOMEWHERE in the heart of the liner silvery bells tinkled. A sailor would have said two bells, but Ariana, sitting on the hurricane deck, in the lee of a lifeboat, under the stars, and being only emotionally interested in ships' clocks, whispered, "Listen, André! Each one is like an iridescent bubble—or a kiss."

And André, leaning closer said:

"Is that simile suggestive—so soon?"

She was too feminine not to answer one question with another. "So soon?"

"So soon after meeting you."

"Ah, banality forever! We didn't meet. We pressed hands, we walked together, we are susceptible to one another's charm, we have known each other forever—and a day—today. Will people never overcome this puritanical living for tomorrow!"

There was a pause filled by the lapping of the waves.

"And your husband," asked André suddenly; "what does he think of your condemnation of the puritans?"

Ariana looked at him gravely.

"I think you look like a viking," she said. "You are very handsome and young." Then she laughed. "Your question? My husband doesn't think; he was a New England stock broker; he *thought*. We have been divorced two years.

"I'm sure he was unkind to you."

Her slim hands went out and rested on his arm. Her pallid face, upturned, was very child-like.

"No!" she cried quickly. "He wasn't. I was happy. Why do people stay married until they are cruel to one another? I didn't. When love had passed—and we had nothing but that in common—we separated. My marriage is one of my prettiest memories."

The man whistled wonderingly.

"You are unusual and glorious. And how long do you think love lasts?"

"A year, a month, a day—" she shrugged her shoulders, but her face still had a tragic little pout. "It's all so unbeautiful, so stupid, to me—this thing of mixing up love, marriage, babies, and law. It's inhuman—unnatural, like—hash."

"Then you don't believe in one great love in a life, you butterfly." His eyes were flooded with laughter and delight.

"One great love—and death. Yes. Otherwise, no. All this sentimental stuff they preach about a woman not being able to have an affair joyously, and to forget joyously—" she gave a gesture of disgust. "The woman of charm, who lives hard and happily, has no regrets, only fragrant memories. It's the envious women who lack opportunity, who suffer from bitterness and sentimental sorrows." She leaned forward, as if about to impart a great secret: "I think it's those women who write all the novels!"

"Then you think you can love and forget? I don't believe it. No woman can."

"That is, none you've ever met . . ."

"I admit you are unusual, but I have convictions. A woman never forgets, or keeps her memories as dry and uninteresting—as immortelles."

"André—*believe* me, if you don't you will be hurt; I know."

"Hurt? Hurt on finding a woman who can forget? May Fate be witness, Ariana, that all my line I've searched for one who could forget gladly. That's why I have such strong convictions—"

She smiled at him quietly. "Sometimes Mother Fate is kind."

Their eyes met merrily.

"What does all this matter," he cried. You've said it. 'Love lasts a month, a day—today.' My darling—"

And he kissed her.

Ariana put up her little white face again. "It would be foolish to say I didn't want that," she whispered.

## III

THE sea was like a great shimmering piece of brocade, and the moon, moving steadily across an empty sky, had begun to slip down toward the western rim of silver. The wonderful silence of the ocean, with only an occasional long thread of sound from a foaming wave, hung heavily around the little liner. The decks were deserted, lights out.

Suddenly the door of one of the deck cabins clicked gently, and a phantom-like figure appeared in the passage leading out on deck. It glided out until it stood leaning wearily against the rail.

"It's too beautiful—I can't sleep," murmured Ariana. "Only two days more, then the dull, thirsty land again—"

The almost imperceptible breeze caught and fluttered the laces of her thin white negligée. Ariana gave a little shiver, half of pleasure, half of cold. Then, with a child-like gesture of abandon, she flung her white arms out into the moonlight, toward the trembling water.

"Oh, the wonder of it all!" she cried. "The infinite sweetness of life and joy

and love! Why can't all those other women understand—"

Swiftly she bent her head as though in prayer.

"Oh gods—*my* gods! Show all my sisters the light. Show them that husband-catching, and being supported, isn't the joy of life. No wonder their babies are uninteresting little things—without love! . . . Oh, show them that we must all work together, oh so hard, to be independent—free—not in order to be suffragettes, but to be utterly, utterly feminine."

Then she stiffened. She felt strong arms about her.

"Ah, André!" she cried, relaxing. "You frightened me—I didn't know who you were—until—you kissed me."

"I heard," said the man gravely.

"Love is so evanescent," she spoke quickly. "It's like trying to chain the trickling of a fountain."

"Do you think your gods heard?"

She looked up at him with a bird-like movement, questioning, hardly trusting, almost mocking. "On a night like this my gods seem near."

Again he was grave. "Beauty brings all things near—tragedy, and death, and joy—"

"And love. Always love."

She stood on tip-toe and leaned her cheek against his. "Ah, the enchantment of loving unchained, with no obligations, no regrets, for a week, for a month, and then passing on, like the wind across the water. Think of the sheer beauty of that!"

"And of you—Ariana. Sometimes I think you aren't real. Only another of the dreams of all men."

"Ah, André! I am real. And I'm cold, too! Good-night, O Best Beloved!"

She laughed mischievously, like an impish child, and vanished into the passageway, as ghost-like as she had come. But as she reached her door, he was beside her.

"One more kiss," he whispered.

"André—only *one* more."

Suddenly he drew her to him:

"Ariana! . . ."

## IV

ARIANA was traveling slowly to Paris. Two months had already passed since she had left the ship—and André—with a merry farewell in Naples. "I shall be in Paris soon, for the summer," he had said, "at the Hotel Edward VII—"

But Ariana had put her fingers on his lips, and shaken her head poutingly as she raised it for one more last kiss.

These had been two months of lazy loneliness, and dreaming over the sunsets of Sorrento, the orange-blossoms of Taormina, the moonlight Roman ruins, the blue hills of Fiesole. "It is good to be alone," she had whispered to the ghosts of Italy. Three weeks in Paris, and she told her dressmakers: "It is good to be alone. I can devote all my time to new gowns."

But when all the new gowns, hats, jewels, were done, Ariana looked out one evening from her hotel windows on Rue de Rivoli, and was lonely. She saw the little open carriages go by in the July twilight, each carrying lovers, and turned back into the darkening room. She took up a magazine from the table and threw it down again pettishly. She fingered a pretty string of Egyptian-set stones that lay in a newly opened package on the window-seat. She turned to her desk and ran through a packet of letters, swiftly glancing over some. Then she rose and tucked in a loosened black curl, fingered the cord about the waist of her slim gray-and-orange gown, and stretched herself cat-like. Suddenly she laughed like the crescendo of a guitar.

"André! I always wanted to have an André in my life. All French women have."

She turned again to her desk and wrote rapidly for a moment, then rang for her maid.

"I want this note taken at once," said Ariana. "Yes—The Crillon."

# THE CHEWING GUM DRAMA

By George Jean Nathan

IN the program of each New York theater there has been appearing for some time past a conspicuous advertisement of the Adams Chewing Gum Company which in heroic type so informs the audience: *"All those who have to make good and understand that no excuse goes, chew gum. It is the one ideal habit of the alert!"*

Since the Adams Chewing Gum Company is unquestionably an astute concern and one that shrewdly sees to it that its advertising is placed where it will most impress and convince, there follows the syllogism (1) that the Adams Chewing Gum Company must have a pretty good idea as to the precise quality of the New York theater audience, (2) that whereas one has heard not so much as a suspicion of facetious comment on the advertisement from a member of a New York theater audience, the meat of the advertisement must be concurred in by that audience or, at least, not found bizarre, and (3) that, therefore, the New York theater audience which the dramatist and producer must please is made up of a group of persons who believe that Beeman is a greater man than Beethoven and that Waterloo might not have been Waterloo had Napoleon Bonaparte been privy to a stick of Tutti-Frutti.

With a few distinguished exceptions, the drama divulged in New York since our last conversazione continues to be of the chicle brand. For one presentation like the sprightly "Le Roi" of de Caillavet, de Flers and Emmanuel Arène, there has been the usual plenitude of dramatic *opera* of the kidney of "Broken Threads," in which the hero, cross-examined by the heroine, admits that there is another woman whom he has loved and will never forget, only to confess finally, after an appropriate amount of quivery dialogue on the E string, that he has been referring to his mother. And for one representation of Pinero's genuine comedy romance "Quex," a full measure of German silver romances after the fashion of "The Pipes of Pan," in which the Stars, the Moon, the Boul' Mich', the Call of Spring and the rest of the hackneyed blubber troupe are trotted out on their alpenstocks and wheel-chairs to make calves' eyes at the Philistine tear duct.

The year previous to the outbreak of the war, there was produced in the Haymarket Theater of London a play by Jerome K. Jerome called "The Great Gamble." The play was anything but a good play, yet it revealed several instances of sentimental dramatic writing that neither Meyer-Förster nor Barrie at their best have surpassed. Among these instances were the episodes at the beginning and the end of the play. The scene, an ancient grove at dawn in the purlieus of Heidelberg, deserted and still. Through the trees and shrubbery that half conceal a marble statue of Venus, one hears, very faintly—almost doesn't hear—a soft piping of some once familiar but somehow now forgotten melody. The song of youth and love. The young Englishman, returning to Heidelberg, hears it as again he meets the pretty little Elsa, his sweetheart of university years ago—and the pretty little Elsa hears it too. Then, presently, comes a time of misunderstanding, of unhappiness, of separation—and the

melody dies away. Moonlight comes to silver the grove, and the dejected young fellow makes to leave behind him forever Heidelberg and its days of youth and fancy. With him, ready to go back to their drabber lives in the world beyond the grove, are several students of the other times, years his senior and now gone old and gray. . . . Suddenly the pipes are heard again, faintly whispering among the trees. The young man steps back from the departing group and listens. "Hurry along!" one of the old fellows calls to him. But the young one lingers.

"Do you hear?" he asks.

"Hear?" grunts the ancient. "Hear what?"

The ancient turns to his old cronies. "Do *you* fellows hear anything?"

No, they hear nothing. And they make to take the strangely acting youngster by the arm and lead him with them. When— "Leave him," says the old Colonel tenderly; "he hears it just as we used to hear it when we were his age. We can't hear it any more, we old boys, but it's singing there among the trees just the same as always." And the curtain falls.

This notion Mr. Carpenter has taken over and poised against the chicle chewers by a careful and workmanlike extraction of the original imagination and whimsey and by an injection into the vacuum thus brilliantly achieved of a sweetly farcical version of Miss Alice Brown's "Children of Earth," wherein one is made spectator of a middle-aged couple in the belated spasms of puppy love. For the unforced and natural sentiment of Jerome, Mr. Carpenter and his producers have substituted the sort of stage stuff in which an advanced male and female actor sit on the floor of a palatial chamber and, hand in hand, exchange wistful and gulpy longings for the old student days in Paris, the bare little studio in the Rue de Bouillabaisse, the little stove where they used to cook their lonely little omelet, and the moon that hung like a great yellow lantern over the Côte de Veau. This pathos-of-distance formula when maneuvered with the slightest degree of skill is of course ever successful in distilling the pleasurable melancholy of the theater audience—Richard Harding Davis, Sheldon and any number of native theatrical writers have often employed the trick and readily converted the eyes of the ladies out front into so many Tosti and Nevin lays—but Mr. Carpenter shows a too clumsy hand at the naive business. His method of wooing the yokel salt drop is too much the method of the man who courts a laugh and prefaces his remarks with "I'll tell you an awfully funny story I heard the other day." He permits his potential snifflers to sense the scaffolding of his intention, to catch plain sight of the sleeve elastic that is going to make the ace disappear. And the result, even to the chewing gum clientèle, seems much like Stephen Leacock's "Do you remember, Jack, when first you came, in Italy, that night, at Amalfi, when we sat on the piazza of the palazzo? And that day at Fiesole among the orange trees, and Pisa and the Capello de Terisa and the Mona Lisa—— Oh, Jack, take me away from all this, take me to the Riviera, among the contadini, where we can stand together with my head on your shoulder just as we did in the Duomo at Milano, or on the piaggia at Verona. Take me to Corfu, to the Campo Santo, to Civita Vecchia, to Para Noia—"

It is probable that the unintentionally comic aspect of the Carpenter sentiment is augmented by the lady to whom his producers have entrusted the leading role. This lady, according to my colleague Mr. Mantle, has no small histrionic skill and, after witnessing her performance on the opening night, I am disposed emphatically to agree. Indeed, so great is the lady's histrionic skill that, once she had sat upon it during the sentimental floor scene, she was unable subsequently to get to her feet without the lusty aid of the leading man.

Sentiment demands slenderness. The moment sentiment weighs one hundred and thirty pounds it becomes comedy;

the moment it touches one hundred and thirty-one, it becomes farce; the moment it touches one hundred and forty, it becomes burlesque. The best piece of criticism ever set to paper in this regard was written by the late Charles H. Hoyt when he was the dramatic critic of the Boston *Herald*. He wrote it after witnessing the performance, in a sentimental role, of Miss Lily Langtry. And this one piece of criticism did more for the future American drama than any thousand pieces of criticism written previously or since. The day it appeared Hoyt was promptly bounced—and became a playwright.

Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld is a lingering example of the chewing gum playwright of the old school. His most recent composition, very briefly exposed to the metropolitan gaze a month ago and named "The Love Drive," demonstrated again the peculiarity of his technique. This latter consists (1) in expressing the simplest thought in the most complex manner possible and (2) supplanting any monosyllabic word that may crop up in the expression with a word at least four inches long. Thus, if in one of his plays he desires a character to observe that it is time for tea, he goes about the enterprise something like this. He writes, first, the simple line, "It is time for tea." Scrutinizing the line closely, and detecting its baldness, he then changes the line to read, "The hour for the service of tea has arrived." This line he ponders, deems a trifle too bourgeois, and presently converts to "The appropriate period for the distributon of tea has overtaken us." Nor is the line yet precisely to the Rosenfeld palate. And slowly it becomes "The meet moment of God's beautiful day for the social custom of distributing tea has dawned upon the conscience."

So much for the first step in the technique. It now but remains to take out the little words and supplant them with as many true beauties. And so, at length, the line that the character speaks is not the merely plebeian "It is time for tea" but the vastly more *délcat* and impressive "The consentaneous conjuncture in the Infinite and Eternal's tesselated nonce for the homiletical punctilio of dispensing the brew of the *Camellia theifera* has dawned upon the acroamatism." The impression one consequently takes away from a play by this dramatist is of having been present at a discourse by the debating team of the Tuskegee Institute on the one side and the Bard of Arverne's Henry D. Feldman, Mr. W. C. Brownell and a Baume Analgésique circular on the other. One may indeed best criticize the playwright with the words of his own mouth, spoken through one of the characters in the second act of a play of his called "Children of Destiny": "You see," says Ford, after one of his bursts of verbal horticulture, "my fatal fluency plunges me into such a torrent of words, I don't know what I'm saying."

Another specimen of the recent chewing gum drama is the "Broken Threads" to which reference has already been made, the kind of play in which the villain offers with a show of magnanimity to shake hands with the hero who has escaped from San Quentin and changed his name, and subsequently turns to the girl who loves the hero and hisses through his teeth, "By God, I thought I recognized him and now I am sure! Just then, when I took his hand, I looked close and saw, near the ring on his third finger, that same tell-tale blue scar. He is none other than Hubert Wynn, the man who killed Dick Brenton five years ago in San Francisco because of a quarrel over a woman!" The stage producer, having doubtless read the numerous ululations of my colleagues of the daily press anent actors who keep their hands in their pockets, coached the players to refrain from the custom with such complete success that throughout the evening the males on the stage kept their palms mucilaged flat against the sides of their trousers, for all the world as if they were continuously being measured for new overcoats. The theory that it is a grievous social *faux*

*pas* for an actor to put his hands in his pockets is characteristic of a press which coincidentally cherishes the notion that while it is bad manners for an actor to sit on the arm of a chair it is thoroughly *en règle* for him to wipe off his hands with his handkerchief after he has shaken hands with his hostess. The sire of "Broken Threads": Mr. Ernest Wilkes.

A still further specimen, "The Wooing of Eve," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. This play was reviewed in this place two years ago upon its presentation in Philadelphia and still reveals nothing save a shoddy and colourless apograph of "The Gay Lord Quex." Still another folk play, "On With the Dance," by Mr. Michael Morton, a Police Gazette dramatization of the old "Strollers" ditty, "A hug on the quiet occasions a riot, but it's all right when the orchestra plays." A vehement philippic against the pruriency of the quondam fox-trot and lulu-fado, the great moral lesson being driven home through a scene in which a roué is shot to death by an outraged husband when surprised in the low act of dancing a one-step with the latter's wife. And still another, "What's Your Husband Doing?" by Mr. George V. Hobart, a farce manufactured out of the ingredients that were wont mildly to amuse an audience in the days of Arthur Law, Harry and Edward Paulton, H. Grattan Donnelly and plush opera glasses.

Of much finer fabric, though not very far removed from the Yucatan school of dramaturgy, is the "Barbara" of Miss Florence Lincoln, a protegée of George Pierce Baker, the Harvard Sardou. The eminent professor's influence on Miss Lincoln is to be readily discerned and not mistaken, for here once again that influence has been instrumental in deleting an available dramatic idea of its every trace of artistic worth through a superimposing upon the idea of the sort of technical sentimentality and approach that have contrived to turn out such other of the professor's masterpieces as "Common Clay." A vision of the piece induces in one the feeling that when its author conceived her theme it so touched her that she indulged in a good long cry and, while crying, wrote the play. This extravagantly lachrymose treatment of a theme that is inherently comic, abetted by a confusion of intermediate moods, converts the exhibit into a something that verges perilously on burlesque. The play, in a sentence, lies in the spectacle of a young woman who dreams so unremittingly of the children she is some day to give birth to that these children presently become as real to her. In a general surface way, a theme already not infrequently touched upon by Kipling, by Eleanor Gates in "We Are Seven," by John Corbin in "The Forbidden Guests," by Robert Sneddon in a vaudeville sketch produced a year or two ago by this same Mr. Hopkins, and by numerous others—but a theme nonetheless still serviceable for playhouse purposes. Yet a theme which, handled with the Scandinavian seriousness of Miss Lincoln, presents us with a stage picture as fruity in rebellious snickerings as the "Grand Apotheosis" at the end of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Doubtless sensing, during rehearsals, the super-extravagances of the manuscript, Mr. Hopkins made to conceal the absurdities by investing the play with an exaggeratedly fantastic stage behaviour; but no staging, however adroit, may project reasonably a composition which with a straight face shows us not only a young woman visualizing her still unborn children, *but her physician and her male servant visualizing them at the same time.*

## II

THE modern French play, as represented, among others, by Bataille and Bernstein, remains a triumph of technical skill over drama. Disclosing an exceptional hand for the technique beloved of the professors, these pieces, for all the passion of their content, leave the beholder cold. Spectator at

one of them, one is in the mood of the outcast who stands shivering in the snow, looking through the window of a room wherein burns alluringly a hot grate fire. It is a favourite practice of the professors to blame this chill, not upon the overly meticulous technique, but upon the theory that the Anglo-Saxon is intrinsically alien to the metaphysics and emotions of the Gallic text and hence unable to comprehend and sympathize with the thoughts and actions of its characters. This, of course, is for the most part absurd. The Anglo-Saxon, whatever his antecedents, is today certainly no more ulterior to the Gallic processes of thought and act than he is to the Teutonic, yet the latter drama, as typified by such not far removed writers as Sudermann, is easily comprehensible to him, as are its characters and the thoughts and actions of those characters. If, indeed, the American cannot encompass the philosophy of passion as it is expounded in the French drama of Bataille, Bernstein, et al., how comes it, on the other hand, that he is able to grasp it as it is expounded in the French drama of De Caillavet and De Flers, Tristan Bernard, Capus, et al.? Whether in the attitude of farce or in the attitude of the so-called problem play, the fibre of this philosophy is, at bottom, the same. If an alien can comprehend the French way of taking passion lightly, why can he not comprehend the French way of taking it seriously? The divergence from the American approach to the subject is in each case equally broad.

The truth, of course, is that this has nothing to do with the successlessness in America of the serious French drama. Generally speaking, this type of Gallic drama fails in America not so much because of its subject matter as because that subject matter is treated to a technique so rigid, so extravagantly corseted, so unremittingly metronome-like, that the evening is deleted of all those qualities of grace and ease, of flexibility and digression, that go to make the quality known locally as "theater," and in their absence substitute the smell of the drama course lecture room for the smell of the "show." Like the sight of a woman wearing velvet in the early morning, this drama attracts the attention, true enough, but at the same time induces in one an unmistakable sense of esthetic nausea. The Anglo-Saxon success of such so-called serious Gallic plays as "Camille" and "Zaza" has undoubtedly been due to their less formal technical manner, to their comparative warmth, in short, to their technical crudities. Bataille's "The Torches," his most recent play to be done in New York, tells an interesting story with a great feeling for dramatic technique and small feeling for theatrical technique. Bernstein's "L'Elévation," currently offered by Miss Grace George's Playhouse company, while disclosing several instances of exceptionally good writing, suffers from the same shortcoming. Both put one in mind of a college professor endeavouring to tell a story in a Pullman smoking room. The story is good enough, and the telling of the story is well thought out; but the effect is as nil. The teller and the place of telling are not in harmony. Miss George's performance in the second named play is of a high merit.

Against such plays, we have the more authentic feeling for the cosmopolitan theater as instanced in the case of "Le Roi"—"The King" as locally presented with Mr. Leo Ditrichstein in the name role. In such things, the French writer is at his best. His, then, all the sharp nonchalance and sagacity that secede from him when his brows wrinkle. French farce of this school is genuinely merry stuff—not the French farce more generally known as such in the Broadway playhouses, the machine-made stuff of Soulie, Veber, Nanteuil, Faverne, Nancey and Armont and that lot—but French farce as represented by the collaborators upon the piece in point, and by such witty fellows as the admirable Feydeau, and Guitry, Rip and Bousquet and Romain Coolus. "The King" is a good-natured satirical paddling of Manuel of Portugal and of the amatory

excursions of the gentleman during his Parisian holidays. I have laughed at it boisterously on three or four different occasions in the Variétiés and find it still extremely amusing pastime. Mr. Ditrichstein does splendidly by the leading rôle.

## III

Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, having in "The Pipes of Pan" attempted a negotiation of the sentiment and fantasy of Jerome K. Jerome, proceeded later in the month to lay to the bays of still another British playwright in the way of an idyllic love story. This latest Briton to be damaged by the valourous Carpenter is Anthony P. Wharton; his play, "At the Barn." The difference between this latter and "The Three Bears," as the Carpenter edition is named, is the difference between a simple love story told simply by a sagacious man and a simple love story told simply by a simple man. That Mr. Carpenter is a simple man—a very, very simple man—one cannot doubt after a study of his several compositions for the local theater; and this simplicity of mind is no better to be appraised than through a contrast of the manner in which he and Mr. Wharton have approached an identical theatric theme. The theme, to wit, of the unwelcome ingénue who invades the bachelor cave and brings eventually its growling tenants to her feet. Where Wharton took this artless idea, held it at arm's-length, turned up his nose at it, and then, before exhibiting it to the public gaze, filtered it through a sieve of slight mockery and humour, Carpenter has cuddled the idea close to his bosom, kissed it tenderly, weeped a bit over it and then, before exhibiting it to the public gaze, removed from it all trace of mockery and humour. The result is plain enough: three acts of moonsickness.

Mr. Carpenter is the sort of playwright who unquestionably falls deeply in love with his heroines. Spectator of a Carpenter heroine, one is in the mood of listening to a stranger tell of his current love affair. Further, this writer habitually mistakes childishness for charm. His idea would seem to be that a character is lovable in the degree that he is brainless. "The Three Bears" reminds one of nothing quite so much as a poem written by a moving picture actor.

For playwrights of the Carpenter school, the various amateur organizations like the Washington Square Players and the Provincetown Players are slowly, but certainly, making to substitute playwrights of skill and vision and quality. One of these latter is young Mr. Eugene O'Neill, some of whose dramatic work has been presented in the pages of this magazine, and one of whose short plays, "In the Zone," is listed among the present exhibitions in the Comedy Theater. The basic materials of this bit of a play, like the basic materials of most of O'Neill's work to date, are little more than the materials of ordinary melodrama, yet the approach to these materials and the vivid human portraiture with which they are invested transform them into something at once intriguing and distinguished. In the hands of the Broadway showmaker, an O'Neill play would amount to nothing but a shoddy Guignol shocker; in the hands of O'Neill, the thing takes on a colour and an atmosphere, a sense of something important. O'Neill, they tell me, is still a youngster, but if I mistake not he is one of the most promising men come in several years the way of the American theater.

Another playmaker from the amateur halls who brings with him antidote to the Broadway malarias is Mr. Philip Moeller, a clever young man whose "Madame Sand" is serving currently the talents of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Moeller's especial métier is the quasi-historical satiric comedy, of which "Helena's Husbands" and "Sisters of Susanna," presented in past seasons by the Washington Square Players, are examples. He tilts at the trick accomplished so brilliantly by Shaw in "Cæ-

sar and Cleopatra," the sort of thing done frequently in Germany, though with varying degrees of success, by such playwrights as Hardt in "Schirin und Gertraude" and Zinn in "Drei Brüder von Damaskus." From this field of endeavour, Mr. Moeller has in the instance of "Madame Sand" departed temporarily the coast of satire for the "Sans Gêne"-"Beau Brummel"-George Arliss mould of drama. And with, indeed, no little felicity. To his task of putting La Sand upon the stage, he has brought much of the fantastic humour whose absence deadens the similar work of such Englishmen as Louis N. Parker and such Frenchmen (the French are forever trying their hands at such plays) as Leloir and Nigond and Guiches and François de Nion. Mrs. Fiske fits into the name rôle beautifully; and the play is still another mark to the credit of Mr. Arthur Hopkins as a producer with an eye ever keenly alive to the better grade of native dramatic manuscript.

## IV

That Mr. Harry Watson, Jr., is one of the finest comic artists of the American stage is demonstrated once again by his work in the current review, "Odds and Ends of 1917," on exhibition in the Bijou Theater. An alumnus of the same burlesque troupe that graduated that other excellent comedian, Mr. George Bickel, Watson's authentic talents, like those of his colleague, have long been overlooked—or if not entirely overlooked, greatly disparaged—by annalists of the stage who vouchsafe to low comedy merely a casual and then grudged attention. Yet the fact doubtless remains that this Watson is an actor of uncommon quality, not a mere slapstick pantaloon, an assaulter of trousers' seats, a professor of the bladder, but a mimic of exceptional capacity, a pantomimist of the very first grade and a comedian of very real histrionic parts. Watson's depiction of the tenth-rate prize fighter, with its suggestion not simply of such obvious externals as speech, walk, et cetera, but with its subtle revelation of the pug's mind, thoughts and general singularities, is as admirable a bit of acting as the native stage has conceded in years. The thing is searching, vivid, brilliant; it measures with the best work, in more exalted dramatic regions, of such capable actors as Arnold Daly or Robert Fischer or Ditrichstein. To see it is to look into the soul of the cheap bruiser as that soul has rarely been transcribed to paper. The half-droop of the one eye, the intermittent Maude Adams toss of the neck, the setting of the far right tooth, the disdain of the lip, the nervous knee—these Watson negotiates with a diplomacy as far removed from the usual and patent tactic as his negotiation of the portrayal of the sideshow ballyhoo is removed from the level of the vaudevilles.

For some reason or other, the work of such comedians as Watson is held generally in artistic and critical disesteem. Why, God and the *Evening Post* alone know. For among these comedians one finds a sensitiveness, an eye to human nature and a schooling in projection that one encounters with extreme rarity on the dramatic stage. The scorn these fellows suffer is part of our native theatrical snobbery. In England, George Robey is recognized for the artist he is; in France, Germain and others like him have received their portion. But in our country, the actor is rated not so much according to his intrinsic ability as according to the ability of the playwright who supplies his rôles. And yet, such a comedian as Bickel remains at bottom a more susceptive and penetrating comic artist than any half dozen Leo Carrillos, and such a comedian as this Watson a more striking adventurer in the gallery of human nature and its portrayal than any double dozen of Russ Whytals, John Masons and Howard Kyles.

# LE CHEF-D'OEUVRE

By André Jurénil

EN raison de la multiplicité des produits utilisés par les exposants du prochain *Salon des Indépendants*, pour la confection de leurs œuvres d'art (zinc battu, corozo, caoutchouc vulcanisé, bitume et jujube pasteurisés, bois de lit, etc.), le peintre Henri Polain, artiste antisimultanéiste (cubiste moins un quart), a fort à faire pour attirer l'attention béate des amateurs et ne pas mériter l'épithète fâcheuse de retardataire.

Il faut qu'il tienne compte, en effet, de l'admiration durable — oh! combien! — dont seront l'objet diverses œuvres dont, déjà, la critique parle bienveillamment. Le Tout-Paris des vernissages se pâmera devant le *Groupe de Boxeurs* (marrons sculptés); *Le Ramoneur nègre* (en pâte de guimauve); *Le Meunier blême* (en suc de réglisse figé) ... On dit aussi le plus grand bien d'un *Soldat de papier mâché* qui, par son allure résolument martiale, fera battre fièrement plus d'un cœur. Et, dans la section des œuvres en mie de pain, on s'extasiera, paraît-il, devant un simple *Pain* harmonieusement réussi: la croûte—en mie de pain—est merveilleuse de vérité et donne l'illusion de la réalité. Certes, Henry Polain n'ignore pas que certaines peintures, par leur puissance d'exécution, débordent le cadre. Mais il n'aime pas les grandes machines multicolores comme celles que peint M. Rochegrosse, et il préfère rattraper sur l'épaisseur ce que l'œuvre ne donne ni en longueur ni en largeur. Pendant quatre mois, il a donc passé consciencieusement sur sa toile d'incessantes couches de couleur. (Son papa, gros négociant en province, a le moyen de payer la facture.) On peut dire que l'œuvre de Polain est lourde de pensées au point d'en crever la toile. Ce travail relève, à la fois, de la peinture et de la sculpture; c'est lourd et solide comme un bas-relief de marbre.

Une fois cet épais placage terminé, Henry Polain ne s'en est pas tenu là: il a généreusement appliqué, au centre de la toile, un gros pâté de vermillon, aux contours aussi savants qu'indécis, sur un fond d'un vert simili-véronèse. Ses meilleurs amis lui ont affirmé, sur la foi du serment, que cette œuvre géniale et bicolore est travaillée en pleine pâte—sans chiqué. Le rouge y fait bien dans le vert: la facture (pas celle du marchand de couleurs) est large; on n'y voit pas trop de repeints; les ombres n'apparaissent pas; et ça jette de l'huile et du chic par tous les pores.

Maintenant, c'est l'heure grave et décisive... Comment dénommer ce tableau dont parlera la postérité? Un titre ingénieux vaut souvent autant—sinon plus—que l'œuvre elle-même. Le peintre visionnaire a d'abord choisi un titre simple et cordial: *Jambon aux Epinards*. Puis, songeur, il s'est décidé pour *Un navire échoué dans un champ de betteraves*. Pour, de là, passer au titre: *Le fromage de Hollande et le Choléra*, il n'y avait q'un pas. Enfin, son choix est fait... Un ferment de romantisme bouillonnant dans son cœur, il se dit qu'il vaut mieux prendre pour titre: *Le Soleil agonise sur la mer des Indes*.

Il regarde alors son œuvre avec une admiration attendrie, et, perplexe et douloureux, troublé par la puissance de l'Art qui palpite en lui, il cherche un cinquième titre...

# SEVEN PAGES ABOUT BOOKS

By H. L. Mencken

## I

If the object of an encyclopedia, as the learned aver, is to present the maximum of information in the minimum of space, clearly, accurately and with the utmost refinement of order, then the New International (*Dodd-Mead*), just reissued in a revised edition, stands unquestionably at the head of all such compilations, new or old, native or imported. It is, indeed, not only the best encyclopedia in English, but the best in any language, for the celebrated Larousse must yield to it in exactness at almost every page, and even the monumental Conversations-Lexicon of Brockhaus falls a good deal behind it in scope and thoroughness. The English, though they have been at the business since 1704, have produced nothing comparable to it. Their most useful modern encyclopedia, the little Everyman, is, of course, a much smaller work, and most of its cheap rivals are mere hack jobs, scarcely worth serious notice. As for the huge Encyclopedia Britannica, it is so inordinately prolix, and so often marred by a lamentable insularity that it would be quite absurd to put it beside the International.

The editors of the new edition are Frank Moore Colby, M.A., and Talcott Williams, A.B., 2 (A.M.), 3 (L.H.D.), 5 (LL.D.), Litt.D. The function of Williams, I half suspect, was chiefly to lend a certain august gaudiness to the editorial board; when he puts on all his academic chemises he must have the girth of Brünnhilde. But Colby is a practical encyclopedist of long experience and very high talents, and in addition he had the advantage of intimate association with the late Daniel Coit Gilman, senior editor of the first edition, published in 1902. This Gilman was one of the most remarkable men that America ever produced, and it is amazing to note that he is already almost forgotten, hardly ten years after his death. He had at once a gigantic grasp of the problems of scholarship in all fields and a great talent for practical affairs; he could estimate an Assyriologist, so to speak, with one eye and a balance-sheet with the other. Almost single-handed, he created the Johns Hopkins University, the first genuine university in America. His selection of its staff was marked by a soundness of judgment that seemed almost magical; he chose young and chiefly untried men, but nearly every one of them turned out brilliantly. When he resigned to organize the Carnegie Institution the Hopkins suffered a staggering blow, little appreciated at the time, but now distressingly visible. No other American of his generation labored more industriously or more effectively to set up a civilization in America, and none other attained to less popular fame. There is not even an adequate biography of him.

One of this extraordinary man's peculiarities was his intense practicality; he practised and inculcated the utmost efficiency long before all the latter-day blather about it was heard of. And so, when he undertook the editorship of the International Encyclopedia (along with Colby and the late Harry Thurston Peck), he immediately threw overboard all the traditional hocus-pocus of encyclopedia-making and proceeded

to plan a work that would be not only learned and comprehensive, but of the largest possible utility to the largest possible number of people—not bookworms and connoisseurs of theory, but everyday men and women, eager for the plain facts. It was from Brockhaus, I daresay, that he borrowed the fundamentals of that plan, but to them he added his own faculty for order, clarity and organization. Instead of long and turgid monographs by eminent specialists, each bent upon exposing his own profundity, he obtained short articles in simple English, each by a competent and unprejudiced authority and each comprehensible to anyone of normal intelligence. And instead of depending upon a complex index to point the way through the resultant volumes, he divided and subdivided his vast accumulations to the last point of practicability, and arranged them in one alphabet with copious cross-references, and then topped the whole with bibliographies that were not mere lists of books, but carefully considered guides to books. The net result was an encyclopedia that immediately demonstrated its superiority to all others. It was as complete as any of them, and as authoritative, and it had the immense advantage of being more usable. One could get the facts out of it, not in two minutes, or five minutes, or ten minutes, but almost instantly. It was superlatively workable.

Colby (whose contribution to the business is surely not denied by this recalling of Gilman) has pursued the same plan in his revision, with improvements suggested by experience. He has carried his sub-divisions to the limit of feasibility; one does not find a subject treated under a general heading, suggesting it only remotely, but under the word which stands out most saliently whenever one thinks of it. For example, Ad Valorem. It is not under Duties, or Customs, or Tariffs, but under Ad Valorem. One does not have to dig what one wants to know out of a long article, dealing with many extraneous things; it is conveniently put into a short article, easily to find. Again, there is Morte D'Arthur. It is not under Arthur or Malory; it is under Morte D'Arthur. Yet again, there is Closed Shop; it is not under Trades-Union, or Unions, or Strikes; it is under Closed Shop. And so on. In the general articles these short special articles are drawn together; there is, to be sure, a certain amount of repetition; but the advantages of the plan to the reader who wants to get at a definite fact quickly are too plain to need pointing out. This reader is not seeking recreation; he doesn't want to sit down and plow through a long treatise. What he is after is concrete information. The International gives it to him with the maximum of comprehensiveness and the minimum of trouble.

As for the authority of the articles, there can be no doubt about it after a glance at the list of contributors prefixed to the first volume. On the very first page are the names of such sound scholars as the two Abbes, meteorologists; Thomas S. Adams, the economist; Edwin W. Allen, of the Department of Agriculture; Joseph S. Ames, the Johns Hopkins physicist, and Dr. Cyrus Adler. Richard J. H. Gottheil deals with Jewish questions; James Huneker writes of music; Mrs. Rorer looks after cookery; Monsignor Shahan has charge of Catholic topics; Maurice Bloomfield is the orientalist; Wilbur L. Cross, editor of the *Yale Review,* is told off for English literature; the late Theodore De Vinne wrote the articles on printing; General A. W. Greely writes of polar research; Frank R. Blake, the highest authority, discusses the Philippine dialects; Alexander D. Noyes, practical finance; W. Max Müller, Egyptology; Hermann Collitz, German; John R. Spears, yachting; Dr. Louis L. Seaman, military surgery; one reads Jenks on the trusts, David Starr Jordan on fishes, Jastrow on archeology, Reid on geology, McGilvray on philosophy, Kirchwey on law, Adolf Meyer on pathology, Pupin on electricity; the military articles are by officers of the United

States Army; the scientific experts in the government service are heard in their several branches; altogether, the list of contributors shows an excellent assembling of the best American talent. Now and then, to be sure, there is a false note. A few of the conventional pundits and platitudinarians are on the roll—but not many. In the overwhelming main, the faculty of the work is made up of first-rate men, and the majority of them are young men.

What they have accomplished should give comfort to every genuine American, for it shows how little need there is for going abroad for the apparatus of knowledge. The truth is that, in practically all departments of pure scholarship, the United States is already far ahead of England, and that its lead is increasing constantly. The best edition of Shakespeare is not English, but American. The best English dictionaries are, and have been for many years, American. And here, put together by Americans and issued from an American press, is the best encyclopedia in the language. It is intimately national in every detail; it gives an amplitude of treatment to purely American topics that no foreign work can ever equal; it is pre-eminently a reference book for and by Americans. But, for all this, there is not a trace of chauvinism in it. It does exact justice to all men; it has dignity and self-respect; there is neither crying up in it nor crying down.

Physically, the volumes are very attractive. They are printed on thin paper, but it is opaque and it seems to be durable. The binding is simple and sound. The maps are excellent and numerous. The illustrations really illustrate. In brief, a work of the highest merit. It will do honor to your book-shelves. . .

## II.

VARIOUS tomes of the more sombre sort now range themselves, headed by "The Dead Have Never Died," by Edward C. Randall (*Knopf*), an elaborate attempt to prove that the human soul is immortal. The evidence, as usual, is chiefly spiritualistic, and, again as usual, it is inordinately silly. The volume, indeed, is a monument of balderdash; I know of nothing more offensively imbecile. That such childish drivel should get between sober covers is one of the unfathomable mysteries of publishing. . . "Familiar Ways," by Margaret Sherwood (*Little-Brown*), lacks the bellicose offensiveness of the Randall rumble-bumble, but I find it very heavy going. It is made up of pallid essays in the New England spinster manner. A specious air of profundity vanishes on close inspection. Nor can I discover any "distinction" (I quote the canned review) in the style; it is simply the correct and wholly lifeless English of a college professor writing in the Boston *Transcript*. Michael Monahan's "New Adventures" (*Doran*) also disappoints me. This Monahan is a fellow of no little originality; in the midst of Puritan mugginess he stands out for beauty. Moreover, he has a slippery pen, and knows how to concoct a juicy phrase. But in his "New Adventures" he seems to be reaching out for the boob vote. What he says about New York, Bermuda, Balzac and kissing is seldom new and never exciting. I encounter platitudes that gag me like flies in Pilsner—for example: "Man . . . is largely the creature of habit." A curse upon Monahan for this aping of Dr. Frank Crane! Let him go back to his heresies and delicacies, or die miserably of this new, unnatural and acute miliary glycosuria.

All the things that these books lack I find in "Success Easier Than Failure" (*Crane*), by E. W. Howe, to wit, simplicity, originality, honesty. It would be difficult to imagine a more banal title; it sounds like the label of a sugar-teat by Herbert Kaufman or Gerald Stanley Lee. But the stuff within is anything but banal, for it is the first forthright exposure, so far as I know, of the working philosophy

of the American people—not the moony philosophy they serve with the lip, but the harsh, realistic, Philistine philosophy they actually practise. This fundamental dualism, this disparity between what is officially approved and what is privately done, is at the heart of the American character; it sets our people off from nearly all other peoples. It is the cause of the astounding hypocrisy that foreigners see in us, and it is the cause, too, of our constant failure to understand those foreigners and their ways—for example, the frankness of the Frenchman in matters of sex, and the German's ruthless reduction of his politics to hair-raising axioms.

No such harmony between theory and act is ever visible in the United States; what we exhibit is an endless disharmony. We posture as advocates of fair play, as good sports, as professional knights errant—and throw beer bottles at the umpire when he refuses to cheat for our side. We bawl about the malefactions of Big Business—and every last man in Little Business is trying to horn into Big Business as fast as he can. We save the nigger republics from themselves—and flood them with "deserving Democrats" and other such blacklegs. We drive out the saloon to the tune of "Nearer, My God, To Thee!"—and let in the blind tiger. We deafen the world with our boasts of freedom—and submit to laws that invade and destroy our most sacred rights. We profess a personal virtue that would shame so many Trappists—and have a higher divorce rate than Sodom and Gomorrah, and more prostitutes than London. We play policewoman and Sunday-school superintendent to the whole of Christendom—and dispatch an Afro-American every two hours and seventeen minutes in our own backyard. Men jailed for publishing the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, notorious drunkards sobbing for prohibition in Congress, bawdy judges sentencing men under the Mann Act, shyster lawyers lifted into office as reformers, trust-busting politicians borrowing money from trust magnates, tax-dodgers exposing and denouncing tax-dodgers—this is the picture that the amazed stranger carries off.

It is the achievement of Dr. Howe that he has made endeavor in his little book to sweep away the lovely theories that all of us poll-parrot and none of us believes in, and to deduce a workable philosophy of life from the actual acts of the American people. Like the late Niccolo Machiavelli, he is a purely deductive moralist; he has no interest in what might be, or what ought to be, but only in what is. The whole field, of course, is too large for one man to cover it, but in the corner he has chosen he has done some capital work. And what are the principles that he discovers? Stripped of unnecessary parts of speech, they may be reduced to the following simple propositions, viz.:

1. The only real human motive is intelligent self-interest; altruism is not only bogus, but impossible.
2. The first object of self-interest is to survive. The possession of money makes it easier to survive. *Ergo*, it is virtuous to get money.
3. A man who gets it is a better citizen than one who doesn't; what he does for himself also benefits the community in general.
4. The aim of all reformers is to get something for themselves. They pretend that it isn't; hence they are liars.
5. Any man of average talents and decent industry can get enough money, barring acts of God, to make himself comfortable.
6. Any man who fails to do so shows an unfitness to survive, and deserves to be exploited by his betters.
7. The people have a remedy for all public abuses in their hands. If they fail to get relief, then the blame lies upon their credulity, emotionalism and imbecility.

This, in crude outline, is the philosophy of E. W. Howe—and this, it seems to me, is the working philosophy of the overwhelming majority of Americans. They never put it into words; now that it is put into words, it will probably horrify them; but they practise it nevertheless. It explains their daily acts; it gives coherence to what they actually do; it is sound and intelligible. Throw in Philistinism and you have a complete picture of the American soul.

Philistinism supplies the place of a practical ethic—its distrust of beauty, its war upon joy, takes on the form of a pious *jehad*. The man who advocates Beethoven is not only wrong; he is immoral. Such fellows should be put down by the secular arm. The one virtuous business of a human being in the world is to get on, to accumulate material substance, to make himself safe. If he fails, then let him be damned. All ideas that haven't this aim and direction are bad ideas, and most of them are immoral ideas.

Howe's treatise seems to me to be an important and even revolutionary work, despite its wishy-washy title and its restricted scope. It represents, as I have said, the first serious attempt by an American to rid the national philosophy of its accumulated bosh and tosh—to get away from the highfalutin nonsense of the uplift and tell the plain truth. If you want to get at the measure of its force and originality, put it beside "The New Freedom," or "Inspired Millionaires," or any of the sonorous rhapsodies of Walter Lippmann, or Jane Addams, or William Jennings Bryan, or Orison Swett Marden. It is a complete antidote to the *New Republic*, and all that sort of cant and poppycock. It is the work of a man who sees what is before his nose, and who understands what it means, and who reports it without concealment. It is the most honest book that America has produced since Mark Twain's "What is Man?"

III.

From such unmerciful realism it is a large leap to the soaring idealism of Asher Ginzberg. This Ginzberg stands at the head of all the living writers in Hebrew, and his "Selected Essays" (*Jewish Pub. Soc.*) probably contain the best of his writings. His definition of the Hebrew spirit describes his own philosophy: it is, he says, "an attempt to found a social order based on God's will." Such enterprises, alas, detain me but feebly; I am a great deal less interested in speculations about God's will than in specific news about man's rascality. The Jews, like the Americans, labor under a philosophical dualism, and in both cases it is a theological heritage. On the one hand there is the doctrine that is lovely and uplifting and will get a man into heaven, and on the other hand there is the doctrine of everyday. The fact that the Jews cling to both (thus running, as it were, upon two tracks) is what makes them so puzzling to the *goyim*. There is never any making them out. In one aspect, they stand for the most savage practicality; in another aspect, they are dreamers of an almost fabulous other worldliness. My own belief is that the essential Jew is the idealist—that his occasional sharpness is not characteristic of the race. Perhaps, in many cases, it is due to an actual corruption of blood; the Jews we know must have other levantine strains in them, most likely Greek, Arab or Armenian. The shark that a Jew can be at his worst is simply a Greek or Armenian at his best.

As a statement of post-mortem and super-terrestrial fact, the religion that the Jews have foisted upon the world seems to me to be as vast a curse as the influenza that we inherit from the Tartars or the democratic fallacies set afloat by the French Revolution. The one thing that can be said in favor of it is that it is not true, and yet we suffer from it almost as much as if it were true. But with it, encasing it and preserving it, there has come something that is positively valuable—something, indeed, that is beyond all price—and that is Jewish poetry. To compare it to the poetry of any other race is wholly impossible; it stands completely above all the rest; it is as far beyond the next best as German music is beyond French music, or French painting beyond English painting, or the English drama beyond the Italian drama. There are single chapters in the Old Testament that are worth all the poetry ever written in the New World and nine-tenths of that written in the Old. The Jews of those ancient days had imagination,

they had dignity, they had ears for sweet sound, they had, above all, the faculty of grandeur. The stupendous music that issued from them has swept their barbaric demonology along with it, setting at naught the collective intelligence of the human species; they embalmed their idiotic taboos and fetishes in undying strains, and so gave them some measure of the same immortality. A race of lawgivers? Bosh! Leviticus is as archaic as the Code of Manu, and the Decalogue is a fossil. A race of seers? Bosh again! The God they saw survives only as a bogeyman, a theory, an uneasy and vexatious ghost. A race of traders and sharpers? Bosh a third time! The Jews are as poor as the Spaniards. But a race of poets, my lords, a race of poets! It is a vision of beauty that has ever haunted them. And it has been their destiny to transmit that vision, enfeebled, perhaps, but still distinct, to other and lesser peoples, that life might be made softer for the sons of men, and the goodness of the Lord God—whoever He may be—might not be forgotten.

Ginzberg (who writes, by the way, under the pseudonym of Ahad Ha-'Am, meaning "one of the people") is the father of modern Zionism, and a good part of his book is devoted to a discussion of it. More to the same effect is to be found in "Palestine," by Albert M. Hyamson (*Knopf*). Hyamson tells his story copiously and clearly; more, he does honest justice to the Turks, my private favorite among the scoundrels of the earth. What the Western world hears about the Turks comes chiefly from Christian missionaries—perhaps the boldest and most facile liars now extant in the universe. The aim of these missionaries is to depict themselves as daredevils and martyrs, that the old ladies of the missionary societies may be inspired to generosity, and in reaching for this end they stop at no fable, however fantastic. The simple truth is that the Turk, compared to any Christian in the Levant (and, for that matter, to most Christians further west), is a soft fellow, and that his attitude toward all the theological boosters and crack-heads who infest his country, whether Christian or Jew, is and always has been so tolerant and patient and decent that it is almost unintelligible to the average Christian. So long as these giaours keep out of politics and do not try to black-jack him, he treats them with the utmost impartiality and politeness. Not only is there absolute religious freedom under Islam, but every single sect, however small and absurd, has definite recognition from the state, and is entitled to appoint a metropolitan to represent it, and to be heard officially upon all matters which affect its interests. Here the Turk, for all his crimes, is far ahead of us. He not only has welcomed, for hundreds of years, the Jews driven out of Christian Europe; he has given them self-government, and protected them as well as he has protected his own people. And as for the Christians, he has allowed them to settle and multiply in all parts of his dominions save Mecca and Medina, and has given them peace and protection so long as they did not hatch plots against him nor offend his ease by butchering one another.

Dr. Hyamson's book is addressed to Americans who have been long fed with gaudy balderdash about the Moslems, and so he has to tell the truth somewhat gingerly, but tell it he does. The Jewish colonies planted in Palestine, he says, have met with nothing but courtesy from the Turks. They have genuine local self-government, not only in name, but in fact. They pay no more taxes than Turks. They are not often badgered by immigration laws; they do not have to shut up shop on the Moslem Sabbath; they are not herded in ghettos. The one difficulty they encounter is "the feeling of insecurity general under Oriental governments," but Dr. Hyamson hastens to say that this feeling is "more active outside of Palestine than within"—that is, it concerns the Jews of New York and London, alarmed by missionary lies, much more than it concerns the Jews actually

on the spot. "Turkish rule," he goes on, "is by no means unfavorable to the Jewish development in Palestine, and a change may very well be for the worse." The trouble is that all the Powers have their eyes on the Holy Land, and would like to grab it. If a choice must be made among them, Dr. Hyamson says he prefers England, but it is easy to see that he is anything but eager for a change.

For the rest, the author presents an honest review of the history of the Holy Land, and a clear account of the Jewish colonies now planted there. Some of these colonies are already flourishing amazingly, and many other have got good starts. For one, I hope to live long enough to see the Holy Land erected into a definite Jewish state, with the Sanhedrin in session after the longest recess in history. It will be interesting to see how the Jews govern the Christians who have belabored them for so many centuries, and in particular how they deal with the pothouse brawling that is constantly going on between the various Christian sects at the Holy Sepulchre, and what they do with the impudent wiskinskis who infest the land in the guise of Protestant missionaries.

## IV

I had it in mind to dedicate this remaining space to a notice of my opus 13, "A Book of Prefaces," but on coming to the business I decide to put it over until the reviews of my colleagues are printed. The volume has serious defects, and most of these colleagues will be too amiable to mention them. Furthermore, they will discover and denounce defects that are not actually there. Every author who can read and write should print a review of the reviews of his book. Once a year all such reviews of reviews should be collected and reviewed by some sweating Braithwaite or O'Brien, and this collection should be reviewed in the leading literary gazettes. Then Braithwaite or O'Brien should review these last reviews, and the resultant review of reviews of reviews of reviews of reviews should be engraved upon chalcedony and thrown overboard. Something of the sort actually goes on, though on a more modest scale. There is an annual called "The Book Review Digest," for the use of public librarians and other such illiterates, and it is commonly reviewed at length in the *Nation*. All that remains, to round out the process, is for the *Nation* to be burnt by the public hangman.

Pending the arrival of the reviews from the clipping bureau, all I can decently say of my opus 13 is that I put far more labor into it than I intended to lavish upon it when I began it. The layman, I daresay, pictures the writing of a book as a simple and easy matter, proceeding smoothly from start to finish. But no! There are interruptions, hesitations, backings and fillings, spots where one gets stuck. The thing, at the middle, appears chaotic; one marvels that such confused and intolerable rubbish should ever have got upon paper. In the present case I did three-fourths of it, ran aground, wasted a month trying to get afloat again, gave it up, and went to Europe. The war turned out to be a painful business; it was mid-winter, and I was badly frost-bitten. These wounds occupied me for a couple of months. Then I returned to opus 13—and found that the whole thing would have to be rewritten. By the time I finished it was July, and the temperature in my work-room was 98 degrees. . . . If the book is warped, blame the gods. It left me old, haggard and used up. If I die, bury me beneath it.

# FROM CHRYSALIS TO BUTTERFLY

*By Alice Glenister*

LONG before Nina Wyndham inherited the large and unexpected legacy from her heretofore unknown uncle, her soul had hungered for the sweet smelling cosmetics, perfumes and powders she sold to fashionable and other people, from behind the toilet counter—for, be it known, Nina was plain—to herself, hopelessly so. I was not at all surprised when she came to me inquiring, "where in all this city of New York, can be found an establishment that is able to take from me some of my homeliness and replace it with a little of the beauty I so long to possess?"

With keen interest and pleasure, I told her of the establishment of Madame Helena Rubinstein, at number 15 East 49th Street, whose reputation covers two continents—Europe and America. "There, Nina, is the one place in New York that can do for you what you wish, there is none that will give you the scientific and artistic care administered to *her* clientele."

Several weeks later, out of a big limousine drawn up at my door, stepped a stunningly dressed lady whom I gradually recognized as Nina Wyndham. "Nina, *is it you?*" "No, my friend, I am only my own butterfly, having come from my ugly chrysalis. Before I begin on me, I will describe to you Madame Rubinstein and her establishment.

"After crossing her threshold, I left America behind me, for France greets the eye at every turn. Black and gold couches and chairs of the Empire period, upholstered in black velvet with funny little two colored apples—French antiques brought over from her Paris establishment. A great many of Witold Gordans's pictures—statuettes, wall friezes and heads done in plaster by an artist whose reputation is fast approaching that of Rodin. One room is hung with black China silk, covered with diminutive Chinese ladies—in one corner is a couch into which you lounge among soft China silk covered cushions. Everything is original—there are no reproductions—and the most original and artistic occupant of the establishment is Madame Rubinstein.

"Small, dark, with a profile like an exquisitely cut cameo—abundant dark hair drawn back simply from a low forehead, gathered into a great knot at the back of her shapely head. Her dark eyes look out at you with an almost child-like expression—her manner is most affable and friendly. Madame is an artiste to her finger tips.

"Behind doors on which are painted the funny two colored apples is concealed a closet containing hundreds of vials, bottles and jars of liquids, lotions and creams, to make 'ze American girl beautiful—beyon' compare.' Ascending narrow and twisted stairs we reached the second floor where are the operating rooms. Here I was laid out, partially disrobed and told to close my eyes.

"Sweet smelling creams, lotions and oily things were kneaded into my skin—cooling waters were applied and blue rays pulsed in and out over my face and neck—all the while my nails were 'done' by a *chic* French girl. I was then handed over to the lady who has made of my dull, lifeless locks these soft, glossy, wavy tresses. I am going once more to take a treatment Madame learned in Constantinople, which requires two days to complete. Without doubt, Madame is the greatest artiste of her kind—she has accomplished the seemingly impossible—making a butterfly evolve from an ugly chrysalis."

*(Adv.)*

# GOSSIP OF OUR FASCINATING LADIES

"I HAVE been all over the world, Sonia dear, and wherever I go that perpetually haunts me—it is Mme. Helena Rubinstein. In Paris wherever beautiful women congregate it is said: 255 Rue St. Honore, Salon of Mme. Rubinstein. In London—24 Grafton St. W., Salon of Mme. Rubinstein. In Sydney—Rubinstein—in Melbourne, Moscow,—Rubinstein—it was almost uncanny."

"In America I came to New York, and they said, go to 15 East 49th Street to the Salon of Mme. Rubinstein. I was in Atlantic City, Magnolia, Lenox, Newport, New Orleans, San Francisco, and everywhere—'Oh, go see Mme. Helena Rubinstein.'"

"Is it a woman or an influence? Probably an influence—probably the extension of the work of this greatest of all experts on complexion matters."

"I am sure that if the Duchess of Q and the Marchioness of W saw fit to lay their facial problems before Mme. Rubinstein, then I can act with perfect common sense in doing likewise."

"Now it is positively an unfair thing to oneself to go to the store and buy a package of something or other to make oneself beautiful. 'What is to tell that it is right?' Mme. Rubinstein said to me one day, 'I do not say that it would be more harmful than good, but the ingredients in that preparation are made to bring about an effect just the opposite to that which you want.'"

Mme. Rubinstein is in America now during the War. She holds herself in readiness to make recommendations to you without obligating you in any way. Write your name on the coupon, tell her what you have been using for your complexion, and what effect you are trying to bring about—whether you are trying to rid of a shiny skin, dry skin, blackheads, pimples, or whether you simply want a regular complexion diet.

## Your Opportunity

**Mme. Helena Rubinstein**
**15 East 49th Street**
**New York City**

Dear Madame;—

Here is my name.....

Address.....

I have used the following preparations

with success / failure

My complexion seems to be as follows:

What do you recommend?

*Write at once to*

## Maison de Beaute "VALAZE"

If you wish you may order any of the following products:

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood . . $1.25, $2.25, $6
Valaze Roman Jelly . . . . . $1.50 and $3.
Valaze Skin-toning Lotion . $1.25, $2.25 and $5.
Valaze Complexion Powder . $1, $2.50 and $4.50

**Mme. Helena Rubinstein**
**15 East 49th Street New York City**

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